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Congregational Church Hymnal.

PART I.

HYMNS AND TUNES.

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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH HYMNAL,

OR

HYMNS OF WORSHIP, PRAISE, AND PRAYER.

EDITED FOR

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES

BY

GEORGE S. BARRETT, B.A., D.D.

THE HARMONIES REVISED BY

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.,

Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple, etc.

PART I.—HYMNS
WITH TUNES.

259298
18.9.31

London:
CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES,
MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGDON STREET.

1905.

UNWIN BROTHERS, LTD., PRINTERS,
LONDON AND WOKING.

PREFACE.

THIS Hymnal has been prepared in pursuance of a resolution passed by a Committee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales in April, 1883, and sanctioned by the Assembly of that year in its adoption of the Annual Report.

The objects the Committee had in view were, *first*, to enrich the service of praise in the Churches, by providing a book which, while retaining the best of the older hymns that had been found to minister to the faith and devotion of past generations, should include as large a selection as the limits of the book would allow from hymns of more modern date, and especially from those in which the Evangelical faith and spiritual life of the present day have found expression; *secondly*, to adapt the provision made for public praise, so far as is consistent with the retention of the classics of Evangelical and Congregational worship, to the present state of culture and feeling in the Churches, at once in regard to the literary form of the hymns, and to the style and spirit of the tunes by which they are interpreted; and, *thirdly*, to supply to the Churches a single volume which, containing hymns, chants, and anthems, with music, should be sufficient for all the purposes of public praise. The object last named was much insisted upon by correspondents, and the Committee have been able to accomplish it without undue enlargement of the book, or injurious limitation of any of its sections. They have, however, for the convenience of congregations where chants and anthems are not used, divided the book into two parts, which can be purchased in separate volumes.

It was not without reluctance that the Committee undertook the preparation of this Hymnal; but by the publication of the "Congregational Hymn-book" in 1844, of the "New Congregational Hymn-book" in 1859, and of the "Supplement" in 1874, all of which had

been received with favour by the Churches, they had assumed a responsibility which led the Churches to look to them to make such further provision for the service of praise as the new life and methods of the day required. Urgent representations on the subject were from time to time received from all parts of the country, and it was not till it became apparent to the Committee that if they did not yield to the pressure brought to bear upon them, the work would be undertaken by others, to the probable detriment of the Union, and with results otherwise unsatisfactory, that they resolved to add to their list of publications the "Congregational Church Hymnal."

It will be understood from this statement that it is not intended to withdraw from sale the "Congregational Hymn Book." So long as any considerable number of the Churches continue to use that book it will be supplied to them on the same terms as heretofore.

The Committee considered themselves fortunate in being able to secure the services of the Rev. George S. Barrett, B.A., as General Editor, and of E. J. Hopkins, Esq., Mus. Doc., Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple, as Musical Editor. Mr. Barrett's qualifications for the office had already been proved as the Editor of the admirable "Hymnal for the Young," and the Committee cannot too strongly express their sense of the ability, devotion, and self-denial which, amid the multiform duties of a large pastorate, he has brought to the work.

The fame of Dr. Hopkins is too widespread and well-established to need certification, but it may be permitted the Committee to refer, as they do with much satisfaction, to the fact that his work on the Hymnal has not been confined to editorial supervision: he has enriched it with some of its most valuable music in new tunes expressly written for it.

The responsibility for the book, as a whole, rests on the General Editor. Two Committees were appointed to assist him, one in the selection of hymns, and the other in the selection of tunes; but the function of both Committees was, by their own desire, confined to consultation and advice, and in regard to hymns did not come into operation until Mr. Barrett had prepared a draft selection. This draft was placed in the hands of the appropriate Committee, carefully considered by them, and, as to its leading features and substance, approved. The ultimate decision in regard to hymns

and tunes alike lay with Mr. Barrett, while Dr. Hopkins undertook the revision of the harmonies of all the tunes which were not copyright.

The work of the Editor will speak for itself, but as questions may arise about the absence of some hymns from the book, the Committee think it due to him to say, that by their vote he was limited to "about 750 hymns." It was believed that this number, taken in connection with the chants and anthems that were to follow, would suffice even for those Churches which give the greatest prominence in their service to sacred song, and the limitation was necessitated by the decision to print hymns, chants, and anthems with music, in one volume. Although by this decision some hymns may have been left out which would otherwise have been included, the Committee believe that the value and serviceableness of the book have not been thereby prejudiced.

The leading ideas which guided the Editor in the choice or rejection of hymns were: (1) that the Hymnal should be a book for the worship of the Churches, to the exclusion of sacred poems, which, however full of devotional feeling, were not suitable for the worship of a mixed congregation; (2) that while true to the distinctive faith and spiritual traditions of Congregationalism, it should be catholic in feeling, and draw freely from the ample stores furnished by the sanctified genius of all sections of the Christian Church; (3) that it should include some hymns which, though defective when tried by modern standards of taste and literary form, are yet closely connected with the history of the Evangelical faith in England, and with the spiritual experience of a large number of the members of Congregational Churches; (4) that it should give, wherever practicable, the original text of the hymns introduced. Some alterations have been admitted on the ground that they have been sanctioned by long and general use, and form part of the compositions in which they occur, as these are generally known; and others (very few in number) in correction of minor irregularities of metre, offences against taste, or suggestions of questionable doctrine in the original text. In adopting these canons the Editor was not more true to his own opinions and spirit, than to those of the Committee.

The Editor found that one of his most delicate and critical tasks lay in the selection of tunes appropriate to the hymns. The Consultative Committee, after repeated meetings, had agreed on a certain number of tunes, which in their judgment it was desirable, for various reasons, to include in the book; but

the ultimate responsibility for the choice of appropriate tunes devolved upon the Editor. It will be found that he has made liberal use of old and familiar melodies, and that the book is peculiarly rich in popular modern tunes, and in tunes specially written for the work by some of the ablest living composers of sacred music. All such tunes are marked with an asterisk in the Index to Tunes

The Committee confidently hope that the Hymnal will be received by the Churches as adequately meeting a want they have long felt, and will prove, for many years to come, a means of enhancing the interest and increasing the spirituality of their public worship.

For the Committee,

ALEXANDER HANNAY,

Secretary.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE Editor has the pleasant task of acknowledging the generous and valuable assistance he has received in the preparation of this book, and he offers his heartiest thanks for the service they have rendered to:—The Rev. T. G. Crippen, of Kirton, near Boston, himself one of the most learned Hymnologists in this country, for constant and most laborious assistance, and for many suggestions and criticisms which have materially added to the value of the work, and for the selection of the Scripture passages which accompany the Pulpit Edition; Mr. W. T. Brooke, of Brixton, for the careful revision of the text of the hymns, and whose large acquaintance with the literature of English hymns has enabled the Editor to verify the text of many hymns which had been corrupted in successive hymn-books; the Rev. Dr. Hannay, Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, for his cordial co-operation in all parts of the undertaking; Miss Hannay for the laborious work of the compilation of the indexes which are prefixed to the Hymnal; and the members of the Consultative Committees on Hymns and Tunes for many valuable suggestions which have been embodied in the work.

In addition to these acknowledgments, the Editor presents, both on his own behalf and on that of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, special thanks to the following authors or owners of copyright Hymns or Translations, for permission kindly given to use them in this book:—

Rev. Canon Baynes, 488;
Rev. A. G. W. Blunt, 625;
The late Rev. J. E. Bode, 380;
Rev. Canon Bright, 555, 679;
Mrs. Bubier, 372;
The Archbishop of Canterbury, 713;
Mrs. Charles, 269, 489;
Rev. Dr. Conder, 748;
Mrs. G. W. Conder, 757;

Miss F. E. Cox, 154, 349;
Rev. T. G. Crippen, 470, 658;
Rev. W. H. Davison, 617;
Rev. R. Dawson, 725;
Rev. Canon Dayman, 598;
Sir E. Denny, 111, 575;
Mrs. H. O. Dobree, 606;
The late Bishop of Ely, 102;
Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, 741;
Mrs. Faussett, 350;
Mr. C. L. Ford, 483;
The late Rev. W. Gaskell, 379;
Mrs. Godwin, 261;
The late Rev. S. C. Hamerton, 740;
Mr. W. E. Hickson, 653;
Mr. E. Hodder, 761;
Mrs. E. P. Hood, 73, 752;
Rev. J. P. Hopps, 766;
Mr. T. Hughes, 403;
Miss Ingelow, 127;
Miss Irons, 268;
Rev. J. Julian, 79;
The Bishop of Lichfield, 150, 505;
Miss Livock, 677;
Dr. G. Macdonald, 680;
Rev. Dr. Martineau, 137;
Mr. G. Massey, 665;
Miss Matheson, 756;
Mr. A. Midlane, 758;
Mrs. G. Moultrie, 214, 645;
Mrs. Mudie, 303;
Miss C. M. Noel, 75;
Rev. G. Phillimore, 672;
The late Ven. Archdeacon Pott, 616;
Rev. G. R. Prynne, 190;
The late Rev. W. Robertson, 472;
Rev. R. H. Robinson, 703;
Mrs. W. Robinson, 274;
Mr. W. H. Scott, 759;
The Representatives of the late Dean Stanley, 133;
Mr. A. Strahan, 185;
Rev. Dr. Thomas, 256;
Rev. H. Twells, 520;
Mr. G. Watson, 592;
Rev. B. Waugh, 749;
The Dean of Wells, 622;
The late Mr. W. Whiting, 639·
Rev. H. H. Wyatt, 648;

And to the following Authors or Translators, or their Representatives, for the Hymns bearing their names, which are too numerous to specify in detail:—

Mrs. C. F. Alexander; The Representatives of the late Dean Alford; E. S. A.; Rev. S. Baring-Gould; The Bishop of Bedford; Rev. Dr. Bonar; Bishop A. C. Coxe, of Western, New York; Mr. W. C. Dix; Mrs. Downton, for hymns by the late Rev. H. Downton; Rev. J. Ellerton; The Bishop of Exeter; The Rev. Canon Furse, for the hymns of the late Rev. Dr. Monsell; Mr. T. H. Gill; Rev. J. Hamilton; Miss Havergal, for the hymns of the late Miss F. R. Havergal; The Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern"; Rev. Dr. Littledale; H. L. L., for "*Hymns from the Land of Luther*"; Mrs. Lynch, for the late Rev. T. T. Lynch's hymns; Rev. W. T. Matson; The Rev. H. A. Mills, for the use of the late Rev. E. Caswall's hymns; Cardinal Newman; Mr. F. T. Palgrave; Rev. T. B. Pollock; Mr. G. Rawson; Rev. S. J. Stone; Rev. G. Thring; Rev. L. Tuttiett;

Miss A. L. Waring; Rev. Chr. Wordsworth, for the hymns of the late Bishop of Lincoln.

And to the following Publishers for leave to use Hymns which are their copyrights, and which in some cases have been purchased:—Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, for the use of Miss Procter's hymns; The Proprietors of Mrs. A. Cross's "*Hymns on the Holy Communion*," for Hymns 482 and 514, taken from that work; Mr. J. T. Hayes, for Dr. Irons' hymn, 430; Messrs. Longman & Co., for the use of the translations by Miss Winkworth from the "*Lyra Germanica*"; Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for Hymn 109, from Lord Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*"; Messrs. J. Masters & Co., for certain of Mrs. Alexander's and of the late Dr. Neale's hymns; Messrs. Morgan & Scott, for Dr. Bonar's hymn, 239; Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., for the use of the following hymns by the late Dr. Neale, published in the "*Hymnal Noted*," 85, 135; Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier, for the use of the late Rev. R. M. McCheyne's hymn, 305; Messrs. Parker & Co., for the use of the hymns of Rev. J. Keble, from "*The Christian Year*," and of the Rev. I. Williams; Messrs. Richardson & Co., for the hymns of the late Rev. Dr. F. W. Faber; The R. T. S., for Mr. T. Kelly's and Miss Elliott's hymns.

In the preparation of the musical portion of this work, the Editor tenders his special thanks to Dr. E. J. Hopkins, Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple, for the care and ability with which he has revised the harmonies of all the non-copyright tunes in this work, and for many fine tunes of his own with which he has enriched this Hymnal, a large number of which were composed expressly for it; to Mr. J. Booth, organist of Crouch End Congregational Church, and Mr. F. R. Underhill, of Norwich, for the willing and valuable aid they have rendered to the Editor in the selection of the tunes, a department of the work which the Editor trusts may receive the approval of those most competent to judge; and to Mr. A. C. Falconer, one of the Editors of "*Church Praise*," for much information rendered in connection with the difficult task of discovering the copyrights of the tunes included here.

The Editor also warmly thanks the following gentlemen for the tunes * which they have composed for various hymns in this volume:—Mr. J. Barnby, Mr. J. Booth, Mr. J. Bowcher, Dr. E. Bunnett, Mr.

* These tunes are marked with a star (*) in the Index of Tunes.

J. B. Calkin, Mr. E. Drewett, Dr. C. J. Frost, Mr. J. W. Elliott, Sir G. J. Elvey, Mr. Myles B. Foster, Dr. H. Hiles, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, Mr. J. Kinross, Mr. Henry Leslie, Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mr. E. Minshall, Dr. W. H. Monk, Mr. E. Prout, Dr. J. Stainer, Mr. B. C. Wainwright.

The Editor desires also to thank the following Proprietors of copyright tunes for leave most generously granted to insert the following copyright tunes without payment in this book:—The Rev. Dr. Allon, for the following tunes, from the "*Congregational Psalmist*," "Highbury," "Houghton," "Newland;" the Proprietors of "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*," through the Rev. W. Pulling, for the following copyright tunes from that work, in some cases to copyright hymns, permission to use which was most generously granted: "Almsgiving," "Anatolius," "Aston," "Beatitudo," "Chalvey," "Come unto Me," "Diademata," "Domenica," "Dominus Regit me," "Easter Chant," "Eudoxia," "Eventide," "Father, let Me Dedicate," "Fiat Lux," "Gerontius," "Hollingside," "Horbury," "Laudes Domini," "Melita," "Miserere," "Misericordia," "Nicæa," "Paradise," "Pax Dei," "Requiescat," "Rivaulx," "St. Austin," "St. Cross," "St. Cuthbert," "St. Matthias," "St. Philip," "Southwell," "Stephanos," "Vigilate," "Vox Angelica," "Vox Dilecti," and "Xavier;" Mr. F. G. Baker, for "St. Saviour;" Rev. H. Baker, for "Whitburn;" Mr. W. S. Bambridge, Mus. Bac., for "St. Asaph;" Mr. J. Bowcher, for "East Hill;" Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, for "Ayot St. Peter," "For Evermore," "Grange," "Salve Festa Dies," and "St. Peter;" Messrs. Burns, Oates & Co., for "Macfarren" and "St. Luke;" Rev. E. S. Carter, for "Slingsby" and "Wreford;" Rev. A. H. Crosbie, for "St. Cephas;" Rev. R. F. Dale, Mus. Bac., for "St. Catherine;" Mr. E. Drewett, for "Elmhurst;" Mr. F. Dykes, for permission most courteously given to use the following tunes of the late Rev. Dr. Dykes: "Arundel," "Etiam et mihi," "Hosanna," "Lux Benigna," "Sanctuary," "St. Agnes," "St. Barnabas," and "St. Faith;" Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., for "Elijah," "St. George," and "Sunninghill;" Major Ewing, for "Ewing;" The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter, for "Dolomite Chant," "Pax Tecum," and "Sorrento;" Mr. A. Croil Falconer, for "Consolator," "Holy Nativity," "Jerusalem," and "St. Regulus;" Mr. J. Farmer, for "In the Fields," from "*Christ and His Soldiers;*" Mr. J. Downing Farrer, for "New Calabar" and "White Robes," from the "*Lowestoft Supplemental Tune Book;*" Mr. Myles Birket Foster, for "Eternal Light," "Haverland," "Monica," and "Suppliant;" Dr. C. J. Frost, for "Drysdale" and "Dumbleton;" Rev. A. W.

Hamilton-Gell, for "Wincobank;" Mr. J. Goodwin, for "St. Dionis;" Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey, for "St. Aidan;" Mr. C. Hancock, Mus. Bac., for "Scopas;" Miss Havergal, for "Evan," "Hermas," and "St. John;" Rev. W. F. Hurndall, M.A., Ph.D., for "Resignation," "Rickmansworth," "Springhill," and "Woodoaks;" Mr. J. P. Jewson, for "Tudor;" Mr. W. H. Jude, for "Galilee," and "Pisa;" Mr. J. Lancaster, for "St. Silas;" Mr. J. Langram, Mus. Bac., for "Deerhurst" and "St. Agnes;" Mr. A. Legge, for "Theodora;" Mr. G. A. Löhr, for "St. Frances;" Rev. W. Mercer for "Armageddon" and "Olmutz;" Rev. G. P. Merrick, Mus. Bac., for "Aldersgate;" Dr. E. G. Monk, for "Angel Voices;" Messrs. Morgan, Paternoster Row, for "Even Me," "Manningtree," and "Need;" Mrs. Mudie, for "Budleigh;" Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Mus. Doc., for "Gethsemane" and "St. Austin;" Mr. C. W. Poole, for "Gibraltar," "Petersham," and "Westenhanger;" Mr. C. H. Purday, for "Sandon;" Rev. C. C. Scholefield, for "Irene;" Rev. H. Percy Smith, for "Maryton;" Mr. S. Smith, for "Ruth;" Mr. T. B. Southgate, for "Brookfield;" Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey, for "Prospect;" Rev. Dr. G. W. Torrance, for "Trust;" Mr. H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac., for "Isleworth;" Rev. W. H. Turle and Mr. T. R. Turle, for "St. Margaret" and "Turle;" Mr. B. C. Wainwright, for "Sharnbrook;" Rev. H. A. Walker, for "Dalkeith" and "St. Albans," from the "*St. Albans Tune Book;*" Mr. J. G. Walton, for "St. Catherine;" Mr. E. S. West, for "Earlsfield."

Permission to use the following copyright tunes, many of which have been composed expressly for this work,* and which in some cases are the property of the Congregational Union, has been purchased from:—Mr. J. Barnby, for "Ad Lucem," "At Home," "Chiselhurst," "Sunset," and "The Golden Chain;" The Rev. W. J. Blew, for "Holy Cross," "St. Alphege," "St. Fulbert," "St. George," "Southwell," "Triumph," and "University College," from the "*Church Hymn and Tune Book*" of the Rev. W. J. Blew, M.A., and the late Dr. Gauntlett; Mrs. Blow, on behalf of the late Rev. W. Blow, for "Agnus Dei;" Mr. Josiah Booth, for "Adoration," "Alford," "Allesley," "Avondale," "Baynard," "Bethel," "Bracondale," "Commonwealth," "Crux Beata," "Earlham," "Excelsior," "Fernshaw," "Gladness," "Holy War," "Homeless," "Hornsey," "Nayland," "Northrepps," "Passover," "Peniel," "Rosslyn," "St. Aloysius," "Swainsthorpe," "Veni Creator," "Wardlaw," "West-

* These tunes are marked with a star (*) in the Index of Tunes.

bury," and "Weston Park;" the Proprietors of the "*Bristol Tune Book*," through Mr. F. Morgan, for "Auckland," "Blenden," "Brompton," "Clifton," "Dalehurst," "Eventide" (Pope), "Evening Hymn," "In Memoriam," "Leyton," "Lyndhurst," "Palmyra," "Ravendale," "Salvator Amicus," "St. Anthony," "St. Marguerite," "Vespers," and "Wentworth;" Mr. A. H. Brown, for "All Hallows," "Anatolius," "Holy Rood," "St. Austell," "St. Mabyn," "St. Thecla," and "Tiltey Abbey;" Messrs. Brown, of Salisbury, proprietors of the "*Sarum Hymnal*," for "Requiem;" Dr. E. Bunnett, for "Kirby Bedon," "Montrose," and "St. Faith's;" the Proprietors of the "*Burnley Tune Book*," for "Castle Eden," "Charlecombe," and "Staincliffe;" Mr. J. Baptiste Calkin, for "Fatherhood," "Magdalen," "Savoy Chapel," "St. Augustine," and "St. John;" Mr. G. F. Chambers, for "Maidstone" and "Thanksgiving," from the "*Parish Tune Book*" (Warne); Rev. R. R. Chope for "St. Aëlred," "St. Bees," "St. Godric," "St. Mary Magdalene" (Dykes), "St. Oswald," "Sepulchre," and "St. Sylvester," from Rev. R. R. Chope's "*Hymn and Tune Book;*" Mr. W. G. Cusins, for "Palmæ;" Rev. J. Darling, for "Bonar," "Christchurch," "Lux Eoi," and "Steggall," from "*Hymns for the Church of England with Proper Tunes;*" Mr. J. Edwards, for "Weston;" Mr. J. W. Elliott, for "Belsize," "Compassion," "Day of Rest," "De Profundis," "Nazareth," "Orwell," "Resurrection," "Rosenthal," and "St. Mark;" The Lady Victoria Evans-Freke, for "Ambleside," "Ben Rhydding," "Day of Praise," "Ellers," "Endless Alleluia," "Ferrier," "Gretton," "Jesu, Magister Bone," "Sudeley," and "Westerham;" Mrs. Gauntlett, for "Dura" and "Irby;" Dr. H. Hiles, for "Compton," "Holyrood," "Jerusalem," "Lindfield," "Southwick," "St. Leonard," "Thornton," and "Treves;" Messrs. J. Haddon & Co., for "Chichester" and "Philippi," from "*The Psalmist;*" Mr. H. T. E. Holmes, for "Pater Omnium;" Dr. E. J. Hopkins, for "Abbeycombe," "Abchurch," "Alford," "Artavia," "Ascension," "Beaconhill," "Breedon," "Caritas," "Castleton," "Childhood," "Churchill," "Deva," "Edinburgh," "Edlingham," "Epiphany," "Feniton Court," "Hartland," "Hazelwood," "Heber," "Isca," "Labor," "Overstrand," "Pascal," "Peace," "Sacrament," "Shropshire," "St. Brannock," "St. Elwyn," "St. Hugh," "St. Just," "St. Prian," "St. Raphael," "Sunnyside," "Tadcaster," "Temple," "Tideswell," "Uppark," "Vaughan," "West Heath," "Wildersmouth," "Woodside," and "Wroxall;" Rev. F. G. Hume, for "Fermain;" Mr. H. S. Irons, for "Hope;" Mr. R. Jackson, for "Angelus," "Ashburton," "Cressbrook," "Hathersage," "Niagara," "Stainforth," "St. Leonard," "Watermouth," and "Waverton;"

Mr. W. A. Jefferson, for "Aldis," "Epworth," "Evensong," "Olivet," from the "*National Book of Hymn Tunes, Chants, and Kyries*," and "Omagh;" Mr. J. Kinross, for "Ashwood," "Pax," "Snaresbrook," and "Westfield;" Mr. A. Lahee, for "Sacrifice;" Mr. H. Leslie, for "Aylesbury," "Exaltation," "Hurstleigh," and "Oswestry;" Mrs. Lomas, on behalf of the late Mr. G. Lomas, for "Chamouni," "Kirk Braddan," "Pentecost," "Southport," and "Verbum Pacis;" Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mus. Doc., R.A.M., for "Hora Novissima" and "Jesus is our Shepherd;" Mr. F. C. Maker, for "Rest;" Messrs. Masters & Co., for "Ajalon," "Capernaum," and "Lauds" (being Nos. 4, 197, 143, in "*Redhead's Tunes;*") Rev. R. Northon Matthews, for "Christmas;" Rev. T. R. Matthews, for "Haughley," "Laceby," "Ludborough," "North Cotes," "Ravendale," "Reynoldstone," "Saxby," and "Somercotes;" Messrs. Metzler & Co., for "Waveney" (being No. 66 in "*Redhead's Hymn Tunes;*") Mr. E. Minshall, for "Hope," "Horton," "Runcorn," "Springfield," and "Viaduct;" Dr. W. H. Monk, for "Easter Hymn," "Everton," "Jesu Dilectissime," "Jesu Redemptor," "Lincluden," "Morning," "Springtime;" Mr. E. Moss, for "Maidstone," "Newcastle," and "Shipley," from the "*London Tune Book;*" Messrs. Nisbet & Co., for "Barrington," "Bentley," "Bethany," "Elim" (Rest), "Falfield," "Glastonbury," "Gordon," "Heathlands," "Intercession," "Lancashire," "Mount Zion," "Regent Square," "St. Leonard," and "St. Nathaniel;" Messrs. Novello, for "Albano," "Bethlehem," "Bradfield," "Carlton," "Castle Rising," "Consecration," "Enthronement," "Evington," "Fortunatus," "Gounod," "Holy Trinity," "Horeb," "Kensington New," "Lacrymæ," "Longwood," "Lowton," "Ombersley," "Panis Celestis," "Paradise," "Pilgrims," "Propior Deo," "Prudentius," "Rotherham," "Sefton," "St. Andrew," "St. Ann" (arranged by Sir A. Sullivan), "St. Anselm," "St. Chrysostom," "St. Clement," "St. Gertrude," "St. Ignatius," "St. John's College," "The Good Fight," "Waltham," "Westmeath," and "Wilmore;" Sir H. Oakeley, Mus. Doc., for "Abends" and "Edina;" Mr. E. Prout, for "Bacton," "Cairnbrook," "Follow Me," "Greenwood," "Herstmonceaux," "Laus Sempiterna," "Monkstown," "Raleigh," "Reipublicæ Salus," and "Resurgam;" Messrs. J. Shaw & Co., for "Constance;" Mr. F. Spinney, for "St. Denys;" Dr. J. Stainer, for "Jaazaniah," "Magdalen," and "Sabaoth;" Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., for "St. Werburgh;" Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc., for "Clarence," "Coronæ," "Evelyn," "Ever Faithful," "Golden Sheaves," "Irene," "Leominster," "Nearer Home," "Noel," "Saints of God," "St. Millicent," "St. Theresa," "Valete;" Dr. C. Vincent, for "St.

Jude;" Mr. J. Walch, for "Coronamento," "Sawley," and "St. George's Bolton;" Rev. F. G. Wesley, for "Aurelia;" and Mr. J. Williams, for "Eli" and "In the Fields."

Every effort has been made to discover the owners of the copyrights of the various hymns and tunes included in this volume, but in some cases without success. The Editor trusts that in these latter cases he may be pardoned for the involuntary infringement of copyright which may have occurred, and which he will be glad to be able to rectify in subsequent editions of this book.

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ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

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NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
†Abbeycombe, 13	87.87.47	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
*Abchurch, 154	78.78.77	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Abends, 683	L.M.	Sir H. S. Oakeley, Mus. Doc. (1830—).
Abridge, 458	C.M.	Isaac Smith. Psalm Tunes (1770).
Adeste Fideles, 83	Irregular	Jno. Reading (1677—1764).
*Ad Lucem, 325	10.4.10.4	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
*Adoration. 671	8.33.6	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Agnus Dei, 265, 268	888.6	Rev. W. Blow.
†Ajalon, 198, 273, 274, 493	77.77.77	Richd. Redhead (1820—).
†Albano, 61, 129, 191, 423, 468, 700, 749, 750.	C.M.	Vincent Novello (1781—1861).
†Aldersgate, 313, 321, 462	S.M.	Rev. G. P. Merrick, M.A., Mus. Bac.
†Aldis, 157	L.M.	S. Weeks, Mus. Bac. (1843—).
†Alford, 57	87.87.46	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
*Alford, 323	888.6 (Trochaic).	Josiah Booth (1852—).
Alla Trinita Beata, 729	87.87.87.87	From "Laudi Spirituali" (1336). Harm. by Dr. H. Bishop.
†Allerton, 522	S.M.	J. Hopkins (1822—).
*Allesley, 236	85.83	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†All Hallows, 8	86.86.86	Arthur H. Brown (1830—).
†Almsgiving, 631	888.4	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Alsace, 112, 225	L.M.	L. v. Beethoven (1770—1827).
†Ambleside, 617	65.65.65.65.65.65	A. Lowe.
†Anatolius, 693	76.76.88	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Anatolius, 693	76.76.88	Arthur H. Brown (1830—).
†Angelus, 199	777.5	R. Jackson (1842—).
Angelus, 520	L.M.	J. Scheffler (1624—1677).
†Angel Voices, 616	85.85.843	Dr. E. G. Monk (1810—).
Arator, 711	76.76.76.76.66.84	J. A. P. Schultze (1747—1800).
†Armageddon, 375	65.65.65.65.65.65	Adapted by Sir J. Goss, Mus. Doc. (1800—1880).
*Artavia, 127	10.10.10.6	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Arundel, 492, 697	87.87	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Ascalon, 536	668.668	Crusader's Melody.
†Ascension, 151, 156	P.M.	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Ashburton, 767	77.77.77	R. Jackson (1842—).
*Ashwood, 710	85.83.85.83	John Kinross (1848—).
†Aston, 264	S.M.	J. Heywood.
Athens, 745	P.M.	
*At Home, 426	S.M.D.	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
†Auckland, 256	46.46.46.46	F. C. Maker (1844—).
†Aurelia, 443, 456, 514, 593	76.76.76.76	Dr. S. S. Wesley (1810—1876).
Austria, 643	87.87.87.87	F. J. Haydn (1732—1809).
*Avondale, 706	446.446	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Aylesbury, 350	888.4	Henry Leslie (1822—).
†Ayot St. Peter, 232	76.76.76.76	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick (1840—).
*Bacton, 667	776.776	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835—).
Banias, 133	L.M.D.	M. Lutz (1829—).

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
†Barrington, 210	88.88.88	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Barton, 407	76.76	J. H. Knecht (1752—1817).
Battishill, 637	77.77	J. Battishill (1738—1801)
*Baynard, 59	88.88.88	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Beaconhill, 214	P.M.	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Beatitudo, 433, 555, 600	C.M.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Bedford, 119, 205	C.M.	W. Wheale (—1745).
Belmont, 116	C.M.	S. Webbe, jun. (?) (1740—1817).
*Belsize, 99, 720	65.65.65.65.65.65	J. W. Elliott (1816—).
Bemerton, 140, 190, 621	65.65	Fred. Filitz, Ph.D. (1804—1860).
†Ben Rhydding, 590	S.M.	A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877).
†Bentley, 247, 362, 770	76.76.76.76	J. Hullah, LL.D. (1812—1882).
†Bethany, 122, 328	87.87.87.87	Henry Smart (1813—1879).
*Bethel, 633	74.74.74.74	Josiah Booth (1852—).
Bethlehem, 23	87.87	Latin Melody of 14th Century.
†Bethlehem, 340, 361, 489, 629	S.M.	S. Wesley (1766—1837).
†Blenden, 381	C.M.D.	C. E. Kettle (1833—).
†Bonar, 480, 583	S.M.D.	Dr. Charles Steggall (1826—).
Bonchurch, 94, 652, 730	76.76.76.76	L. v. Beethoven (1770—1827).
Boniface, 323	888.6 (Trochaic).	Darmstadt Gesangbuch (1698).
*Bracondale, 11, 677	446.446	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Bradfield, 613, 614, 680	C.M.	J. Baptiste Calkin (1827—).
†Breedon, 97	88.88.88.68	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
Breslau, 178, 188, 359, 411, 601	L.M.	I. Clauder's Psalmodia (1630).
Bristol, 528, 705	C.M.	Ravenscroft's Whole Book of Psalms (1621).
Broadlands, 344	66.66.66.66	Arr. by Dr. Rimbault (1816—1876).
†Brompton, 524	77.77.77.77	J. R. Schachner (1821—).
†Brookfield, 388, 405, 678	L.M.	T. B. Southgate (1814—1868).
†Buckland, 204, 311	77.77	Rev. Dr. L. G. Hayne (1836—1883).
†Budleigh, 303	64.64.10.10	T. M. Mudie (1809—1876).
Burmah, 132, 341	C.M.	
Byzantium, 40, 72	C.M.	W. Jackson (1730—1803).
*Cairnbrook, 710	85.83	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835—).
Calm, 490, 497, 695	L.M.	
Canonbury, 670	L.M.	Robert Schumann (1810—1856).
Canterbury, 718	77.77	O. Gibbons (1583—1625).
†Capernaum, 330, 337	77.77	Richard Redhead (1820—).
Cape Town, 216, 226	777.5	F. Filitz, Ph.D. (1804—1860).
Carey's, 59	88.88.88	Henry Carey (1696—1743).
*Caritas, 44	87.87	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Carlton, 506	87.87.87.87	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
Cassel, 666, 679	77.77.77	German.
†Castle Eden, 689	65.65	R. W. Dixon.
†Castle Rising, 357	C.M.D.	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, M.A.
†Castleton, 722	87.87.887	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Chalvey, 358, 408, 439	S.M.D.	Rev. Dr. L. G. Hayne (1836—1883).
†Chamouni, 243	87.87.87.87	G. Lomas.
†Charlecombe, 19	C.M.	J. Pears, B.D.
Cheshire, 419, 662	C.M.	Este's Psalter (1592).
†Chichester, 729	87.87.87.87	S. Wesley (1766—1837).
*Childhood, 769	56.56	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
*Chiselhurst, 516	S.M.	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
†Christchurch, 432	66.66.44.44	Dr. Charles Steggall (1826—).
†Christmas, 742	P.M.	Rev. R. N. Matthews.
*Churchill, 263	87.87.887	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Clarence, 253, 714	77.77	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
Clewer, 349	65.65	German.
†Clifton, 60, 262, 319	S.M.	J. Brabham (1834—).
†Clifton, 478	888.4	W. L. Reynolds.
†Come unto Me, 247	76.76.76.76	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Commandments, 68, 527, 640	L.M.	Genevan Psalter (1652).
*Commonwealth, 655	76.76.88.85	Josiah Booth (1852—).
Communion, 240	87.87.47	J. J. Rousseau (1712—1778).
*Compassion, 638	88.88.88 (Trochaic).	J. W. Elliott (1816—).

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
†Compton, 737	87.87	Dr. H. Hiles (1826—).
†Consecration, 310	77.77	Dr. G. M. Garrett (1834—).
†Consolator, 217	777.5	A. Croil Falconer (1850—).
†Constance, 283	87.87.87.87	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
Corinth, 175, 449	87.87.87.87	S. Webbe (1740—1817).
†Coronæ, 162	S.M.D.	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†Coronamento, 167	S.M.D.	J. Walch (1837—).
Corton, 736	77.77	Old French Melody.
†Cressbrook, 9	77.77	R. Jackson (1842—).
Croft's 148th, 184, 442	66.66.88	Dr. W. Croft (1677—1727).
Crüger, 94	76.76.76.76	Johann Krüger (1598—1662).
*Crux Beata, 139	L.M.	Josiah Booth (1852—).
Culbach, 130, 545	77.77	Töpler's "Alte Chorale Melodien."
Cyprus, 244, 269	77.77	F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1809—1847).
†Dalehurst, 324, 386, 486	C.M.	A. Cottman.
†Dalkeith, 266, 483	10.10.10.10	T. Hewlett, Mus. Bac. (—1874).
Darwell, 161	66.66.88	John Darwell (—1789).
†Day of Praise, 522	S.M.	Dr. Charles Steggall (1826—).
†Day of Rest, 380	76.76.76.76	J. W. Elliott (1816—).
†Deerhurst, 506	87.87.87.87	J. Langran, Mus. Bac. (1835—).
Delhi, 558	888	E. F. Rimbault, LL.D. (1816—1876).
*De Profundis, 259	77.77.88	J. W. Elliott (1816—).
Dettingen, 166	87.87.887	Melody of 15th century, Harm. by J. S. Bach (1685—1750).
*Deva, 215, 617, 720	65.65.65.65.65.65	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
Devonshire, 25	C.M.	J. J. Frech.
†Diademata, 167	S.M.D.	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc. (1816—).
Dismissal, 554	87.87.47	
Dix, 98	77.77.77	Conrad Kocher (1786—).
†Dolomite Chant, 604	66.66	Austrian Melody, Harm. by J. T. Cooper.
†Domenica, 513	S.M.	Sir H. S. Oakeley, Mus. Doc. (1830—).
†Dominus regit me, 37	87.87	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
*Drysdale, 322	87.87	Dr. C. J. Frost (1848—).
*Dumbleton, 644	C.M.	Dr. C. J. Frost (1848—).
Dundee, 38, 565	C.M.	Scotch Psalter (1615—).
†Dura, 539	88.88.88	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
†Earlsfield, 330, 337, 473	77.77	E. S. West (1846—).
*Earlham, 432, 526	66.66.44.44	Josiah Booth (1852—).
*East Hill, 549	12.10.12.10	J. Bowcher.
†Easter Chant, 153	L.M.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)
†Easter Hymn, 151	P.M.	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
Easter Hymn, 151	P.M.	Lyra Davidica (1708).
Eden, 164	66.66	O. M. Fielden.
Eden, 270, 369, 450, 738	L.M.	Dr. L. Mason (1792—1872).
†Edina, 71, 75	65.65.65.65	Sir H. S. Oakeley, Mus. Doc. (1830—).
†Edinburgh, 575	C.M.	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Edlingham, 171	87.87.47	Dr E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
Ein' feste Burg, 343, 649	87.87.6666.7	German.
†Eli, 588	77.77	Sir Michael Costa (1810—1885).
†Elijah, 28, 572	77.77.77	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc. (1816—).
†Elim, 347	C.M.D.	W. H. Callcott (1807—1878).
Ellacombe, 392	C.M.D.	German.
†Ellers, 550	10.10.10.10	Dr. E. J. Hopkins, Harm. by Sir A. S. Sullivan.
*Elmhurst, 630	888.6.	E. Drewett (1850—).
Ely, 535	L.M.	Rt. Rev. T. Turton, D.D., Bishop of Ely (1780—1864).
Emmanuel, 24, 163, 172	C.M.	L. v. Beethoven (1770—1827).
Emmaus, 39, 220, 370	C.M.	
†Endless Alleluia, 67	10.10.7	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
Enon, 628, 689, 760	65.65	O. M. Fielden.
†Enthronement, 63	C.M.	Dr. F. Hiller (1811—1885).
†Epiphany, 100	11.10.11.10	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Epworth, 12, 297	888.888	W. Baly.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
Ernan, 452, 772	L.M.	Dr. L. Mason (1792—1872).
*Eternal Light, 20	86.886	Myles Birket Foster (1851—).
†Etiam et Mihi, 228	87.87.3	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Eudoxia, 689	65.65	Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. (1834—).
†Evan, 233	C.M.	Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A. (1793—1870).
†Evelyn, 329	777.6	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†Even Me, 228	87.87.3	W. B. Bradbury (1816—1868). Harm. by Dr. E. J. Hopkins.
†Evening Hymn, 686	887.887	W. Jackson (1816—1866).
†Evensong, 699	8.33.6	O. J. Stimpson, Mus. Bac. Oxon. (1835—).
†Eventide, 684	10.10.10.10	G. A. Pope.
†Eventide, 684	10.10.10.10	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
†Ever Faithful, Ever Sure, 9	77.77	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
*Everton, 240	87.87.47	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
†Evington, 177	66.66.66.66	A. Lowe.
†Ewing, 435 (Pt. iii.)	76.76.76.76	Major Alex. Ewing (1830—).
*Exaltation, 105	87.87.87.87	Henry Leslie (1822—).
*Excelsior, 768	76.76	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Falfield, 192, 417, 441, 734	87.87.87.87	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus Doc. (1842—).
Farrant, 46, 657, 658	C.M.	Richd. Farrant (1530—1583).
*Fatherhood, 334	C.M.D.	J. Baptiste Calkin (1827—).
†Father, let me dedicate, 727	75.75.75.75	Sir G. A. Macfarren, R.A.M. (1813—1887).
†Feniton Court, 413	87.87.447	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Fermain, 745	P.M.	Rev. F. G. Hume, M.A.
*Fernshaw, 35, 461, 510, 511, 749, 750.	C.M.	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Ferrier, 751	77.77	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Festus, 66, 363, 739	L.M.	From German Chorale.
†Fiat Lux, 574	664.6664	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Flavian, 26, 183, 201, 725	C.M.	Barber's Psalm Tunes (1686).
Flemming, 440	11.11.11.5	E. F. Flemming.
Fleury, 73	65.65.65.65.65.65	From Rossini (1792—1868).
Florence, 697	87.87.87.87	Italian Melody.
*Follow Me, 459	10.6.10.6	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835—).
†For Evermore, 429	777.5	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick (1840—).
†Fortunatus, 152	11.11.11.11.11	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
Franconia, 218, 363, 562	S.M.	German.
Frankfort, 275	77.77.77.77	F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1809—1845).
Fulda, 107, 203	L.M.	L. v. Beethoven (1770—1827).
†Gabriel, 89	C.M.D.	Arr. by Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†Galilee, 322	87.87	W. H. Jude.
German Hymn, 735	77.77	I. J. Pleyel (1757—1831).
†Gerontius, 51	C.M.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Gethsemane, 145, 496	77.77.77	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Mus. Doc. (1825—).
†Gibraltar, 137, 248, 284, 384	L.M.	Clement W. Poole (1828—).
Gildas, 219, 401	S.M.	Attributed to P. Abelard (1079—1142).
*Gladness, 740	65.65	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Glastonbury, 193, 354	77.77.77	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Glory, 775	C.M. (with chorus).	
God Save the Queen, 641, 653, 654.	664.6664	Harm. by Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
Göldel, 608, 609	L.M.	German Chorale.
*Golden Chain, The, 437	87.87.887	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
†Golden Sheaves, 712	87.87.87.87	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†Good Fight, The, 569	P.M.	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
Gopsal, 158	66.66.88	G. F. Handel (1685—1759).
†Gordon, 533, 581	C.M.	H. Smart (1813—1879).
Goshen, 755	65.65.65.65	
†Gounod, 196	87.87.77	Chas. Gounod (1818—).
†Grange, 743	87.87.77	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick (1840—).
Greenland, 155, 570, 709	76.76.76.76	Lausanne Psalter (1806).
*Greenwood, 64, 227, 620	664.6664	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835—).

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
†Gretton, 16, 501.	C.M.D.	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick (1840—).
Gröningen, 529.	66.86.68.33.66	J. Neander (1610—1680).
Hanover, 76, 331	55.55.65.65	Dr. W. Croft (1677—1727).
*Hartland, 326	55.35	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Hathersage, 706	446.446	R. Jackson (1842—).
†Haughley, 420, 610	L.M.	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A. (1826—).
*Haverland, 633.	74.74.74.74	Myles Birket Foster (1851—).
†Hazelwood, 271	664.6664	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Heathlands, 95, 203	77.77.77	H. Smart (1813—1879).
†Heber, 591	87.87.47	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
Heinlein, 416	77.77	P. Heinlein (1626—1686).
Hemingford, 325	10 4.10 4	
†Hermas, 726	65.65.65.65.65.65	Frances R. Havergal (1836—1879).
*Herstmonceux, 214	P.M.	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835—).
†Highbury, 406	66.86.47	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876), from German.
†Hollingside, 275	77.77.77.77	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Holley, 113, 464, 563	L.M.	George Hews (1835—).
Holy Cross, 546	C.M.	
†Holy Cross, 141	68.64	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
†Holy Nativity, 86	Irregular	A. Croil Falconer (1850—).
†Holyrood, 513	S.M.	Arthur H. Brown (1830—).
†Holyrood, 121	886.886	Dr. H. Hiles (1826—).
†Holy Trinity, 125, 182, 504	C.M.	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
*Holy War, 395	65.65.65.65	Josiah Booth (1852—).
*Homeless, 287	610.610	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Hope, 472	L.M.	H. S. Irons (1834—).
*Hope, 605	77.4	E. Minshall (1845—).
*Hora Novissima, 722	87.87.887	Sir G. A. Macfarren, R.A.M. (1813—1887).
†Horbury, 320	64.64.664	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Horeb, 687	64.66	H. Smart (1813—1879).
*Hornsey, 544	65.65.65.65	Josiah Booth (1852—).
Horsley, 90, 272, 389, 753	C.M.	Dr. W. Horsley (1774—1858).
*Horton, 547	777.5	E. Minshall (1845—).
†Hosanna, 525	L.M. (with refrain).	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Houghton, 1	55.55.65.65	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
Hull, 519	886.886	Old Melody.
Hursley, 673, 683	L.M.	P. Ritter (1792).
*Hurstleigh, 273, 274	77.77.77	Henry Leslie (1822—).
†In Memoriam, 478	888.4	F. C. Maker (1844—).
†In the Field, 741	P.M.	J. Farmer.
Innsbrück, 333, 356	886.886	Old German Volkslied. R. Heinrich Isaak (1440—).
†Intercession, 537	75.75.75.75.88	W. H. Callcott (1807—1878).
†Irby, 743	87.87.77	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
†Irene, 217, 429, 703	777.5	Rev. C. C. Scholefield (1839—).
*Isca, 215	65.65.65.65.65.65	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Isleworth, 584	76.76.76.76	H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac. (1844—).
*Jaazaniah, 537	75.75.75.75.88	Dr. J. Stainer (1840—).
†Jazer, 187	C.M.	A. E. Tozer.
†Jerusalem, 434	C.M.	A. Croil Falconer (1850—).
†Jerusalem, 434	C.M.D.	Dr. H. Hiles (1826—).
*Jesu Dilectissime, 303	64.64.10.10	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
†Jesu, Magister Bone, 380, 595	76.76.76.76	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Jesu Redemptor, 295, 460, 698	L.M.	Ancient Plain Song, Harm. by Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
*Jesus is our Shepherd, 755	65.65.65.65	Sir G. A. Macfarren, R.A.M. (1813—1887).
†Kensington New, 57	87.87.46	J. Tilleard (1827—1876).
Kiel, 446, 447, 766	77.77	Andreas Romberg (1767—1821).
*Kirby Bedon, 691	664.6664	Dr. E. Bunnett (1834—).

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
†Kirk Braddan, 573	S.M.	G. Lomas.
†Labor, 382	4.10.10.10.4	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Laceby, 150	87.87	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A. (1826—).
†Lacrymæ, 149, 212	777	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†Lancashire, 402	76.76.76.76	H. Smart (1813—1879).
†Laudes Domini, 80	666.666	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
†Lauds, 131, 165, 668	L.M.	Richard Redhead (1820—).
*Laus Sempiterna, 437	87.87.887	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835—).
Leipsic, 467, 634, 635, 636	L.M.	J. H. Schein (1586—1630).
†Leominster, 408	S.M.D.	Harm. by Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
Leoni, 2	66.84.66.84	Old Hebrew Melody.
†Leyton, 765	77.77.77.77	C. E. Kettle (1833—).
*Lincluden, 371	64.64.664	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
Lincoln, 110, 289, 732	C.M.	Ravenscroft's Whole Book of Psalms (1621).
†Lindfield, 355	L.M.	Dr. H. Hiles (1826—).
London New, 474	C.M.	Scotch Psalter (1635).
†Longwood, 626	10.10.10.10	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
†Lowton, 664	87.87	A. Lowe.
Lübeck, 53, 444	77.77	Fleylinghausen's Gesangbuch (1714—).
Lucca, 422	66.86.88	J. H. Schein (1586—1630).
†Ludborough, 521, 673	L.M.	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A. (1826—).
Luther's Hymn, 45, 181	87.87.887	J. Klug's Gesangbuch (1533).
†Lux Benigna, 414	10.4.10.4.10.10.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Lux Eoi, 173, 409, 568, 643	87.87.87.87	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†Lyndhurst, 108, 345	C.M.	F. C. Maker (1844—).
†Macfarren, 381	C.M.D.	Sir G. A. Macfarren, R.A.M. (1813—1887)
†Magdalen, 124, 293	88.88.88	Dr. J. Stainer (1840—).
*Magdalen, 325	10.4.10.4	J. Baptiste Calkin (1827—).
Magdalen College, 15	886.886	Dr. W. Hayes (1708—1777).
†Maidstone, 524	77.77.77.77	Dr. W. B. Gilbert (1829—).
†Maidstone, 294	86.86.88.88	H. A. Richings
Mainzer, 3, 82, 500, 578, 579	L.M.	J. Mainzer (1801—1851).
Mannheim, 548	87.87.47	Fredk. Filitz, Ph.D. (1804—1860).
†Manningtree, 239	10.10.10	Ira D. Sankey (1840—).
†Maryton, 5, 185, 377	L.M.	Rev. H. Percy Smith (1825—).
Melcombe, 30, 209, 448, 460, 577	L.M.	S. Webbe (1740—1816).
†Melita, 639	88.88.88	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Mendelssohn, 84	77.77.77.77	F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1809—1847).
Miles' Lane, 63	C.M.	W. Shrubsole (1758—1806).
†Miserere, 200, 390	77.77.77.77	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
†Misericordia, 268	888.6	H. Smart (1813—1879).
Missionary, 570	76.76.76.76	Dr. L. Mason (1792—1872).
*Monkstown, 480	S.M.D.	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835—).
*Monica, 606	77.77.77.77	Myles Birket Foster (1851—).
*Montrose, 701	447.87	Dr. E. Bunnett (1834—).
Morecambe, 479	10.10.10.10	
†Morning, 672	77.77.77	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
Morning Hymn, 668	L.M.	F. H. Barthelemon (1741—1808).
†Mount Zion, 28, 672	77.77.77	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
Mülhausen, 316	77.77	J. R. Ahle (1625—1673).
Munich, 435 (Pt. ii.), 515, 758	76.76.76.76	Attributed to Johann Hermann (1620).
Nain, 238	64.64	Dr. L. Mason (1792—1872).
Nares, 453	C.M.	Dr. J. Nares (1715—1783).
*Nayland, 603	Irregular	Josiah Booth (1852—).
*Nazareth, 120	66.66.44.44	J. W. Elliott (1816—).
†Nearer Home, 426	S.M.D.	I. Woodbury, Arr. by Sir A. S. Sullivan Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†Need, 312	64.64.76.74	Rev. R. Lowry, D.D.
†New Calabar, 559	77.77	I. Downing Farrer (1829—).
†Newcastle, 20	86.886	H. L. Morley.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
†Newland, 288	S.M.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
†Niagara, 50, 642	L.M.	R. Jackson (1842—).
†Nicæa, 222	11.12.12.10	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Nicolai, 436	887.887.888.	Philipp Nicolai (?) (1599—).
†Noel, 89, 93, 615	C.M.D.	Arr. by Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†North Coates, 628, 740, 747	65.65.	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A. (1826—).
*Northrepps, 348, 551, 560, 561, 627, 752.	C.M.	Josiah Booth (1852—).
Notker, 384	L.M.	Arr. by Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
Old Hundredth, 531, 532, 522, 733.	L.M.	Genevan Psalter (1562).
Old 104th, 1	55.55.65.65	Ravenscroft's "Whole Book of Psalms" (1621).
Old 137th, 622	C.M.D.	
Olivet, 271	664.6664	Dr. L. Mason (1792—1872).
†Olivet, 415, 548	87.87.47	G. Hirst.
†Olmutz, 230, 594	86.84	Arr. by Sir J. Goss, Mus. Doc. (1800—1880).
†Omagh, 526	66.66.44.44	W. A. Jefferson (1854—).
†Ombersley, 56, 571, 578, 579	L.M.	W. H. Gladstone, Mus. Bac.
Oriel, 607	87.87.87	Ancient "Tantum Ergo."
*Orwell, 197	76.76.77	J. W. Ellistt (1816—).
*Oswestry, 79	65.65.65.65.65.65	Henry Leslie (1822—).
Otterbourne, 476	L.M.	F. J. Haydn (1732—1809).
*Overstrand, 114	66.10.66.10	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Palmæ, 14, 134	L.M.	W. G. Cusins (1833—).
†Palmyra, 77, 136	86.86.88	J. Summers.
†Panis Celestis, 482	65.65.65.65	J. Baptiste Calkin (1827—).
†Paradise, 428	86.86.66.66	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
†Paradise, 428	86.86.66.66	H. Smart (1813—1879).
†Pascal, 265	888.6	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
Passion Chorale, 138	76.76.76.76	H. L. Hassler (1564—1612).
*Passover, 499	76.76.77.76	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Pater Omnium, 465, 665	88.88.88	H. J. E. Holmes (1852—).
*Pax, 696	C.M.D.	John Kinross (1848—).
†Pax Dei, 550	10.10.10.10	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Pax Tecum, 285	10.10	G. T. Caldbeck.
†Peace, 702	87.87.87.87	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
Pearsall, 676, 717	76.76.76.76	St. Gall Katholische Gesangbuch.
*Peniel, 32, 180, 286, 374	88.88.88	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Pentecost, 213	664.6664	G. Lomas.
†Petersham, 117, 241, 357, 661, 713	C.M.D.	Clement W. Poole (1828—).
†Philippi, 52, 168	C.M.	S. Wesley (1766—1837).
Philippi, 227, 567	664.6664	J. G. Ebeling (1620—1676).
†Pilgrims, 421	11.10.11.10.9.11	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
†Pisa, 435	76.76	W. H. Jude.
Prague, 54, 477	S.M.	L. R. West (1753—1826).
†Praise, my Soul, 10	87.87.47	Sir John Goss, Mus. Doc. (1800—1880).
†Propior Deo, 320	64.64.664	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†Prospect, 758	76.76.76.76	Arr. by C. Darnton. (1836—).
†Prudentius, 85	87.87.877	H. Smart (1813—1879).
*Raleigh, 277	66.66.83	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835—).
Ramah, 179	87.87.47	Ancient Jewish Melody.
Ratisbon, 203, 221, 542, 674	77.77.77	German.
†Ravendale, 101	C.M.	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A. (1826—).
†Ravendale, 121	886.886	W. Stokes (1847—).
Ravenshaw, 235	66.66 (Trochaic).	German.
†Regent Square, 10	87.87.47	H. Smart (1813—1879).
†Regent Square, 744	87.87.87	H. Smart (1813—1879).
*Reipublicæ Salus, 655	76.76.88.85	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835—).

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
Rephidim, 659	11.10.11.9	Alexis Lvoff (1799—1870).
†Requiem, 598	46.46.46.46	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
Requiem, 623	87.87.77	W. Schulthes.
†Requiescat, 597	77.77.88	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Resignation, 338	888.4	Rev. W. F. Hurndall, M.A., Ph.D. (1830—).
†Rest, 336	86.886	F. C. Maker (1844—).
*Resurgam, 602	P.M.	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835—).
*Resurrection, 430	66.66.64	J. W. Elliott (1816—).
†Reynoldstone, 495	77.77.77	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A. (1826—).
†Rickmansworth, 756	83.83	Rev. W. F. Hurndall, M.A., Ph.D. (1830—).
Ringland, 721	55.5.11	
†Rivaulx, 109, 147	L.M.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Rochester, 412	88.88.88	Vincent Novello (1781—1861).
Rockingham, 139, 195, 481, 660	L.M.	Dr. E. Miller (1731—1807).
*Rosenthal, 625	11.10.11.10	J. W. Elliott (1816—).
*Rosslyn, 394	777.3	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Rotherham, 619	C.M.D.	Sir G. A. Macfarren, R.A.M. (1813—1887).
*Runcorn, 585	C.M.	E. Minshall (1845—).
†Ruth, 71, 707	65.65.65.65	S. Smith (1821—).
Rutherford, 296	76.76.76.76	D'Urhan, from Chants Chrétiens. (1834)
†St. Aëlred, 118	888.3	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†St. Agnes, 104, 187, 308, 560, 561	C.M.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†St. Agnes, 483	10.10.10.10	Dr. J. Langran (1835—).
†St. Aidan, 558	888	Hon. and Rev. F. N. Grey (1813—).
St. Alban, 587	L.M.	
†St. Alban's, 75	65.65.65.65	T. Morley.
*St. Aloysius, 20	86.886	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†St. Alphege, 435, 651	76.76	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
†St. Ambrose, 669	L.M.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
St. Ambrosius, 663	77.77	Ascribed to St. Ambrose (340—397 ?).
†St. Andrew, 143, 249, 267, 475	S.M.	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
*St. Ann, 647	C.M.	Dr. W. Croft (1677—1727).
†St. Ann, 392	C.M.D.	Harm. by Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—). Asc. to Dr. Croft (1677—1727).
†St. Anselm, 435 (Pt. ii.), 515	76.76.76.76	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
†St. Anthony, 395	65.65.65.65	H. A. Prothero.
St. Asaph, 619	C.M.D.	Giornivichi (1745—1804).
†St. Asaph, 715, 759	87.87.87.87	W. S. Bambridge, Mus. Bac. (1842—).
St. Augustine, 338	888.4	
*St. Augustine, 332	11.10.11.6	J. Baptiste Calkin (1827—).
†St. Austell, 589	87.87.47	A. H. Brown (1830—).
St. Austin, 146, 589	87.87.47	
†St. Austin, 574, 620	664.6664	Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Mus. Doc. (1825—).
†St. Barnabas, 265	888.6	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
St. Basil, 48	L.M.D.	
St. Basil, 488	777	German Chorale.
†St. Bees, 290, 310	77.77	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
St. Bernard, 111, 276, 761	C.M.	J. Richardson.
*St. Brannock, 27	77.77.77	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
St. Bride, 245	S.M.	Dr. S. Howard (1710—1782).
†St. Catherine, 242, 586	76.76.76.76	Rev. R. F. Dale, Mus. Bac. (1845—).
†St. Catherine, 335, 665, 748	88.88.88	J. G. Walton (1821—).
†St. Cephas, 599	65.65.65.65	Rev. H. A. Crosbie.
†St. Chrysostom, 128, 425, 498	88.88.88	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
†St. Clement, 648	77.77.77	Dr. Chas. Steggall (1826—).
†St. Cross, 142, 250	L.M.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†St. Cuthbert, 202	86.84	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
St. David, 43, 207	C.M.	Ravenscroft's Whole Book of Psalms (1621).
†St. Denys, 96, 344	66.66	Frank Spinney (1850—).
*St. Dionis, 761	C.M.	J. Goodwin.
*St. Elwyn, 241	C.M.D.	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†St. Faith, 47	C.M.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†St. Faith's, 174	96.96.96.96	Dr. E. Bunnett (1834—).

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER.
†St. Frances, 17, 372, 373, 556, 557, 763, 764.	C.M.	G. A. Löhr (1821—).
†St. Fulbert, 6, 7, 74, 445	C.M.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
†St. George, 102, 438, 596	S.M.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
†St. George, 708	77.77.77.77	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc. (1816—).
†St. George's, Bolton, 251, 435, 484.	76.76.76.76	J. Walch (1837—).
†St. Gertrude, 393, 404	65.65.65.65.65.65	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†St. Godric, 31, 161, 169, 299	66.66.88	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
St. Gregory, 41, 611, 612, 739	L.M.	German.
†St. Hugh, 33, 191, 339	C.M.	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†St. Ignatius, 727	75.75.75.75	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
St. James, 19, 231	C.M.	R. Courteville (—1735).
*St. John, 120	66.66.44.44	J. Baptiste Calkin (1827—).
†St. John, 502	66.66.44.44	Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A. (1793—1870).
†St. John's College, 364, 365, 366, 517.	C.M.	Dr. G. M. Garrett (1834—).
†St. Jude, 315	87.887	C. Vincent, Mus. Doc. (1852—).
*St. Just, 292	C.M.T.	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†St. Leonard, 696	C.M.D.	Dr. H. Hiles (1826—).
†St. Leonard, 81	C.M.	H. Smart (1813—1879).
†St. Leonard, 327, 753	C.M.	R. Jackson (1842—).
St. Lucy, 469	77.77	
†St. Luke, 248	L.M.	J. F. Lampe (1693—1751).
St. Luke, 309, 485, 564	L.M.	Latin Melody.
†St. Mabyn, 243	87.87	A. H. Brown (1830—).
St. Magnus, 62, 396	C.M.	Jeremiah Clarke (1670—1707).
†St. Margaret, 18, 372, 373	C.M.	J. Turle (1802—1882).
†St. Marguerite, 206, 301, 302, 385, 433.	C.M.	E. C. Walker.
†St. Mark, 278, 280, 307	88.88.88	J. W. Elliott (1816—).
†St. Mary Magdalene, 200	77.77.77.77	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†St. Mary Magdalene, 317, 387, 599.	65.65.65.65	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
St. Mary's, 38, 257, 258	C.M.	Archdeacon Pry's Book of Psalms (1621).
†St. Matthias, 123, 470, 471, 553.	88.88.88	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
St. Michael, 360, 399, 543.	S.M.	Day's Psalter (1562).
†St. Millicent, 605	77.4	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†St. Nathaniel, 170	C.M.	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†St. Oswald, 687	64.66	T. Hewlett, Mus. Bac. (—1874).
†St. Oswald, 4, 92, 762	87.87	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†St. Peter, 36, 229, 466, 763, 764	C.M.	A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877).
†St. Philip, 252, 488	777	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
*St. Piran, 632	75.75	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
St. Polycarp, 211, 234	L.M.	
†St. Raphael, 383	87.87.47	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†St. Regulus, 239	10.10.10	A. Croil Falconer (1850—).
†St. Saviour, 55, 87, 705	C.M.	F. G. Baker (1840—).
†St. Silas, 346, 353, 376	86.86.86	J. Lancaster (1833—1880).
St. Stephen, 451	C.M.	Rev. W. Jones (1726—1800).
†St. Sylvester, 716	87.87	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†St. Thecla, 305, 493	77.77.77	A. H. Brown (1830—).
St. Theodulph, 135, 402	76.76,76.76	M. Teschner (1615).
†St. Theresa, 746	65.65.65.65.65.65	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†St. Werburgh, 371	64.64.664	Sir R. Stewart, Mus. Doc. (1825—).
*Sabaoth, 659	11.10.11.9.	Dr. J. Stainer (1840—).
†Sacrament, 494	98.98	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Sacrifice, 189	76.76	H. Lahee (1826—).
†Saints of God, 505	L.M. (with refrain)	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†Salvator Amicus, 186	99.99	C. E. Kettle (1833—).
†Salve Festa Dies, 152	11.11.11.11.11	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick (1840—).
Samson, 397, 398	L.M.	From G. F. Handel (1683—1759).
†Sanctuary, 731	87.87.87.87	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)
†Sandon, 414	10.4.10.4.10.10	C. H. Purday (1799—1885).
Sardis, 144	87.87	L. v. Beethoven (1770—1827).
†Savoy Chapel, 296	76.76.76.76	J. Baptiste Calkin (1827—).
†Sawley, 255, 771	C.M.	J. Walch (1837—).

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†Saxby, 342, 509	L.M.	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A. (1826—).
Saxony, 115, 254, 351	L.M.	Old German.
†Scopas, 105	87.87.87.87	C. Hancock, Mus. Bac. (1852—).
†Selton, 363, 541, 634, 635, 636, 772.	L.M.	J. Baptiste Calkin (1827—).
Sepulchre, 246, 487, 645	L.M.	G. Cooper.
*Sharnbrook, 175	87.87.87.87	B. C. Wainwright (1860—).
Sharon, 21, 704, 773	87.87	Dr. Wm. Boyce (1710—1779).
†Shipley, 261	84.84.888.	E. Moss (1838—).
†Shropshire, 724	L.M.	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Slingsby, 737	87.87	E. S. Carter (1845—).
*Snaresbrook, 65	C.M.D.	John Kinross (1848—).
†Somercotes, 159, 478	888.4	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A. (1826—).
†Sorrento, 390	77.77.77.77	J. H. Deane.
†Southport, 350, 688	888.4	G. Lomas.
Southwell, 260, 314	S.M.	Denham's Psalter (1588).
Southwell, 282, 434	C.M.	H. S. Irons (1834—).
†Southwell, 257, 258, 391	C.M.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
†Southwick, 508, 613, 614	C.M.	Dr. H. Hiles (1826—).
Spire, 410	55.88.55	Adam Dresse (1630—1718).
*Springfield, 534, 663	77.77	E. Minshall (1845—).
†Springhill, 690	87.87	Rev. W. F. Hurndall, M.A., Ph.D. (1830—).
*Springtime, 706	446.446	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
†Staincliffe, 106, 523, 698, 757	L.M.	R. W. Dixon.
†Stainforth, 223	77.77.77.77	R. Jackson (1842—).
†Steggall, 685	84.84.8884	Dr. Chas. Steggall (1826—).
†Stephanos, 236	85.83	Sir H. W. Baker (1821—1877).
Stepney, 694	87.87.77	W. Bayley.
Stockton, 103, 491	C.M.	T. Wright (1763—1829).
Stuttgart, 44	87.87	Attributed to Hans Leo Hassler (1704—).
†Sudeley, 304	C.M.	Dr. J. Stainer (1840—).
*Sunninghill, 713	C.M.D.	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc. (1816—).
†Sunnyside, 549	12.10.12.10	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
*Sunset, 688	888.4	Joseph Barnby (1838—).
*Suppliant, 424	664.664	Myles Birket Foster (1851—).
Swabia, 78, 367, 418	S.M.	German Melody.
*Swainsthorpe, 360	S.M.	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Tadcaster, 79	65.65.65.65.65.65	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
Tallis, 403, 728	C.M.	T. Tallis (1529—1585).
Tallis' Canon, 682, 692	L.M.	T. Tallis (1529—1585).
†Temple, 685	84.84.8884	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
Thanet, 671, 699	8.33.6	Rev. J. Jowett, Musæ Solitariæ (1823).
†Thanksgiving, 580	77.77.77.77	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Doc. (1829—).
†Theodora, 186, 427	99.99	Alf. Legge (1843—).
†Thornton, 401	S.M.D.	Dr. H. Hiles (1826—).
Tichfield, 223, 765	77.77.77.77	Richard Wm. Beaty (1830—).
*Tideswell, 194	888.6	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Tiltey Abbey, 507	C.M.	A. H. Brown (1830—).
†Treves, 378, 379, 468	C.M.	Dr. H. Hiles (1826—).
Trinity, 64	664.6664	F. Giardini (1716—1796).
†Triumph, 171	87.87.47	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
†Trust, 352	888.6	Rev. Dr. G. W. Torrance (1835—).
†Tudor, 719	C.M.	J. P. Jewson.
†Turle, 525	L.M. (with refrain).	J. Turle (1802—1882).
†University College, 530	77.77	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett (1806—1876).
†Uppark, 155	76.76.76.76	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Valete, 298	88.88.88	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842—).
†Vaughan, 148	55.11.55.11	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
Veni Creator, 463	88	Ancient Melody of Latin Church.
*Veni Creator, 463	88	Josiah Booth (1852—).

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Veni Emmanuel, 176	L.M. (with refrain).	Ancient Plain Song.
†Verbum Pacis, 592	66.84	G. Lomas.
Verdun, 400	77.77	Geistreiches Gesangbuch (1704).
†Vespers, 317, 552, 618	65.65.65.65	H. A. Prothero.
*Viaduct, 315	87.887	E. Minshall (1845—).
†Vigilate, 394	777.3	Dr. W. H. Monk (1823—).
Vienna, 160, 400, 538	77.77	J. H. Knecht (1752—1817).
†Vox Angelica, 421	11.10.11.10.9.11	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
†Vox Dilecti, 279	C.M.D.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876).
Vulpius, 407, 723	76.76	Melchior Vulpius (1560—1616).
†Waltham, 518, 681	L.M.	J. Baptiste Calkin (1827—).
*Wardlaw, 576	S.M.	Josiah Booth (1852—).
Wareham, 318, 454, 455	L.M.	W. Knapp (1698—1768).
†Watermouth, 774	76.76.76.76	R. Jackson (1842—).
Watford, 174	96.96.96.96	German Chorale.
†Waveney, 126, 281	C.M.	Richd. Redhead (1820—).
†Waverton, 656	66.66.88	R. Jackson (1842—).
Weber, 237, 300, 566, 751	77.77	C. M. von Weber (1786—1826).
†Wentworth, 42	84.84.84	F. C. Maker (1844—).
*Westbury, 58	87.87.47	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Westenhanger, 306, 516	S.M.	Clement W. Poole (1828—).
†Westerham, 266, 479	10.10.10.10	W. C. Filby (1836—).
*Westfield, 638	88.88.88 (Trochaic).	John Kinross (1848—).
†Westheath, 15	886.886	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Westmeath, 650	55.55	O. A. King (1855—).
*Weston, 410	55.88.55	J. Edwards.
*Weston Park, 431	L.M. (with refrain).	Josiah Booth (1852—).
†Whitburn, 457, 624, 683, 754	L.M.	Rev. H. Baker, Mus. Bac. (—1867).
†White Robes, 29	76.76	J. Downing Farrer (1829—).
†Wildersmouth, 91	87.87.47	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Wilmore, 378, 379	C.M.	F. R. Statham.
†Wiltshire, 49, 327, 364, 365, 366	C.M.	Sir Geo. Smart (1784—1869).
Winchester New, 50, 69 540, 675	L.M.	"Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch"
Winchester Old, 70, 501, 508, 644.	C.M.	Este's Psalter (1592).
†Wincobank, 79	65.65.65.65.65.65	Rev. A. W. Hamilton-Gell.
Windsor, 224, 728	C.M.	Este's Psalter (1592).
Wismar, 22.	88.88.88	J. H. Schein (1586—1630).
Wittemberg, 34, 646.	67.67.66.66	Johann Crüger (1598—1662).
†Woodoaks, 575, 680	C.M.	Rev. W. F. Hurndall, M.A., Ph.D (1830—).
†Woodside, 701	447.87	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
†Wreford, 512	86.84	Rev. E. S. Carter (1845—).
†Wroxall, 256	46.46.46.46	Dr. E. J. Hopkins (1818—).
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PART I.—HYMNS.

EXPRESSION MARKS.

p. *piano*, soft.

mp. *mezzo piano*, moderately soft.

pp. *pianissimo*, very soft.

f. *forte*, loud.

mf. *mezzo forte*, moderately loud.

ff. *fortissimo*, very loud.

cres. *crescendo*, gradually growing louder.

dim. *diminuendo*, gradually becoming softer.

rall. *rallentando*, slower and softer.

NOTE.—The verses enclosed within brackets may be omitted if the hymn be thought too long for public worship.

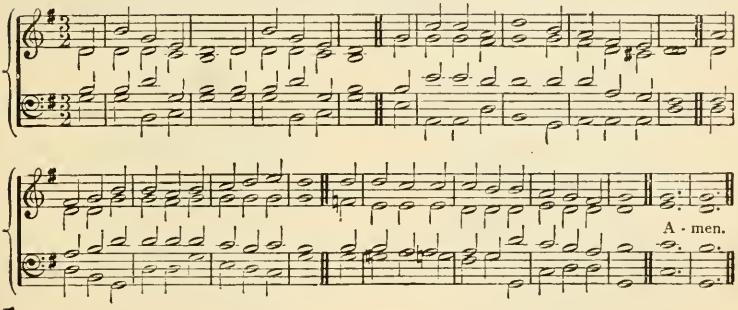
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH HYMNAL.

I.

The Eternal God.

1.—*HIS GLORY, WORSHIP, AND PRAISE.*

HOUGHTON. (*1st Tune.*) 5 5.5 5.6 5.6 5. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



1

f O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

f 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form;
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

mf [3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast
Like a mantle, the sea.]

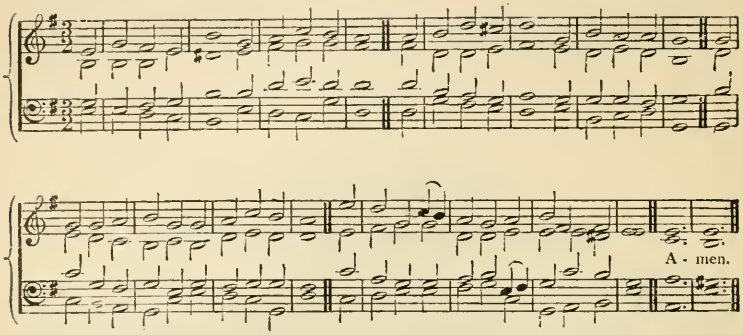
mf 4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite!
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
p And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

p 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
cr In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
mf Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

f 6 O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
dim The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
cr With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

1 R. GRANT.

OLD 104th. (*2nd Tune.*) 5 5.5 5.6 5.6 5. From RAVENSCROFT.



1

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All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise

f 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form;
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

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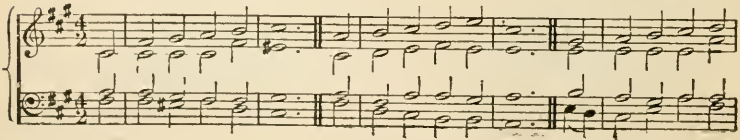
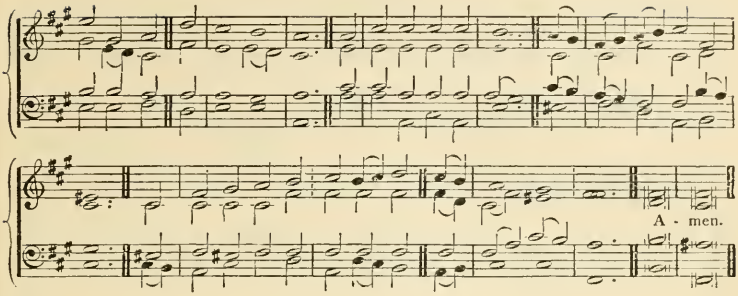
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
dim The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
cr With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

R. GRANT.

LEONI. 6 6.8 4.6 6.8 4. Old Hebrew Melody.





2

PART I.

f THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
p And God of love:
f Jehovah, Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest;
p I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

mf 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
cr And Him my only Portion make
My Shield and Tower.

f 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God,
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesu's blood.

mf 4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
cr I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
f And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

PART II.

mf 1 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

mf 2 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness;
f Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
cr And glorious, with His saints in light,
f For ever reigns.

3 Before the great Three-One,
They all exulting stand,
f And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land.
dim The listening spheres attend,
cr And swell the growing fame,
f And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

PART III.

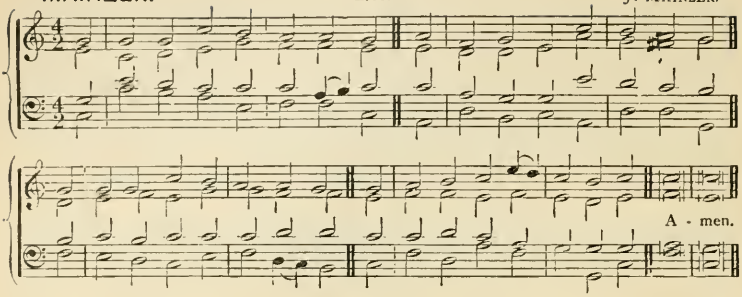
mf 1 The God Who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
f And 'Holy, holy, holy' cry,
'Almighty King!
mf Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
f Jehovah—Father—great I AM,
We worship Thee.'

mf 2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His Almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows His prints of love,—
cr They kindle to a flame,
f And sound, through all the worlds above,
His wondrous Name.

f 3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine;
(I join the heavenly lays;)
All might and majesty are Thine,
ff And endless praise. Amen.

T. OLIVERS, Pt. III., *v.* 2, *l.* 8 altd.

MAINZER. L.M. J. MAINZER.



3

mf WE praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee the Eternal Father own.

f 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
The heavens and all the powers on high
With rapture constantly do cry,—

p 3 "O, holy, holy, holy Lord,
cr Thou God of Hosts, by all adored;
f Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty."

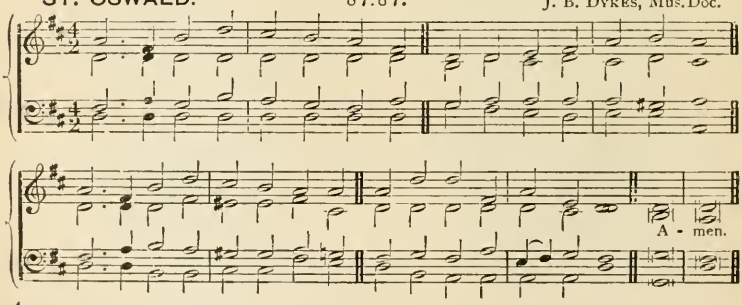
4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud immortal song;
Prophets enraptured hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

f 5 Victorious martyrs join their lays
And shout the omnipotence of grace,
While all Thy Church, through all the earth,
Acknowledge and extol Thy worth.

f 6 Glory to Thee, O God, most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore. Amen.

MCALL'S COLL., 1824, *v.* 6, *l.* 1 altd

ST. OSWALD. 87.87. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



4

f PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height:
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

f 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

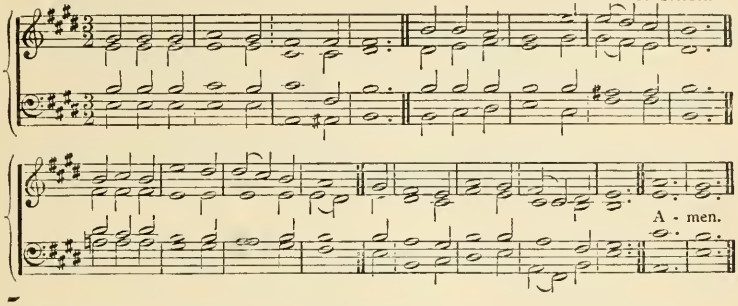
f 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious:
Never shall His promise fail.
cr God hath made His saints victorious:
Sin and death shall not prevail.

f 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
ff Heaven and earth, and all creation
Laud and magnify His name. Amen.

FOUNDLING COLL., *c.* 1801—1804

MARYTON.

L.M. H. PERCY SMITH.



5

mf LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

mf 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

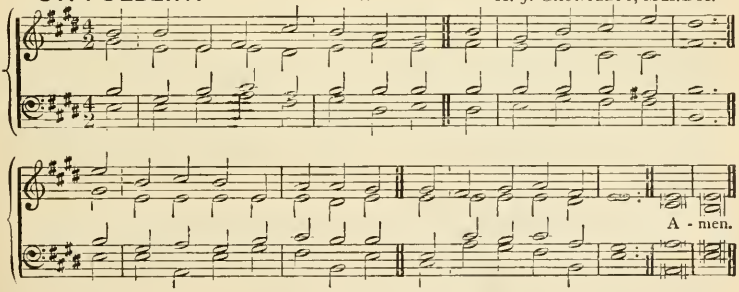
p 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
cr Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
f All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

mf 4 Lord of all life, below, above, [love,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is
Before Thy ever blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

p 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindly hearts that burn for Thee,
cr Till all Thy living altars claim
mf One holy light, one heavenly flame.
Amen. O. W. HOLMES.

ST. FULBERT.

C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



6

f FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

f 2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

mf 3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
dim However small and mean.

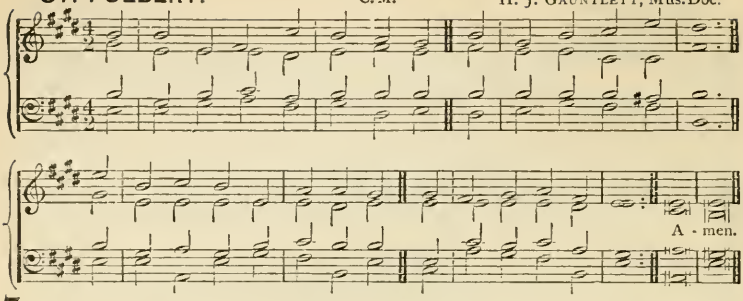
mf 4 Fill every part of me with praise:
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord!
dim Poor though I be, and weak.

f 5 So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

mf 6 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
f But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee. Amen.
H. BONAR.

ST. FULBERT.

C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



7

f LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

f 2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

f 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

f 4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.

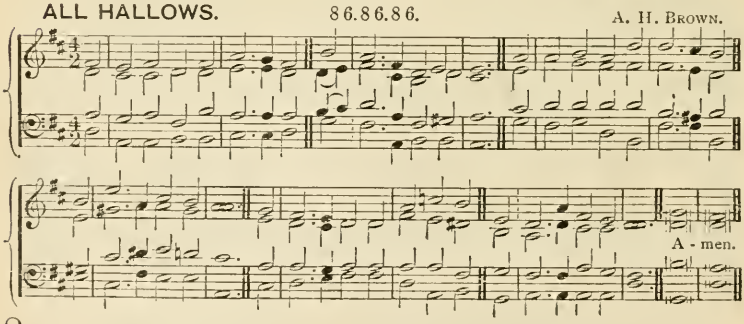
mf 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
f Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

mf 6 The world is governed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
f And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove. Amen.

I. WATTS, *v.* 6, *l.* 1 altd.

ALL HALLOWS.

8 6.8 6.8 6. A. H. BROWN.



8

mf BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
dim Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh:

mp 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find
Or to Thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;
Thy path, the trackless main:

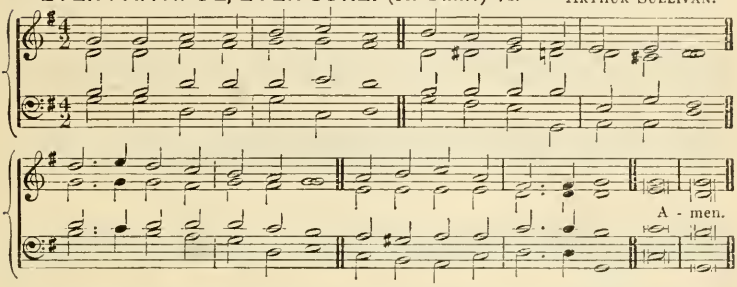
f 3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways:
dim But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

f 4 We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
dim Yet still Thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

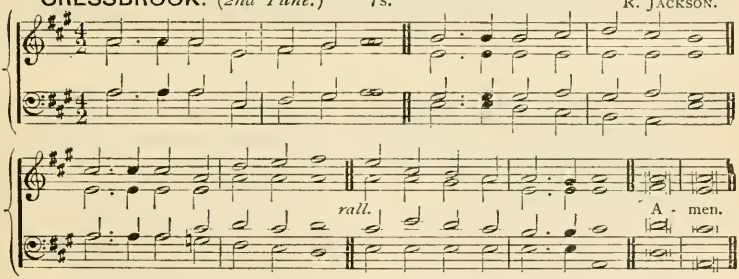
mp 5 O! not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast;
Present to faith, though veiled from sight
There doth His Spirit rest.
O come, Thou Presence Infinite!
And make Thy creature blest. Amen.

J. CONDER.

EVER FAITHFUL, EVER SURE. (*1st Tune.*) 7s. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



CRESSBROOK. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s. R. JACKSON.



9

mf LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 2 Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf [4 He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 5 And the moon to shine by night,
'Mong her spangled sisters bright:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.]

mf 6 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

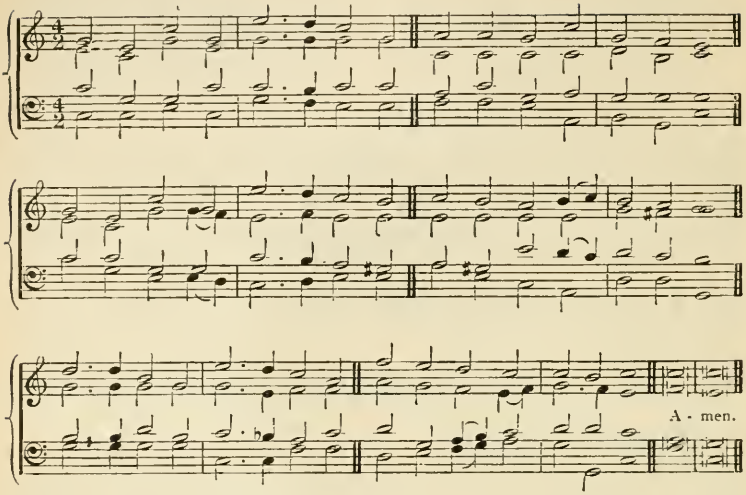
mf 7 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

p 8 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 9 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

J. MILTON altd.

REGENT SQUARE. (*1st Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. 4 7. H. SMART.



10

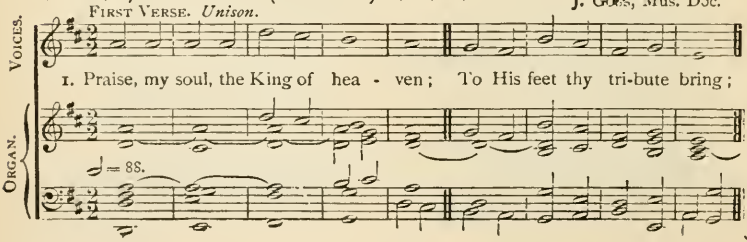
mf PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

mf 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

p 3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

f 4 Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!
Amen. H. F. LYTE.

PRAISE, MY SOUL. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. 4 7. J. GOSS, Mus. Doc.



Ransomed, healed, restored, for - giv - en, Who like thee His praise should sing?

ff

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him Praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!

SECOND VERSE. *Harmony.*

2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa - thers in dis - tress;

Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:

ff

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.

THIRD VERSE.
Slower. Trebles only.

3. Fa - ther-like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows;

In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes:

ff

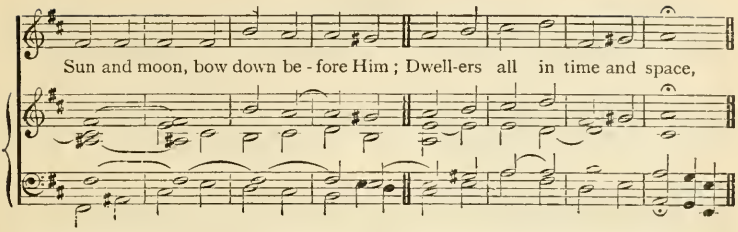
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.

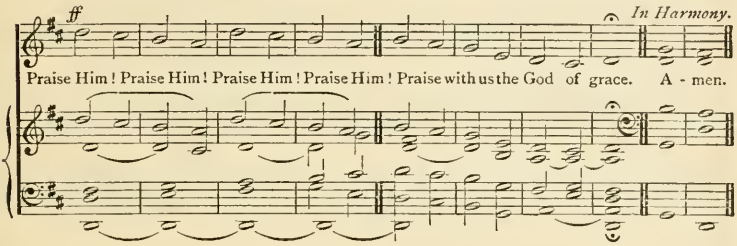
FOURTH VERSE. *Unison.*

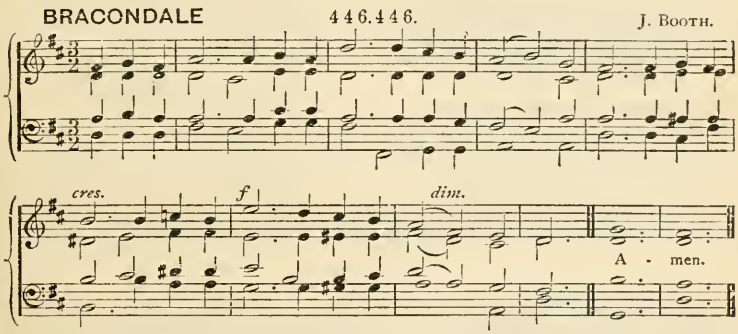
f

4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;

f







11

f MY God, my King,
Thy praise I'll sing,
My heart is all Thine own :
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
I yield to Thee alone.

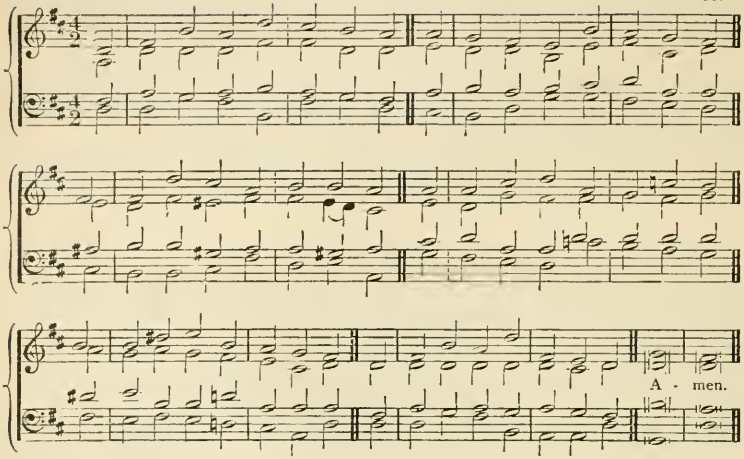
2 My voice, awake,
Thy part to take ;
My soul, the concert join ;
Till all around
Shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.

p 3 But man is weak
Thy praise to speak ;
Your God, ye angels, sing ;
'Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

cr 4 His truth and grace
Fill time and space,
As large His honours be ;
cr Till all that live
Their homage give,
f And praise my God with me. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

EPWORTH. 8 8 8.8 8 8. W. BALY.



12

mf I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
dim And when my voice is lost in death,
cr Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

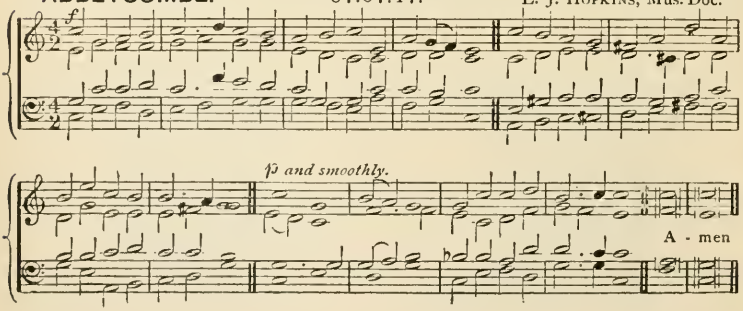
f 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

mp 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

f 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ABBEYCOMBE. 8 7.8 7.4 7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



13

f GOD the Lord is King—before Him,
Earth, with all thy nations, wait!
Where the cherubim adore Him,
Sitteth He in royal state:
p He is holy;
cr Blessèd, only Potentate!

f 2 God the Lord is King of glory,
Zion, tell the world His fame;
Ancient Israel, the story
Of His faithfulness proclaim:
p He is holy;
Holy is His awful name.

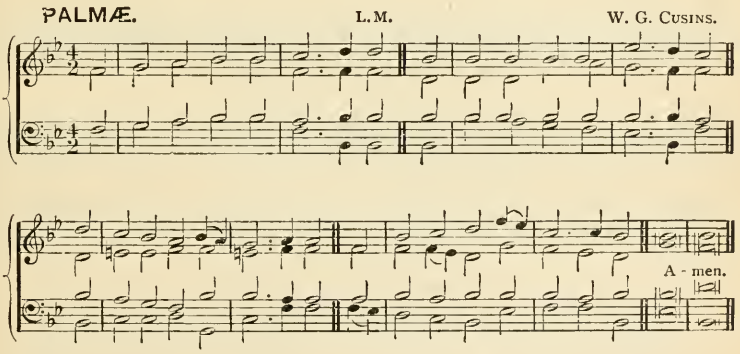
mp 3 In old times when dangers darkened,
When, invoked by priest and seer,
cr To His people's cry He hearkened;
Answered them in all their fear:
p He is holy;
cr As they called, they found Him near.

mp 4 Laws divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud;
cr Sacred precepts, quickly broken!
f Fiercely then His vengeance flowed:
p He is holy;
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

mp 5 But their Father God forgave them
When they sought His face once more:
cr Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did He restore:
p He is holy;
We, too, will His grace implore.

mp 6 God in Christ is all forgiving,
Waits His mercy to fulfil:
cr Come, exalt Him, all the living;
Come, ascend His Zion, still!
p He is holy;
cr Worship at His holy hill. Amen.

G. RAWSON.



14

mf GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
cr Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

mf 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown:
The King of kings with glory crown;
cr His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

mf 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
cr Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

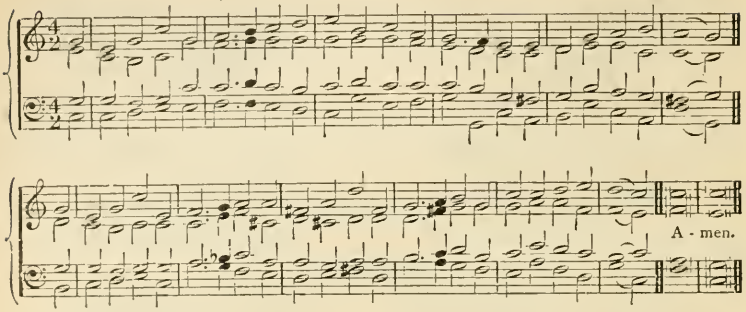
mf 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
cr His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

p 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave:
cr Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

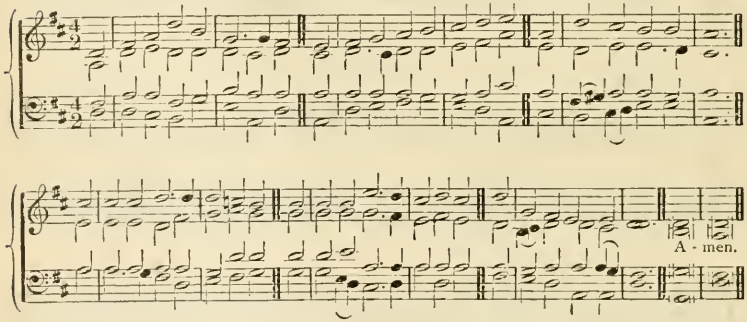
mf 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
cr His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.
Amen.

I. WATTS.

WEST HEATH. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8 6. 8 8 6. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



MAGDALEN COLLEGE. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8 6. 8 8 6. WM. HAYES, Mus. Doc.



15

f LORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are [brought
In Whom no change is known!
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part;
Still, still Thou art our own.

mp [2 Ancient of Days! we dwell in Thee;
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, Who changest not.

mp 3 Each steadfast promise we possess;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love;
cr The unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting Arms we grasp,
f Nor from the Refuge move.]

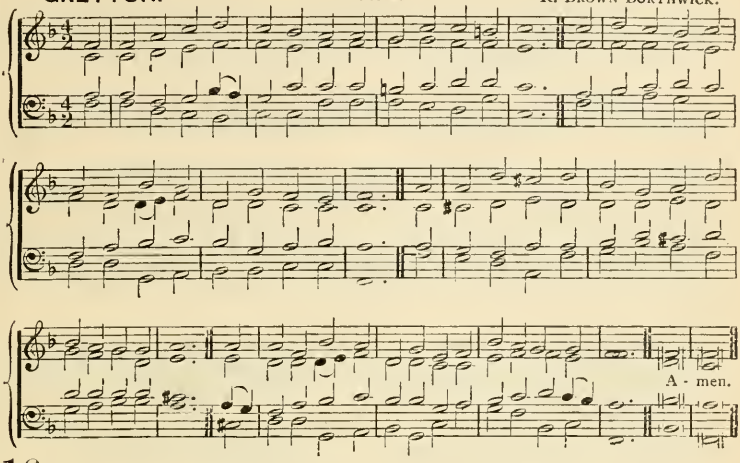
mf 4 Spirit Who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
cr 'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow, [go,
And still from strength to strength we
f From height to height we climb.

mf 5 Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess;
cr New Births of Grace new raptures bring;
Triumphant, the new song we sing,
f The great Renewer bless.

mf 6 To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode.
cr The rapture swells, the wonder grows
As full on us new life still flows
f From our unchanging God. Amen.

T. H. GILL.

GRETTON. D.C.M. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



16

f THOU wast, O God! and Thou wast blest
Before the world begun;
Of Thine eternity possessed
Before time's glass did run.
Thou needest none Thy praise to sing,
As if Thy joy could fade:
Couldst Thou have needed any thing,
Thou couldst have nothing made.

mf [2 Great and good God! it pleased Thee
Thy Godhead to declare;
And what Thy goodness did decree,
Thy greatness did prepare.
f Thou spak'st, and heaven and earth appeared,
And answered to Thy call;
As if their Maker's voice they heard,
Which is the creature's all.]

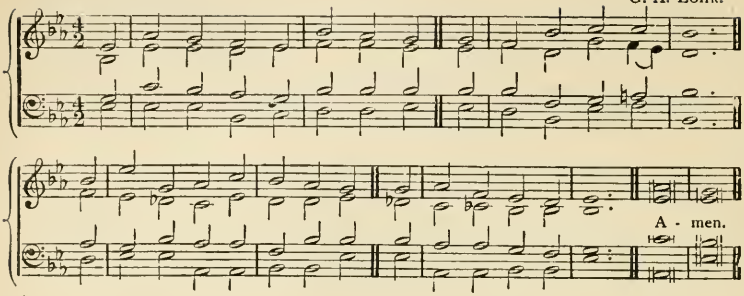
f 3 To whom, Lord! should I sing, but Thee?
The Maker of my tongue!
Lo! other lords would seize on me,
But I to Thee belong.
mf As waters haste unto their sea,
And earth unto its earth,
So let my soul return to Thee,
From Whom it had its birth.

p 4 But I am fallen on the night,
And cannot come to Thee;
cr Yet speak the word, let there be light;
It shall enlighten me:
mf And let Thy word, most mighty Lord,
Thy fallen creature raise:
Oh, make me o'er again, and I
f Shall sing my Maker's praise. Amen.

J. MASON.

ST. FRANCES.

C.M. G. A. LOHR.



17

f THOUSANDS of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high!
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
dim Thy praise—but who am I?

mf 2 Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I Thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears,
But they behold Thy Face.

mp 3 How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.

mf 4 Thy arm of might, most mighty King,
Both rocks and hearts doth break:
My God, Thou canst do everything
But what should show Thee weak.

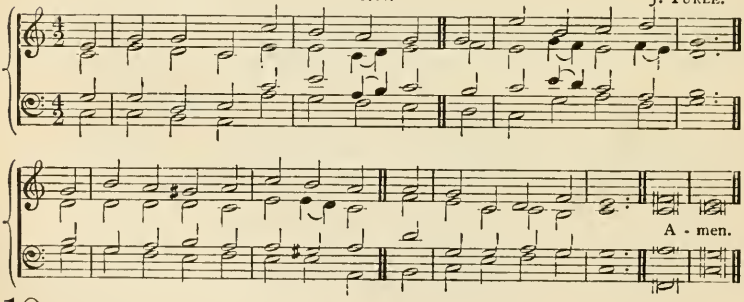
mp 5 Most pure and holy are Thine eyes,
Most holy is Thy Name;
Thy saints, and laws, and penalties
Thy holiness proclaim.

mf 6 Great is Thy truth, and shall prevail
To unbelievers' shame;
Thy truth and years do never fail,
Thou ever art the same. Amen.

J. MASON.

ST. MARGARET.

C.M. J. TURLE.



18

mf MY God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

p 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

mf [3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be;—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!]

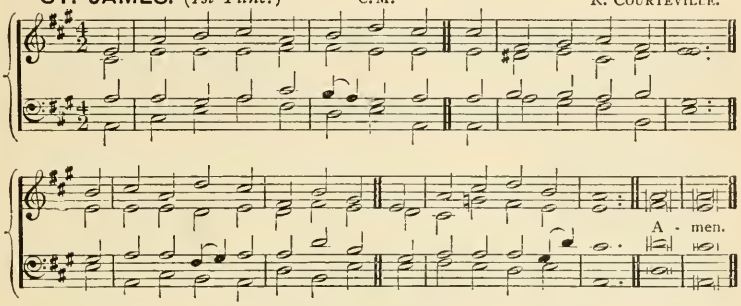
a O how I fear Thee, Living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

mf 5 Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord.
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
dim The love of my poor heart.

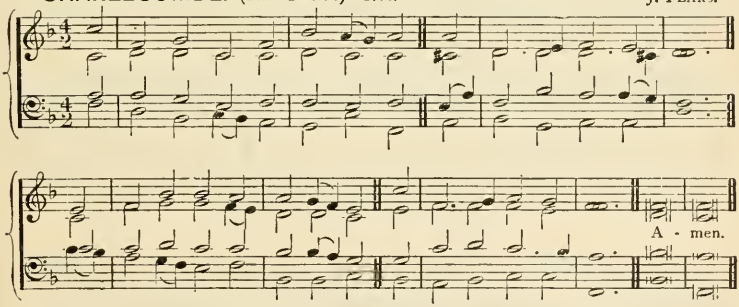
p 6 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done,
With me, Thy sinful child.

mf 7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be
p Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
cr And gaze, and gaze on Thee!
Amen. F. W. FABER.

ST. JAMES. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. R. COURTEVILLE.



CHARLECOMBE. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. J. PEARS.



19

f GREAT God, how infinite art Thou!
dim What worthless worms are we!
cr Let the whole race of creatures bow,
f And pay their praise to Thee.

f 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

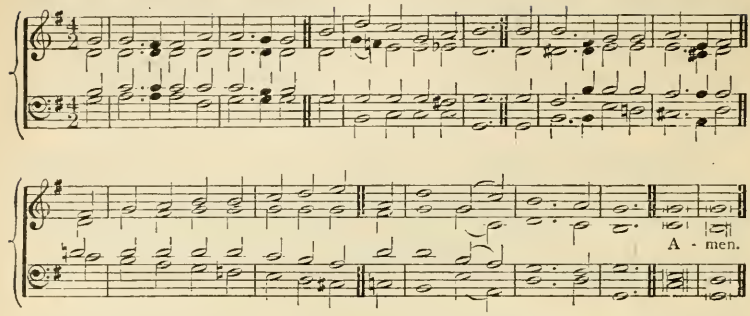
mf 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

mf 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

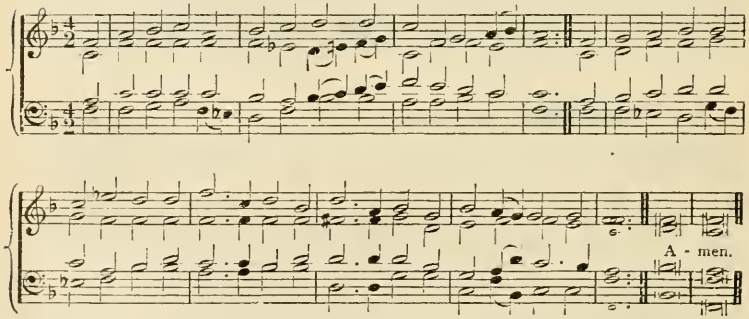
mp 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
cr While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
dim What worthless worms are we!
cr Let the whole race of creatures bow,
f And pay their praise to Thee. Amen.
I. WATTS.

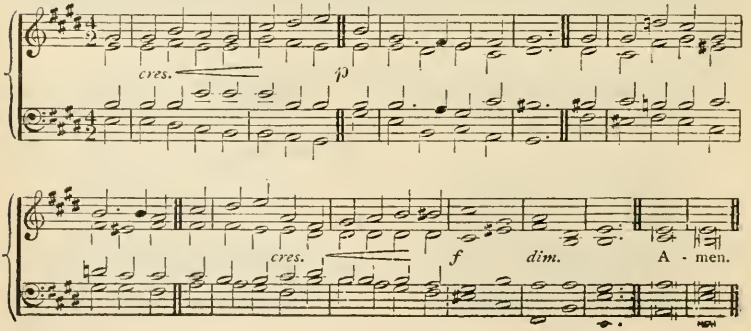
NEWCASTLE. (*1st Tune.*) 8 6.8 8 6. H. L. Morley.



ETERNAL LIGHT. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 6.8 8 6. M. Birket Foster.



ST. ALOYSIUS. (*3rd Tune.*) 8 6.8 8 6. J. Booth.



20

f ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee!

mf 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
dim Since they have never, never known
p A fallen world like this.

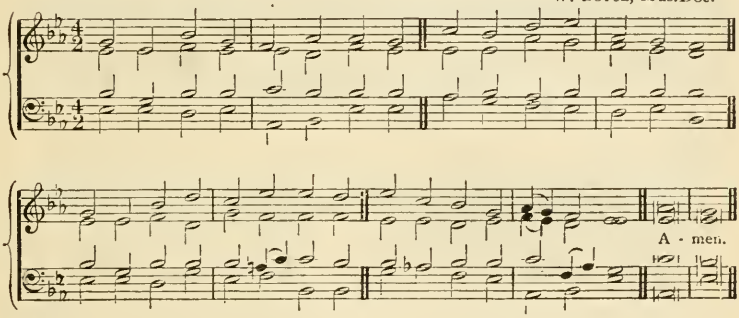
p 3 O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

mf 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:—

f 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
cr May dwell in the Eternal Light,
ff Through the Eternal Love! Amen.

T. BINNEY.

SHARON. 87.87. W. BOYCE, Mus.Doc.



21

mf ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:—

f 2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

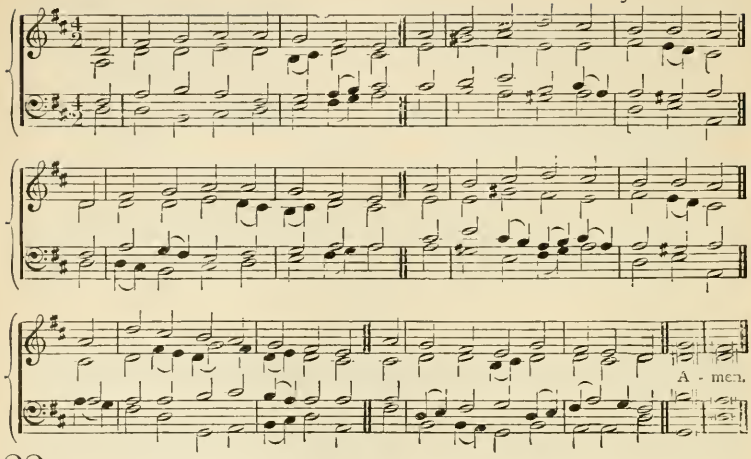
f 3 Heaven is still with glory ringing
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
mf "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, Thou Lord most High."

mf 4 With His seraph-train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:—

f 5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
rall Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!" Amen.

R. MAN

WISMAR. 8 8.8 8.8 8. J. H. SCHEIN.



22

f WIDE as His vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as His thunder shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.
Each of His works His Name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.

f 2 The Lord! how absolute He reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee.
Sing of His love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce His terrors be.
Each of His works His Name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.

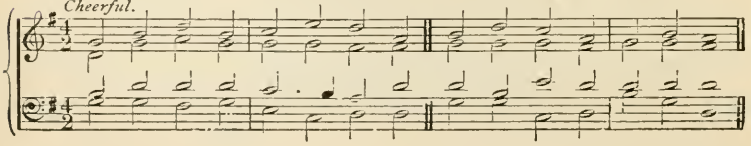
f 3 High on a throne His glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to His.
Each of His works His Name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.

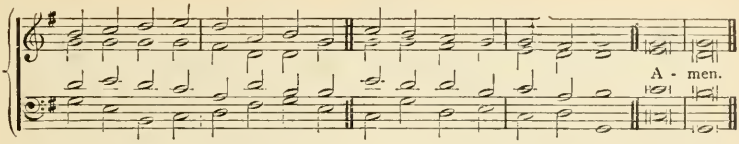
f [4 Awake, ye tempests, and His fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of His name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
Each of His works His Name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.

f 5 Let clouds and winds and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.
Each of His works His Name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.]

f 6 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
Each of His works His Name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praises.
Amen. I. WATTS.

BETHLEHEM. 8 7.8 7. Latin Melody of the 14th Cent.





23

f GOD, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

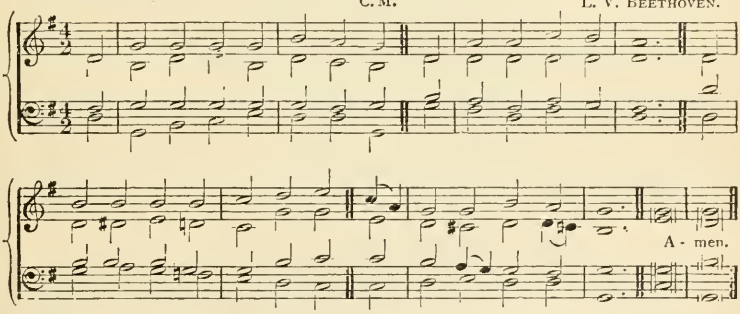
mp 2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

mp 3 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow of anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

mf 4 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
cr King supreme shall they confess Thee,
f And proclaim Thy sovereign power.
Amen. R. MANT.

2.—*HIS WORKS IN CREATION.*

EMMANUEL. C.M. L. V. BEETHOVEN.



24

f PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choirs
That fill the worlds above;
Praise Him Who formed you of His fires,
And feeds you with His love.

f 2 Shine to His praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of His abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.

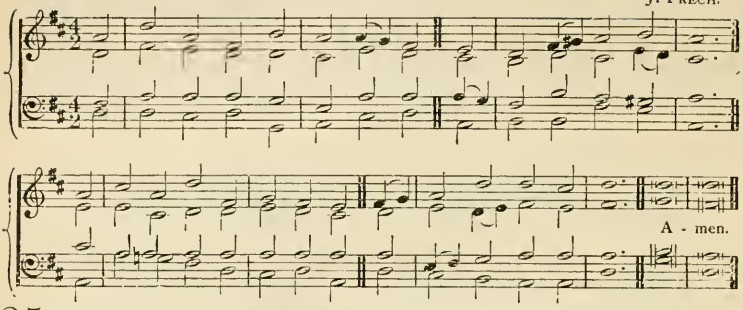
f 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

f 4 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of His command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak His awful hand.

f 5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound His praise,
And shore reply to shore.

mf 6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
cr Ye mortals, catch the sound;
f Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round. Amen.
I. WATTS, *vv.* 1, 2 altd.

DEVONSHIRE. C.M. J. FRECH.



25

f THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

f 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

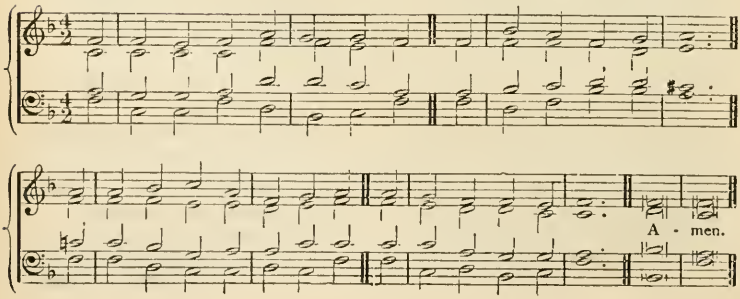
f 3 Ye winds of night, your force combine,
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

f 4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

mf 5 Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend;
Ye nations, wait His nod;
cr And bid the choral song ascend
f To celebrate our God. Amen.

H. K. WHITE

FLAVIAN. C.M BARBER'S *Psalm Tunes.*



26

f THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

f 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

f 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

f 4 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

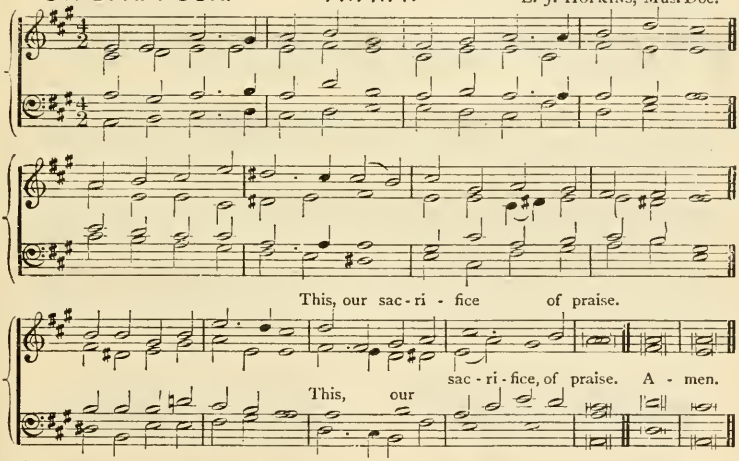
f 5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
p But in the gentler breeze we find
pp Thy Spirit's viewless way.

6 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

mf 7 Thou Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. Amen

J. KEBLE.

ST. BRANNOCK. 7 7. 7 7. 7 7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



27

mf FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
f Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

mf 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light:
f Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

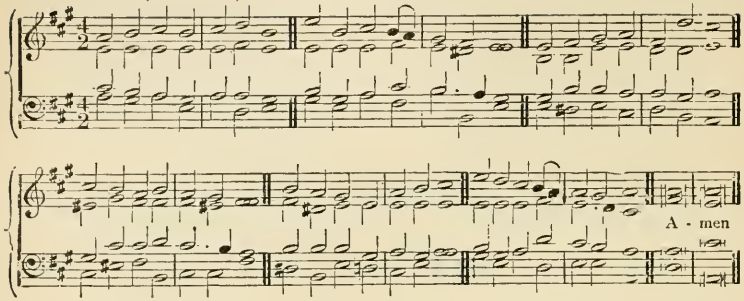
mf 3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
f Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

mf 4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and Divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven
f Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

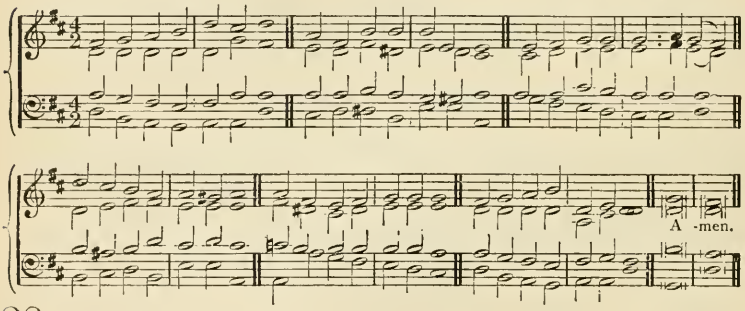
mf 5 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love:
f Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise. Amen.

F. S. PIERPOINT, altd.

ELIJAH. (*1st Tune.*) 7 7.7 7.7 7. G. ELVEY, Mus.Doc.



MOUNT ZION. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 7.7 7.7 7. A. SULLIVAN, Mus.Doc.



28

f O GIVE thanks to Him Who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers;
Guard of our unconscious hours.

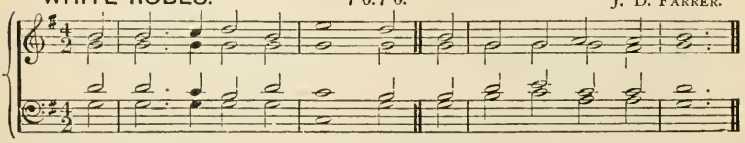
f 2 O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame.
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

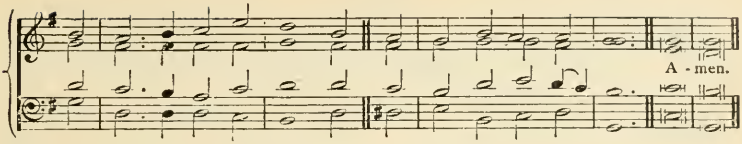
f 3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship,
And all creatures are His care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

f 4 O give thanks to Him Who came
dim In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for rebel man to die;
In the path Himself has trod,
f Leading back His saints to God. Amen.

J. CONDER.

WHITE ROBES. 7 6.7 6. J. D. FARRER.





29

f THE Lord is King, and weareth
A robe of glory bright;
He clothed with strength appeareth,
And girt with powerful might.

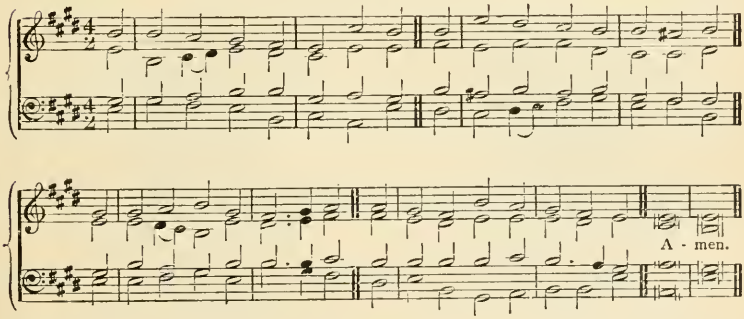
mf 2 The earth He has so grounded
That moved it cannot be;
His throne long since was founded;
More old than time is He.

f 3 The waters highly flowèd,
And raised their voice, O Lord;
The seas their fury showèd,
And loud their billows roared.

ff 4 But God in strength excelleth
Strong seas and powerful deeps;
dim With Him all pureness dwelleth,
cr And firm His truth He keeps. Amen.

G. WITHER.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



30

f THE Lord is King; He wrought His will
In heaven above, in earth below;
His wonders the wide ocean fill,
The caverned deeps His judgment [show.

f 2 The Lord is King; the word stands fast:
Nature abides, for He is strong;
The perfect note He gave, shall last
Till cadence of her even-song.

f 3 The Lord is King; ye worlds, rejoice!
The waves of power, that from His shrine
Thrill out in silence, have no choice:
They harm not till He gives the sign.

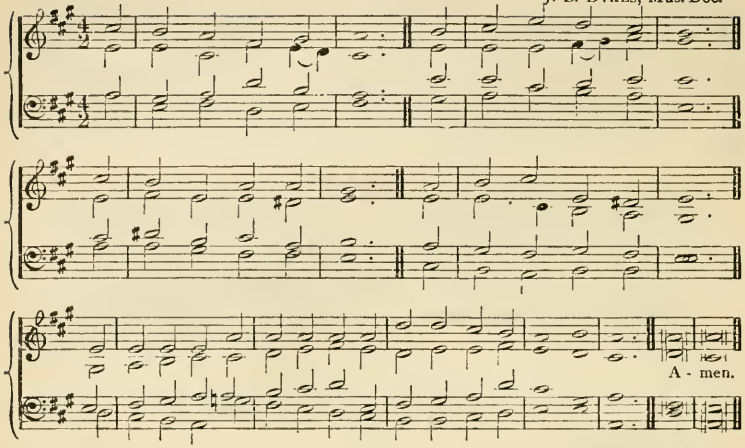
f 4 The Lord is King; (*dim*) hush, wayward heart! [faints;
Earth's wisdom fails, earth's daring
cr There seek Him whence He ne'er departs,
And own Him greatest in His saints.

f 5 Thou, Lord, art King; crowned priests are we,
To cast our crowns before the Throne.
By us the creature worships Thee,
Yet we but bring Thee of Thine own.

f 6 To the Great Maker, to the Son,
Himself vouchsafing to be made,
To the Good Spirit, Three in One,
All praise by all His works be paid.
Amen.

J. KEBLE.

ST. GODRIC. 6 6 6 6. 8 8. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



31

f YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim,
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

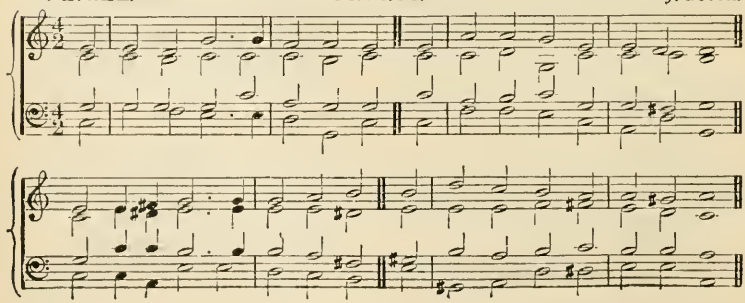
mf 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

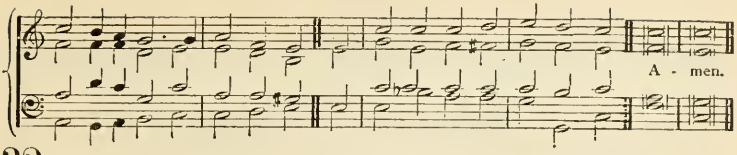
f 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
By Whose Almighty Word
They all from nothing came:
cr And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

f 4 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. Amen.

N. TATE and N. BRADY.

PENIEL. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. BOOTH.





32

mf THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee;
cr Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
f And all things fair and bright are Thine.

mp 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays,
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;—
cr Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

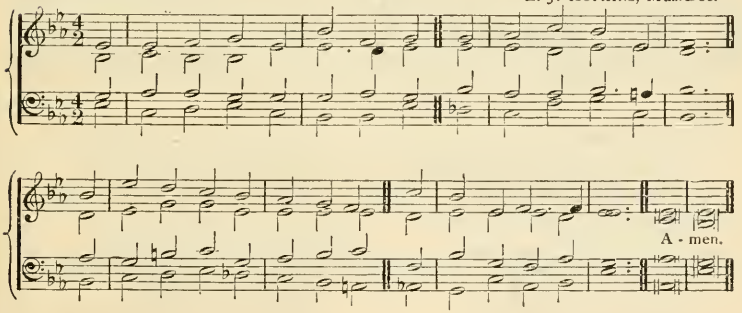
mp 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
cr That sacred gloom, those fires Divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

mp 4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye;—
cr Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
f And all things fair and bright are Thine.
Amen.

T. MOORE.

3.—*HIS GOODNESS IN PROVIDENCE.*

ST. HUGH. C. M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



33

f THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
O happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too.

f 2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age Thy truth shall run,
And chance and change defy.

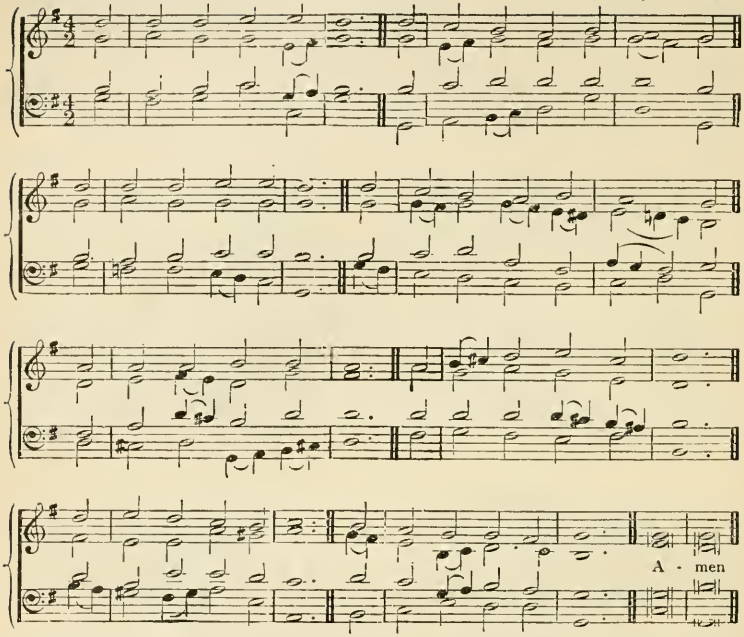
f 3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.

f 4 Thine is the earth, and Thine the skies,
Created at Thy will:
The waves at Thy command arise,
At Thy command are still.

f 5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like Thee?
O spread the gospel of Thy love,
Till all, Thy glories see. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

WITTEMBURG. 67.67.66.66. J. CRUGER.



34

f NOW thank we all our God, [voices,
With hearts, and hands, and
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
p Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
cr With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

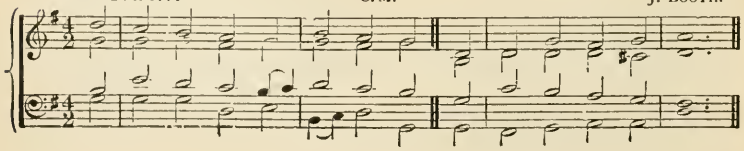
f 2 Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
dim And blessed peace to cheer us;

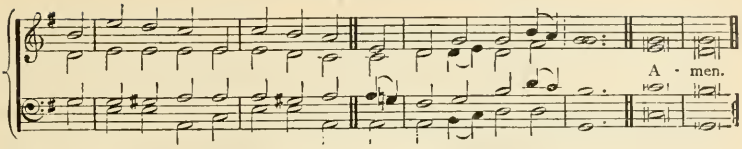
mf And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
cr And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

ff 3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

M. RINCKART, tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

FERNSHAW. C.M. J. BOOTH.





35

mf MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His Name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

mp 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways,
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

p 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay:
cr A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

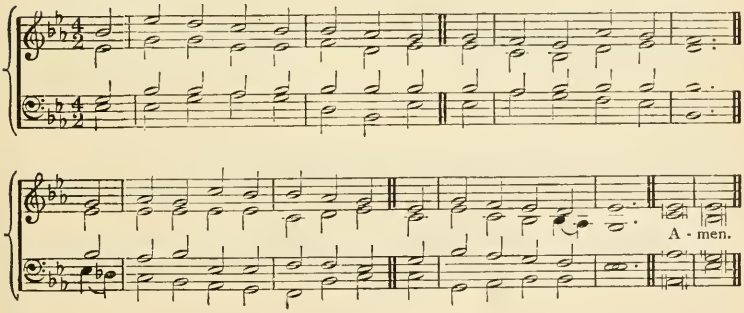
mf 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

mf 5 The sure provisions of my God,
Attend me all my days;
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

mp 6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. PETER. C. M. A. R. REINAGLE.



36

mf THE God of Love my Shepherd is,
To watch me and to feed:
I shall not want, for I am His,
He careth for my need.

p 2 His gentle goodness leadeth me,
And makes me down to lie
cr In greenest pastures fearlessly
p The quiet waters by.

cr 3 And so restoreth He my soul:
p And when I go astray
cr He brings me back with sweet control
f Into the rightful way.

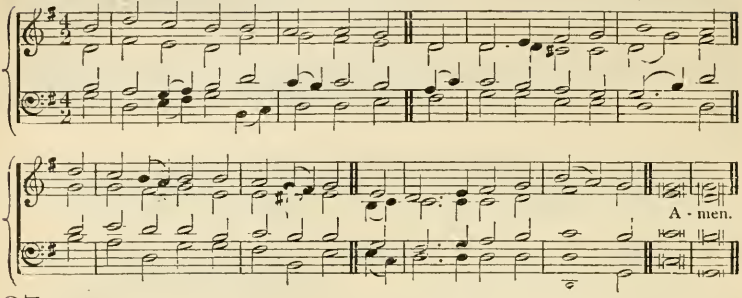
p 4 When darkness comes, and death is near,
I feel my Shepherd's rod,
cr And so I quite forget my fear
dim And lean upon my God.

f 5 Thy bounties, amid all my foes,
My life, my spirit bless,
My cup of comfort overflows
dim With tender faithfulness.

f 6 Goodness and mercy, peace and love,
Shall fill my earthly days;
Till the eternal house above
Shall witness to my praise. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 87.87. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



37

mf THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine, for ever.

mf 2 Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

p 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
cr But yet in love He sought me,
dim And on His shoulder gently laid,
f And home, rejoicing, brought me.

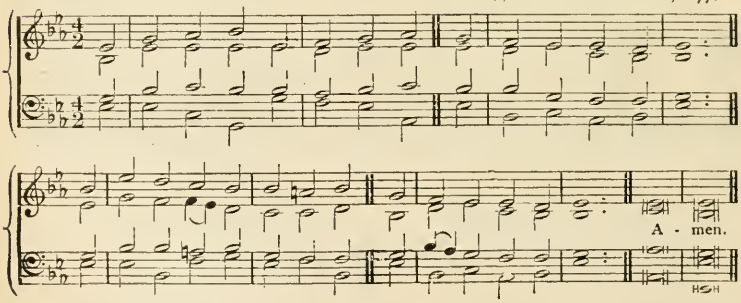
p 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
cr With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

mf 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy Unction grace bestoweth;
f And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

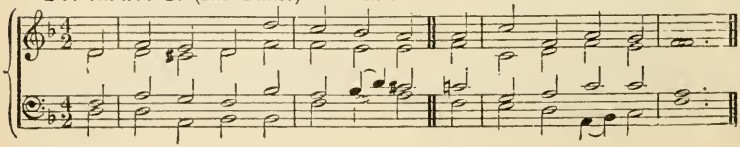
mf 6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
cr Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever! Amen.

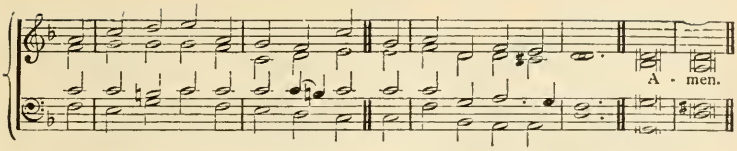
H. W. BAKER.

DUNDEE. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. (?) PLAYFORD'S *Psalter*, 1677.



ST. MARY'S. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M.





38

f OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

f 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

mf 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
f From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

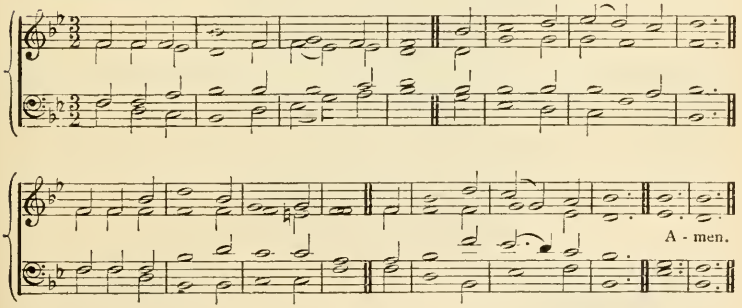
f 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
dim Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

p 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
dim They fly, forgotten, as a dream
p Dies at the opening day.

f 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

I. WATTS.

EMMAUS. C. M



39

mf I WORSHIP Thee, sweet will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more.

mf 2 I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear Thee, blessed will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

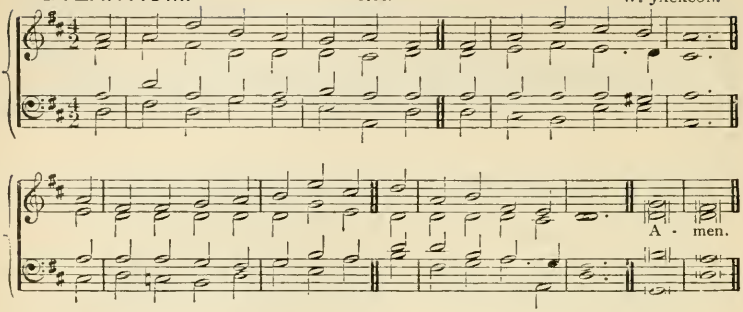
mf 3 I have no cares, O blessed will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumph mine.

mf 4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

mf 5 Ill, that He blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

BYZANTIUM. C.M. W. JACKSON.



40

f LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.

f 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
dim Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.

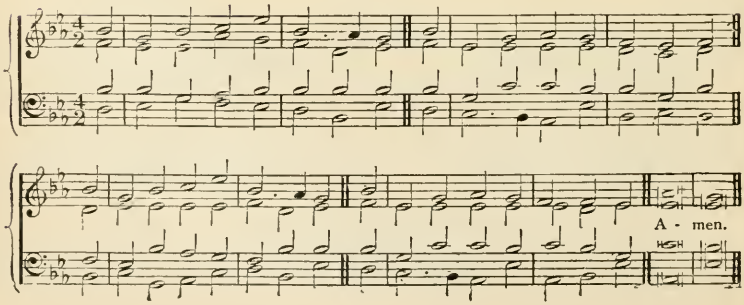
f 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies
With benefits unsought.

f 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From Whom salvation flows;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
dim From everlasting woes.

f 5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day. Amen.

R. WARDLAW.

ST. GREGORY. L.M German.



41

f HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

f 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

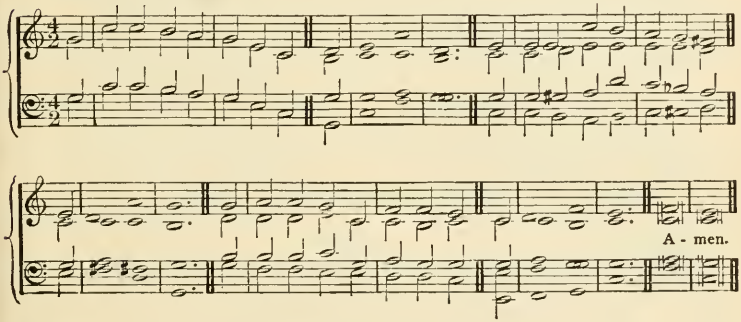
mf 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

p 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
dim The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

mf 5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
Where mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

mf 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
f And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.
Amen. I. WATTS.

WENTWORTH. 8 4.8 4.8 4. F. C. MAKER.



42

mf MY God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

mf 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

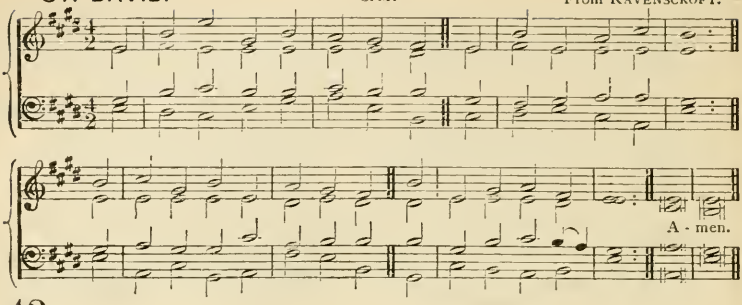
mf 3 I thank Thee more that all my joy
p Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
mf So that earth's bliss may be my guide,
And not my chain.

p [4 For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
cr So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.]

f 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
mf I have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

mf 6 I thank Thee, Lord that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
dim Nor ever shall, until they lean
rall On Jesus' breast. Amen.
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

ST. DAVID. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT.



43

mf O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence,
In my necessity.

f 2 The Lord Jehovah is my God,
My rock, my strength, my wealth,
My strong Deliverer, and my trust,
My spirit's only health.

p 3 In my distress I sought my God,
I sought Jehovah's face;
cr My cry before Him came; He heard
Out of His holy place.

cr 4 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

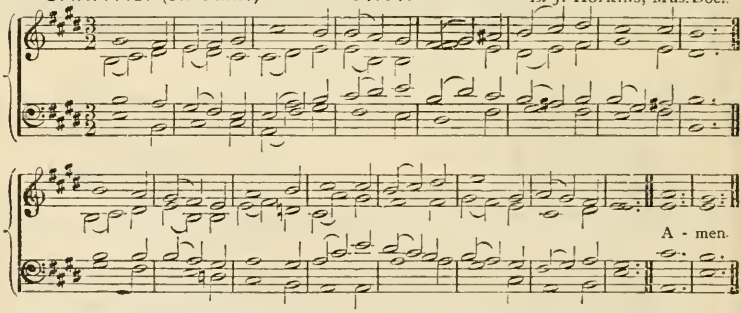
f 5 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
ff And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

ff 6 The voice of God did thunder high,
The lightnings answered keen,
The channels of the deep were bared,
The world's foundations seen.

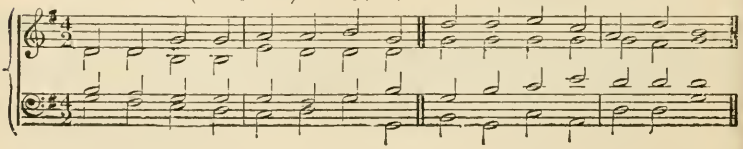
p 7 And so delivered He my soul:
Who is a rock but He?
cr He liveth—blessèd be my rock!
My God exalted be! Amen.

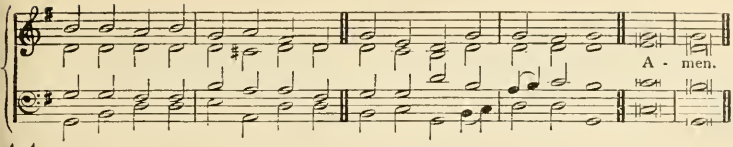
T. STERNHOLD and G. RAWSON.

CARITAS. (*1st Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



STUTGARD. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. Attributed to H. L. HASSLER.





44

mp GOD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
cr Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
f God is wisdom, God is love.

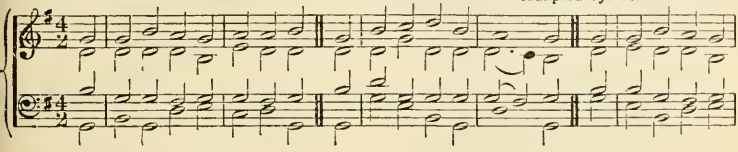
mp 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
cr But His mercy waneth never;
f God is wisdom, God is love.

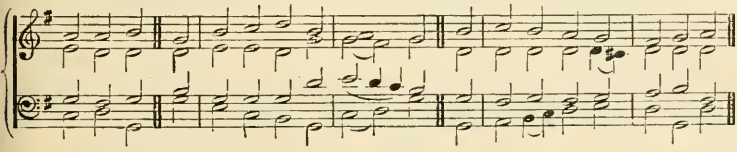
mp 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
cr From the gloom His brightness streameth;
f God is wisdom, God is love.

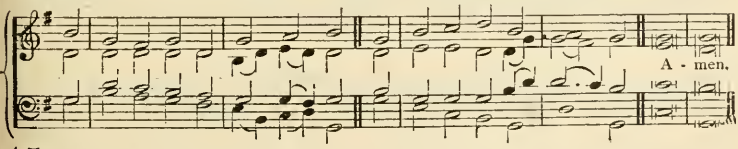
mp 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
cr Everywhere His glory shineth;
f God is wisdom, God is love. Amen.

J. BOWRING.

LUTHER'S HYMN. 87.87.887. J. KLUG'S *Gesangbuch*, 1535. Adapted by M. LUTHER.







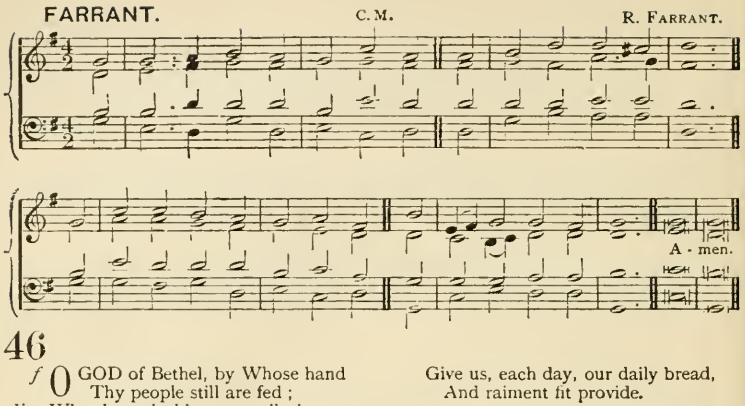
45

f LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
In every generation;
Thy people still have known Thy grace,
And blessed Thy consolation;
Through every age Thou heardst our cry;
Through every age we found Thee nigh,
Our strength and our salvation.

mp 2 Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
And oft Thy patience provèd;
cr But still Thy faith we fast have kept,
Thy Name we still have lovèd:
And Thou hast kept and loved us well,
Hast granted us in Thee to dwell,
f Unshaken, unremovèd.

mp 3 Lord, nothing from Thine arms of love
Shall Thine own people sever:
cr Our Helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never.
f Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee,
Our dwelling-place Thou still wilt be
ff For ever and for ever. Amen.

T. H. GILL.



46

f O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
dim Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

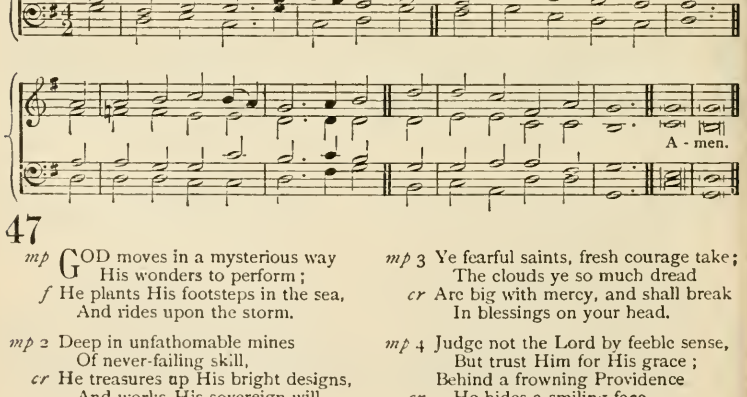
mf 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
dim And at our Father's loved abode
p Our souls arrive in peace.

mp 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore,
f And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE and J. LOGAN.



47

mp GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
f He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

mp 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
cr He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

mp 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
cr Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

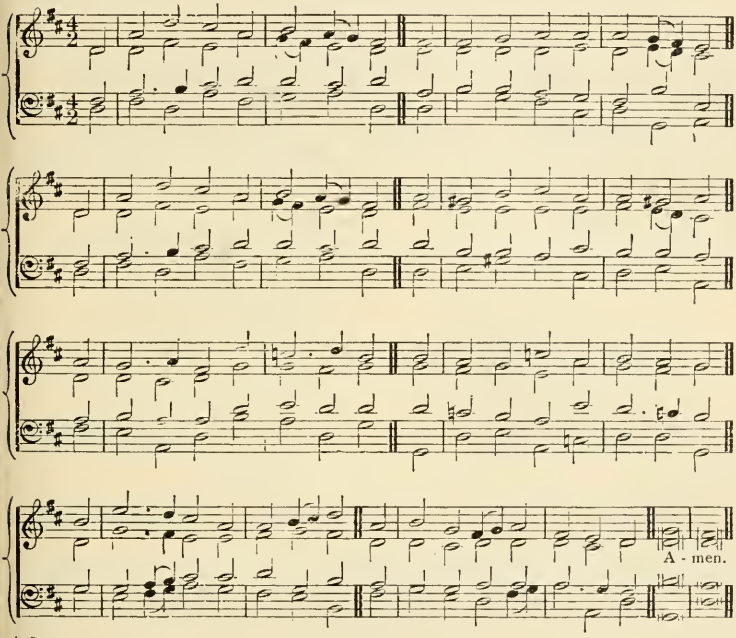
mp 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
cr He hides a smiling face.

mf 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
f God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

W. COWPER.

ST. BASIL. D.L.M.



48

f SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.
For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

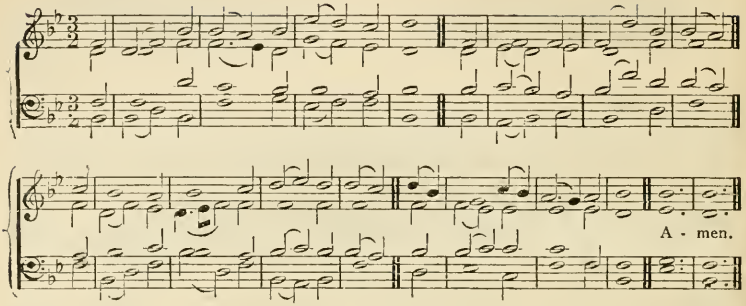
f 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for It is fair.
For He is, etc.

f 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do;
Praise ye our God, for He is great;
Trust in His Name, for It is true.
For He is, etc.

f 4 For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love;
Exalt His Name, for It is joy.
For He is, etc.

f 5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die;
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.
Amen. J. S. B. MONSELL.

WILTSHIRE. C.M. G. SMART.



49

mf THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
cr The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From mine example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.

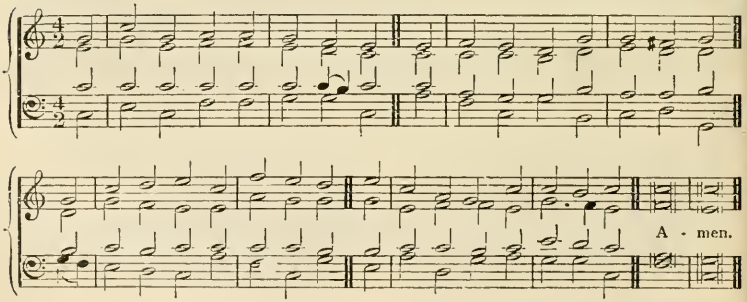
f 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
p When in distress to Him I called,
cr He to my rescue came.

mf 4 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide!

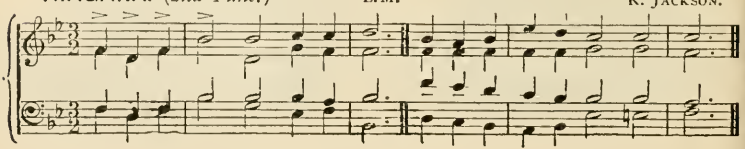
cr 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care. Amen.

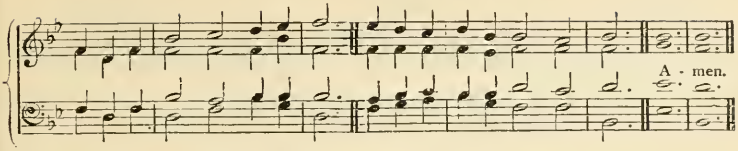
N. TATE. and N. BRADY.

WINCHESTER NEW. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch.*



NIAGARA. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. R. JACKSON.





50

f THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

f 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

mf 3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

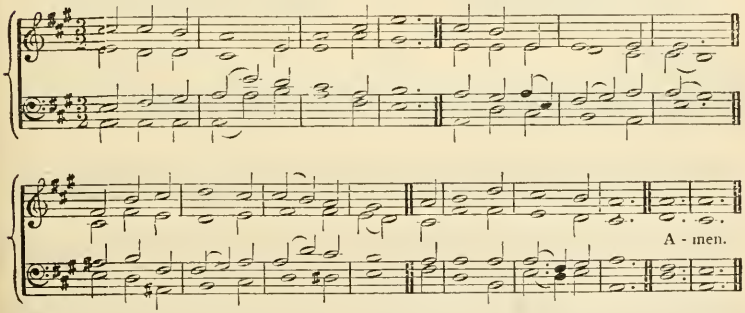
f 4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
dim The Man of Love, the Crucified.

mf 5 O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King. Amen.

J. CONDER.

4.—*HIS GRACE IN REDEMPTION.*

GERONTIUS. C.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



51

f PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

mf 2 Oh, loving wisdom of our God!
dim When all was sin and shame,
cr A second Adam to the fight,
And to the rescue came.

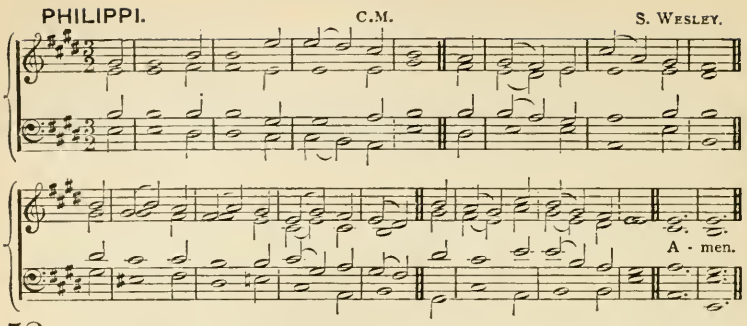
mf 3 Oh, wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail!

f 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very Self,
And essence all-divine!

f 5 Oh, generous love! that He, Who smote
In man for man the foe,
p The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

p 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
dim To suffer and to die! Amen.

J. H. NEWMAN.



52

f O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous [great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

mf 2 When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky—
Those moving worlds of light;

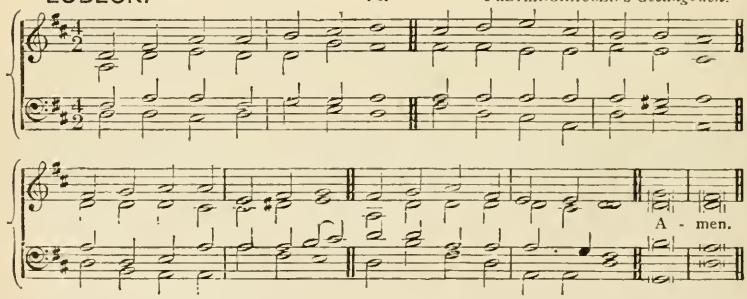
mp 3 Lord, what is man or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?—

mp 4 That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than His angels are,
dim To save a dying worm?

f 5 Let Him be crowned with majesty
Who bowed His head to death;
And be His honours sounded high
By all things that have breath.

ff 6 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim. Amen.

I. WATTS.



53

f I WILL praise Thee every day,
Now Thine anger's turned away;
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

mf 2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

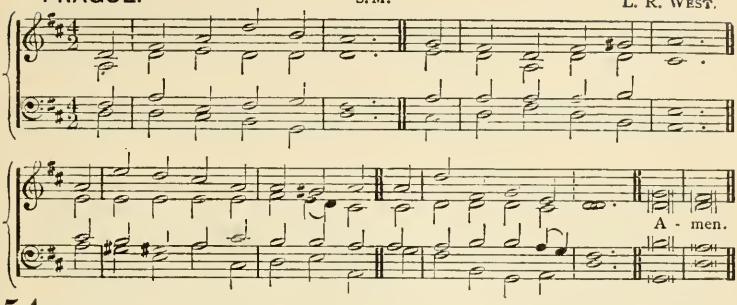
mf 3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And His praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

f 4 Praise ye, then, His glorious name;
Publish His exalted fame!
Still His worth your praise exceeds;
Excellent are all His deeds.

f 5 Raise again the joyful sound;
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion, shout! for this is He:
God the Saviour dwells in thee. Amen

W. COWPER.

PRAGUE. S.M. L. R. WEST.



54

f MY soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great,
dim Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

f 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

mp 3 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

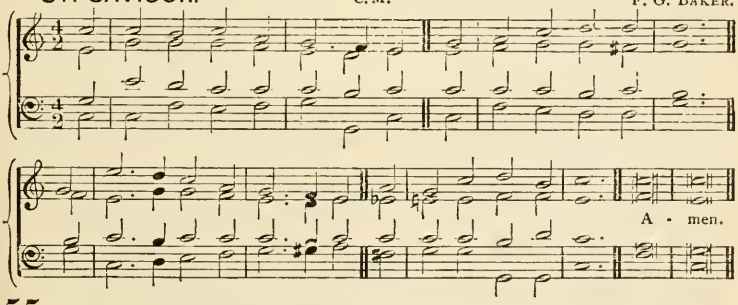
4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

p 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

cr 6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
f And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. SAVIOUR. C.M. F. G. BAKER.



55

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier Name,
Of our eternal King.

f 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

mf 3 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

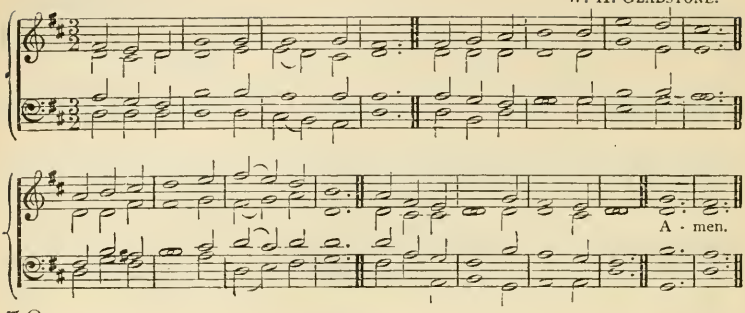
mf 4 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

p 5 Oh! might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine;"
cr Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

mf 6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
f I'd trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more. Amen.

I. WATTS.

OMERSLEY. L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



56

f O LOVE of God! how strong and true,
Eternal and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

f [2 O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate:
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

mp 3 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill!
p In nights of pain and helplessness,
cr To heal, to comfort, and to bless!]

mp 4 O wide-embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
cr In seas that swell and streams that flow.

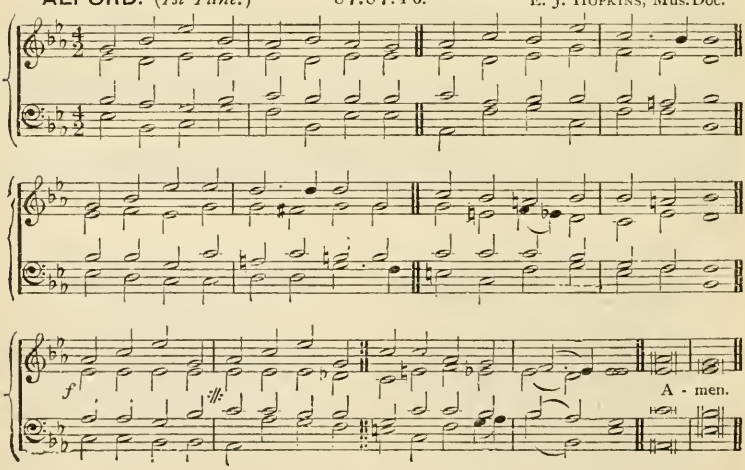
mp 5 We read thee best in Him Who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
cr Sent by the Father from on high,
f Our life to live, our death to die.

mf 6 We read thy power to bless and save
dim E'en in the darkness of the grave;
cr Still more in resurrection light
f We read the fulness of thy might.

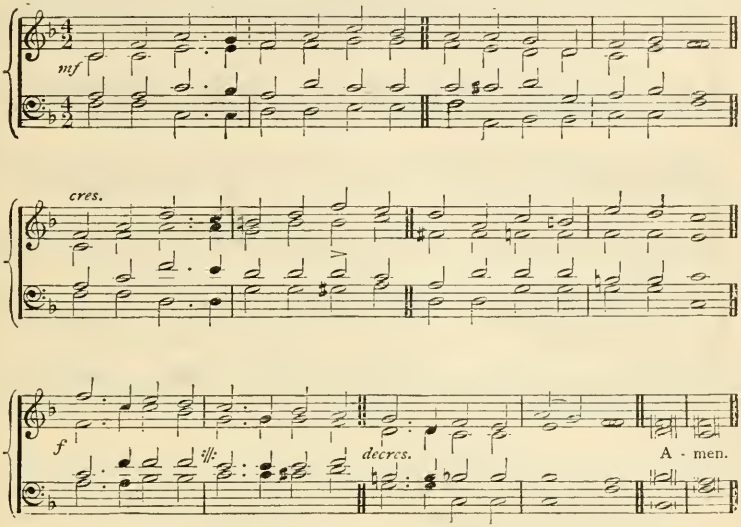
mf 7 O love of God! our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
f Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest! Amen.

H. BONAR.

ALFORD. (*1st Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. 4 6. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



KENSINGTON NEW. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. 4 6. J. TILLEARD.



57

mf MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

[2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.]

mf 3 For the grandeur of Thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

4 For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

mf 5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

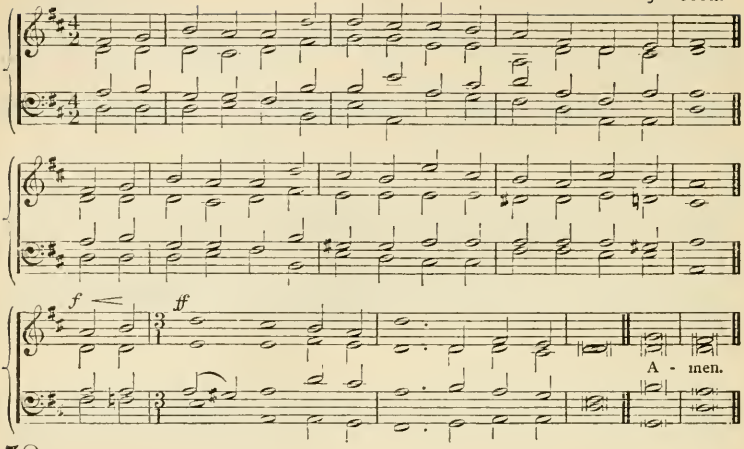
[6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord Who came to die.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.]

mf 7 From the highest throne of glory,
p To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives,—
cr Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

f 8 Go—return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne
Thence return and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen. Amen.

R. ROBINSON, *v.* 1, *l.* 2 altd.

WESTBURY. 8 7. 8 7. 4 7. J. Booth.



58

f GOD is love; by Him upholden,
Hang the glorious orbs of light,
In their language glad and golden
Speaking to us day and night
Their great story,
God is Love, and God is Light.

f 2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
Telling back from hill and grove,
Her glad story,
God is Might, and God is Love.

f 3 With these anthems of creation,
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation
To the world with blessings rife,
Tell their story;
God is Love, and God is life.

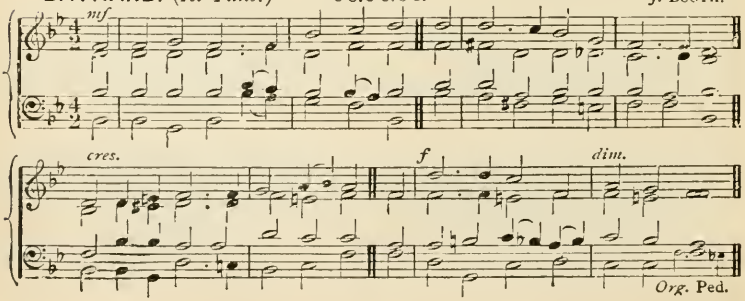
mf 4 Through that precious Love He sought us
Wandering from His holy ways;
With that precious life He bought us:
cr Then let all our future days
f Tell this story:
Love is Life—our lives be praise.

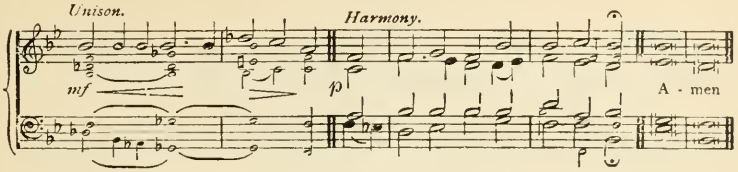
f 5 Gladsome is the theme and glorious,
Praise to Christ our gracious Head;
Christ, the risen Christ, victorious
Earth and hell hath captive led.
Welcome story!
Love lives on, and Death is dead.

mf 6 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move
cr Our whole lives, one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Their glad story,
God is Life, and God is Love. Amen.

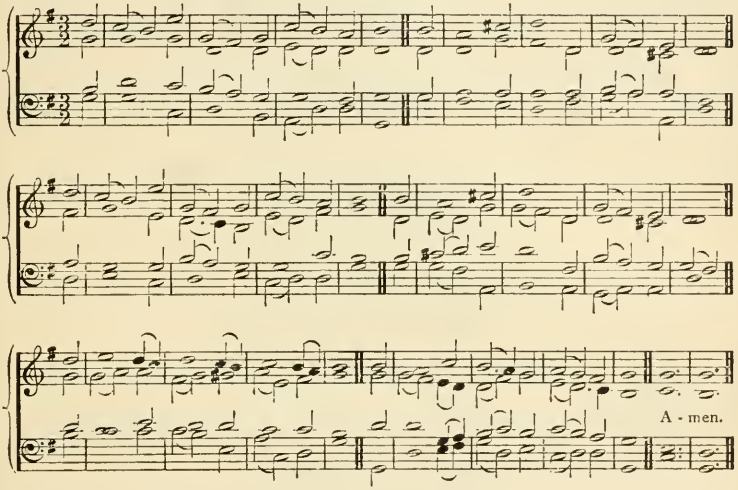
J. S. B. MONSELL.

BAYNARD. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. Booth.





CAREY'S. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8.8 8.8 8. H. CAREY.



59

f GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine:
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine.
ff Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

mf 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,—
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.
ff Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

mp 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
cr These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
ff Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

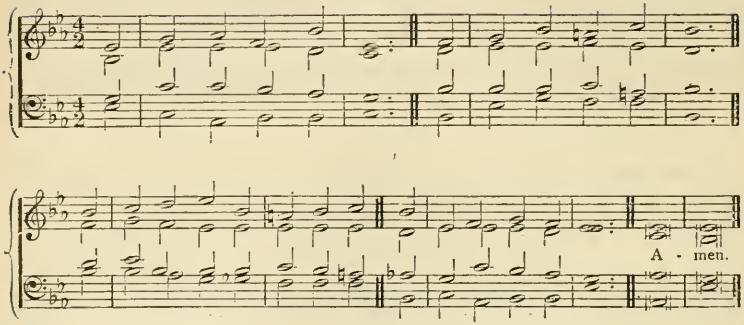
mp 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God—
cr Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood.
ff Who is a pardoning God like Thee
Or who has grace so rich and free?

mf 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
f Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic hosts above.
ff Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free? Amen.

S. DAVIES.

CLIFTON.

S.M. J. BRABHAM.



60

f GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

mf 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

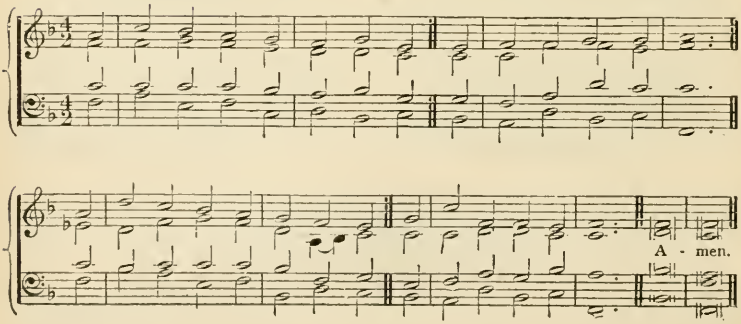
mf 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

f 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

ALBANO.

C.M. V. NOVELLO.



61

f THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

mf 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still:
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

mf 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound,
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

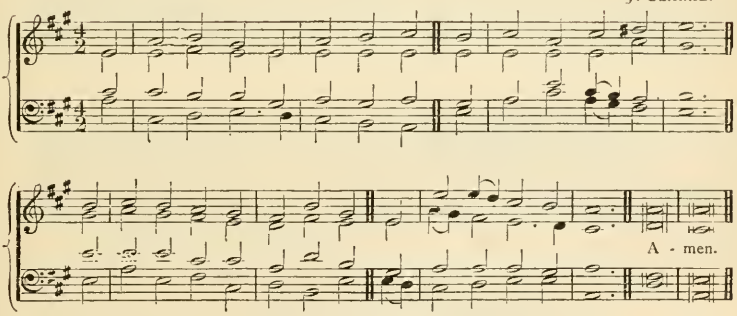
mf 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

mf 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

f 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. J. CLARKE.



62

mf SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

mp 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
cr But we arise by grace Divine
To see a heavenly day.

f 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. Amen.

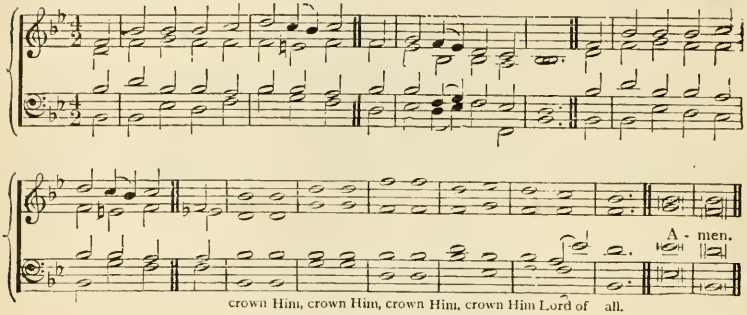
I. WATTS.

II.

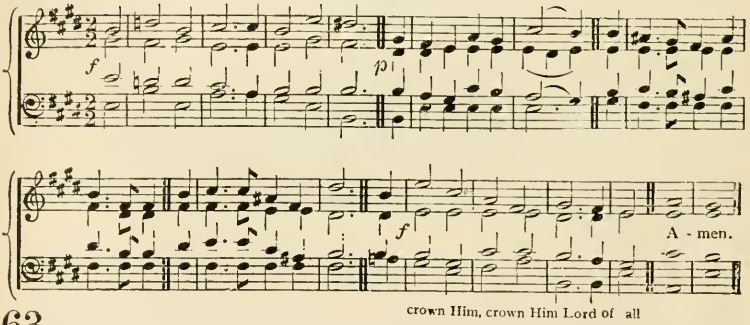
The Lord Jesus Christ.

I.—*HIS GODHEAD, PRAISE, AND GLORY.*

MILES' LANE. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. W. SHRUBSOLE.



ENTHRONEMENT. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. F. HILLER, Mus.Doc.



63

f ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
dim Let angels prostrate fall;
cr Bring forth the royal diadem,
f To crown Him Lord of all.

mf 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
cr Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's rod,
f And crown Him Lord of all.

mf 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
cr Hail Him Who saves you by His grace.
f And crown Him Lord of all.

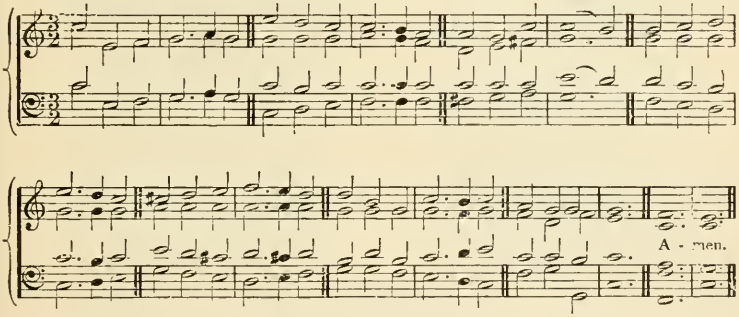
p 4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
cr Go—spread your trophies at His feet,
f And crown Him Lord of all.

ff 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

mf 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
cr Join in the everlasting song,
ff And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

E. PERRONET, *v.* 5 altd. J. RIPPON. and *v.* 6 J. RIPPON.

GREENWOOD. (*1st Tune.*) 6 6 4. 6 6 6 4. E. PROUT.



64

f GLORY to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye His Name:
Angels His Name adore,
p Who all our sorrows bore;
cr And saints cry evermore,
ff Worthy the Lamb!

f 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His Name:
p We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
cr Spread His dear fame abroad;
ff Worthy the Lamb!

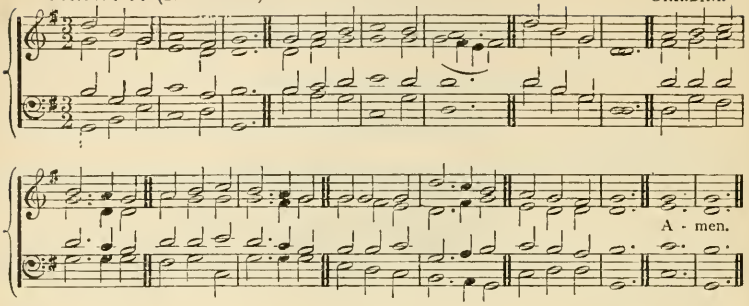
f [3 To Him our hearts we raise,
None else shall have our praise:
Praise ye His Name:
Him our exalted Lord,
Him as below adored,
We praise with one accord,
ff Worthy the Lamb!]

f 4 Join all the ransomed race
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye His Name:
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
ff Worthy the Lamb!

p 5 Though we must change our place,
Our souls will never cease
cr Praising His Name:
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King
And, without ceasing, sing,
ff Worthy the Lamb! Amen.

J. ALLEN.

TRINITY. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 6 4. 6 6 6 4. GIARDINI.



64

f GLORY to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye His name:
Angels His name adore,
p Who all our sorrows bore;
cr And saints cry evermore,
ff Worthy the Lamb!

f 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name;
p We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
cr Spread His dear fame abroad;
ff Worthy the Lamb!

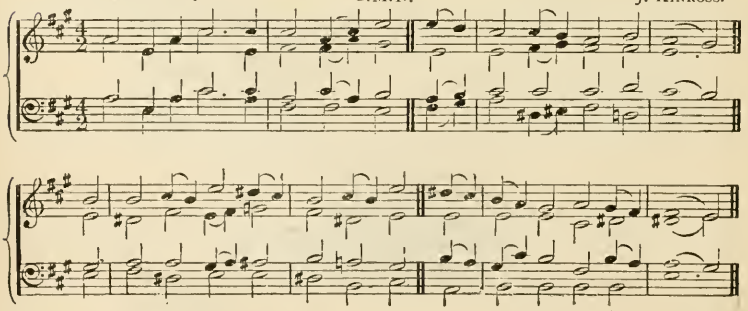
f [3 To Him our hearts we raise,
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye His name:
Him our exalted Lord,
Him as below adored,
We praise with one accord,
ff Worthy the Lamb!]

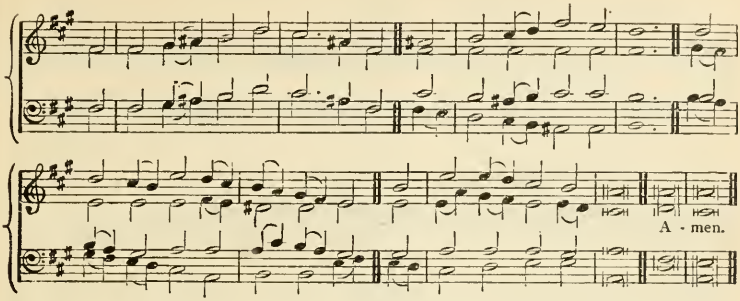
f 4 Join all the ransomed race
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye His name:
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
ff Worthy the Lamb!

p 5 Though we must change our place,
Our souls will never cease
Praising His name;
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
ff Worthy the Lamb! Amen.

J. ALLEN

SNARESBROOK. C.M.D. J. KINROSS.





65

f JESUS is God! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

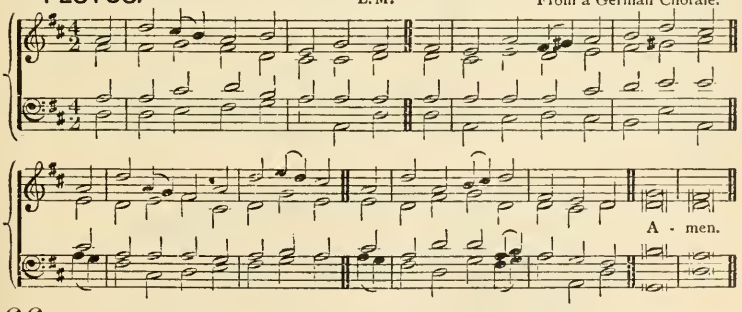
f 2 Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God;
He Who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

f 3 Jesus is God! Oh could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel's voice
I would proclaim so loud!
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

mp 4 Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
cr All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil.
Worth while a thousand years of life,
To speak one little word,
f If by that "I believe" we own
The Godhead of our Lord. Amen.

F. W. FABER, *v.* 4, *l.* 7 altd.

FESTUS. L.M. From a German Chorale.



66

f GO, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See, in His face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace!

mf 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

mf 3 Oh! let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There He displays His powers abroad,
And shines and reigns, th' incarnate God.

mf 4 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven His full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
f Till we behold Him face to face. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ENDLESS ALLELUIA. 10.10.7. J. BARNBY.

f 1. Sing Alleluia forth in du-teous praise, *cr* O citizens of heaven, and
f 2. Ye next who stand before th' E- ter - nal Light, *cr* In hymning choirs re-echo
f 3. The Holy City shall take up your strain, *cr* And, with glad songs re-sounding,
f 4. In blissful answering strains ye thus re - joice *cr* To render to the Lord, with

mf 5. Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss, *cr* Victorious ones, your chant shall
mf 6. There, in one grand acclaim, for ev - er ring *cr* The strains which tell the honour

p [7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back, *cr* This is the food and drink which

Org.

ff 8. While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise For ever, and tell out in
ff 9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our voi - ces sing Glory for evermore ; to

67

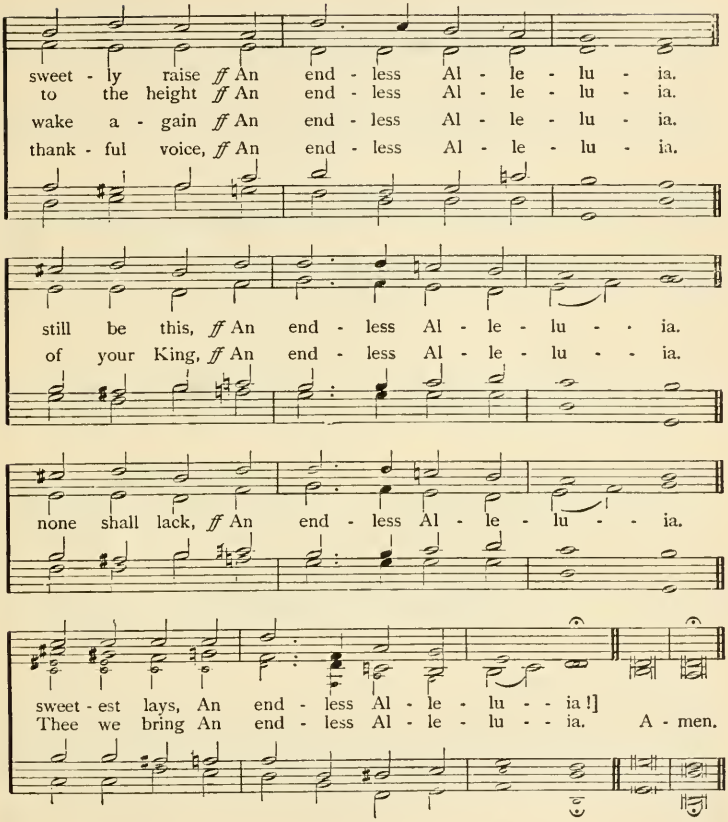
f SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
cr O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
ff An endless Alleluia.

f 2 Ye next who stand before th' Eternal Light,
cr In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
ff An endless Alleluia.

f 3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
cr And, with glad songs resounding, wake again
ff An endless Alleluia.

f 4 In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
cr To render to the Lord, with thankful voice,
ff An endless Alleluia.

mf 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
cr Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
ff An endless Alleluia.



mf 6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
cr The strains which tell the honour of your King,
ff An endless Alleluia.

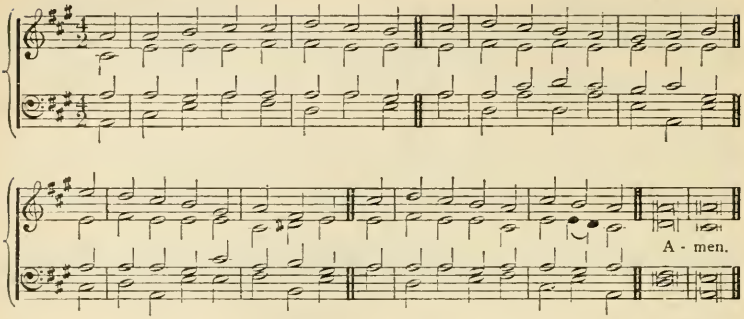
p [7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
cr This is the food and drink which none shall lack,
ff An endless Alleluia.

ff 8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays,
An endless Alleluia !]

ff 9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

Latin, 5th century (?), tr. by J. ELLERTON.

COMMANDMENTS. L.M. *Genevan Psalter*, 1652.



68

f JESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

mf 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received Thy pledge of love.

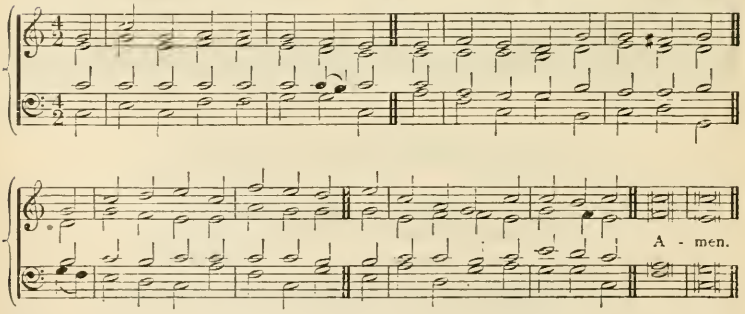
mf 3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

mf 4 Let every moment as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
f Till we are raised to sing Thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

mf 5 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
cr The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
f With all His Father's glories on. Amen.

I. WATTS.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch.*



69

f WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

f 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died;
: Worthy to rise and live and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.

f 3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus, too,
Though He was charged with madness here.

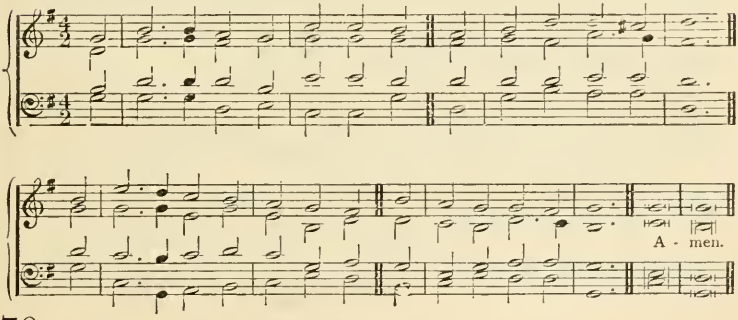
mf 4 All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss;
f To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.

f 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

f 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen. Amen.

I. WATTS.

OLD WINCHESTER. C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter.*



70

f MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?

mf 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

mf 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
f And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father God.

p 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
cr I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness
And mention none but Thine.

mf 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
cr My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
f Shall Thy salvation sing.

f 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long. Amen.

I. WATTS

EDINA. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5.6 5. D. H. Oakeley, Mus.Doc.

Ped. Ped. A - men.

RUTH. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5.6 5. D. S. Smith.

A - men.

71

mf SAVIOUR, Blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
cr All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

p 2 Farther, ever farther
From Thy wounded Side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide;
cr Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
Seeking young and old,
p Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.

mp 3 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
f Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

cr [4 Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care, is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

p 5 Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past;
f Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignèd,
Love that never dies.

mf 6 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
cr Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.]

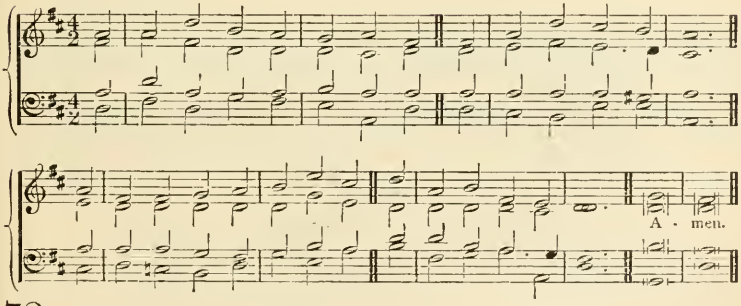
f 7 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
dim Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
p Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past;
May we, Blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

cr 8 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

f 9 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
ff Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen

G. THRING.

BYZANTIUM. C.M. W. JACKSON.



72

f O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

mf 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
cr To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

p 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

mf 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

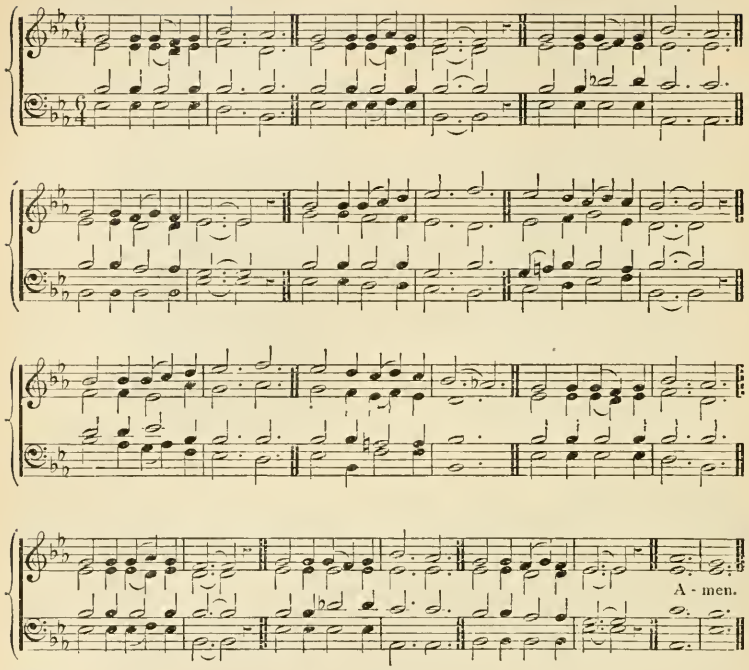
mf 5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

f [6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.]

f 7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

FLEURY. 6 5., 12 lines. From ROSSINI.



73

f SING a hymn to Jesus,
When the heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint;
p If the work is sorrow,
If the way is long;
If thou dread'st the morrow,
Tell it Him in song;
Though thy heart be aching
For the crown and palm,
cr Keep thy spirit waking
With a thankful psalm.

mp [2 Jesus, we are lowly,
Thou art very high;
We are all unholy,
Thou art purity.
We are frail and fleeting,
Thou art still the same,
All life's joys are meeting
In Thy blessèd Name.
cr Sing a hymn to Jesus,
When thy heart is faint:
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.]

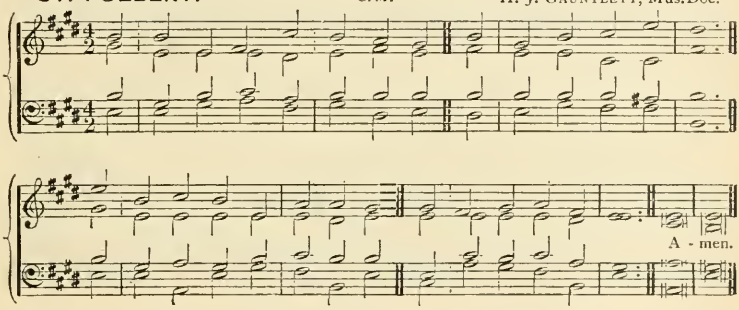
mf 3 All begins in Jesus,
And in Him I see
All the eternal Godhead
Coming down to me.
cr I climb to His brightness,
Up my steps of praise;
And a sudden lightness
Gilds my darkened days.
cr So I sing to Jesus,
When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

mp 4 All His words are music,
Though they make me weep,
Infinitely tender,
Infinitely deep.
Time can never render
All in Him I see;
Infinitely tender,
Human Deity.
cr Sing a hymn to Jesus,
When thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

mp 5 Jesus, let me love Thee,
Infinitely sweet!
What are the poor odours
I bring to Thy feet?
cr Yet I love Thee, love Thee;
Come into my heart!
And ere long remove me
To be where Thou art.
f Thus I sing to Jesus,
When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint. Amen.

E. P. HOOD.

ST. FULBERT. C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



74

f COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

f 2 Worthy the Lamb that died,—they cry,—
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb,—our lips reply,—
p For He was slain for us.

mf 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
cr And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

f 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

f 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

I. WATTS.

EDINA. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5.6 5. D. H. OAKELEY, Mus.Doc.

Ped.

Ped.

A - men.

ST. ALBANS. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5.6 5. D. T. MORLEY.

A - men.

75

mf AT the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
cr Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now.
mf 'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
cr Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word:—

mf 2 Mighty and mysterious
In the highest height,
God from everlasting,
Very Light of light.
In the Father's bosom,
With the Spirit blest,
dim Love, in Love Eternal,
p Rest, in perfect rest.

mf 3 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light;
cr Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

p 4 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
cr Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

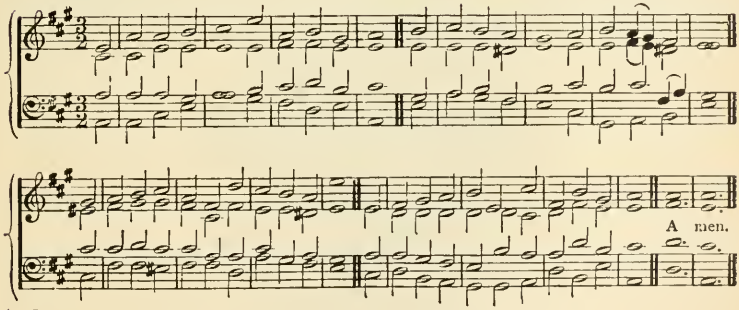
f 5 Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the Throne of Godhead
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

mf [6 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
cr Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour,
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.]

f 7 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel-train;
ff For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now. Amen.

CAROLINE M. NOEL.

HANOVER. 10 10. 11 11. W. CROFT, Mus.Doc.



76

f YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious
And rules over all.

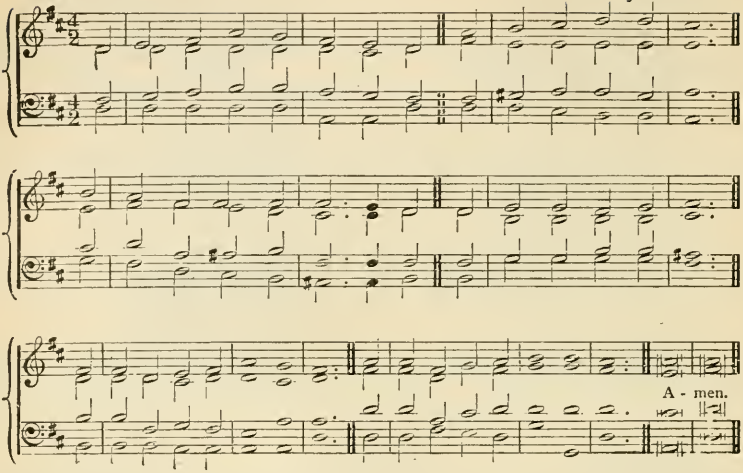
f 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

f 3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,—
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

f 4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,—
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
For infinite love. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

PALMYRA. 8 6.8 6.8 8. J. SUMMERS.



77

f THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son;
God, manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's beloved One.
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow

f 2 In Thee, most perfectly expressed,
The Father's glories shine:
Of the full Deity possessed;
Eternally divine.
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

f [3 True Image of the Infinite,
Whose Essence is concealed;
Brightness of Uncreated Light;
The heart of God revealed.
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.]

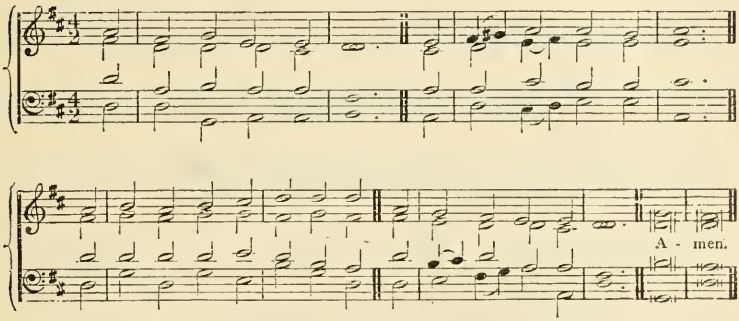
4 But the high mysteries of Thy name
An angel's grasp transcend:
The Father only—glorious claim—
The Son can comprehend.
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

mp 5 Yet, loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
cr Thy glorious worshippers above.
As one with Thee, are blest.
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

f 6 Throughout the universe of bliss
The centre Thou, and sun,
The eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's Beloved One:—
ff Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow. Amen.

J. CONDER.

SWABIA. S.M. German.



78

f AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

p 2 Sing of His dying love;
cr Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.

mf 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
cr Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

mp 4 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
cr Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.

mf 5 Soon shall we hear Him say,—
Ye blessèd children, come;
p Soon will He call us hence away,
cr And take His wanderers home.

f 6 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.

W. HAMMOND, altd. M. MADAN, A. M. TOPLADY, & W. J. HALL

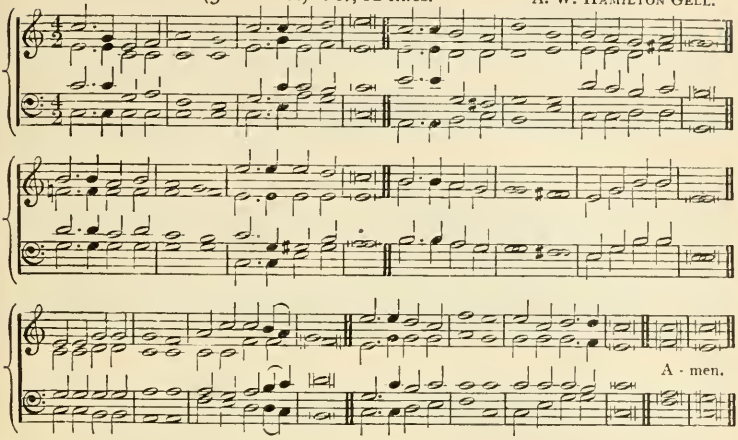
TADCASTER. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5., 12 lines. E. J. Hopkins. Mus. Doc.

A - men.

OSWESTRY. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5., 12 lines. H. Leslie.

A - men.

WINCOBANK. (*3rd Tune.*) 6 5., 12 lines. A. W. HAMILTON GELL.



79

f HARK! the voice eternal
Robed in majesty,
Calling into being
Earth and sea and sky;
Hark! in countless numbers
All the angel-throng
Hail Creation's morning
With one burst of song.
cr High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
ff Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

mf 2 Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity:
dim Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fall,
p Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
cr Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

mf 3 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning
For the promised light.
cr Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendour
Of that opening day.
f Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

f 4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
dim Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
p As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
cr Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

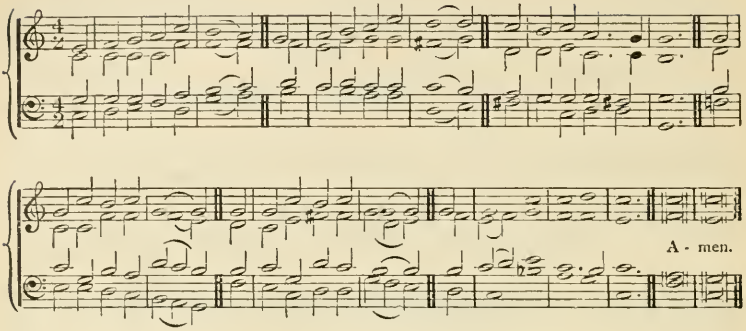
mf 5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
cr Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
f Till the trumpet sounded,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

f 6 Jesu! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest, and King,
To Thy feet triumphant
Hallowed praise we bring.
p Thine the pain and weeping,
cr Thine the victory;
mf Power, and praise, and honour
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
f High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite. Amen.

J. JULIAN.

LAUDES DOMINI.

6 6 6. 6 6 6. J. BARNBY.



80

mf WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
f "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
cr "May Jesus Christ be praised!"

mf 2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
cr "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
cr "May Jesus Christ be praised!"

p 3 Does sadness fill my mind?
cr A solace here I find,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p Or fades my earthly bliss?
cr My comfort still is this,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

mf 4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
f "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p The powers of darkness fear
cr When this sweet chant they hear,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

f 5 To God, the Word, on high,
The hosts of angels cry,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise.
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

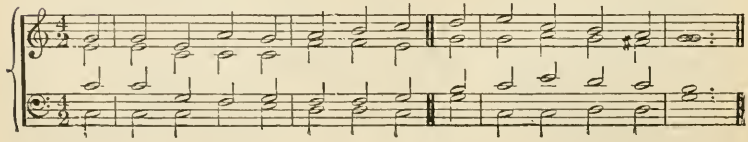
ff 6 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

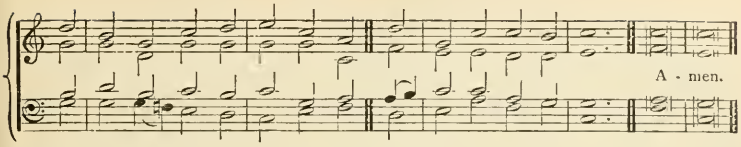
mf 7 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
f "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
cr "May Jesus Christ be praised!" Amen.

GERMAN, 19th CENTURY, tr. E. CASWALL.

ST. LEONARD.

C.M. H. SMART.





81

f BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst His Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for His Name,
And songs before unknown.

mf 2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound.

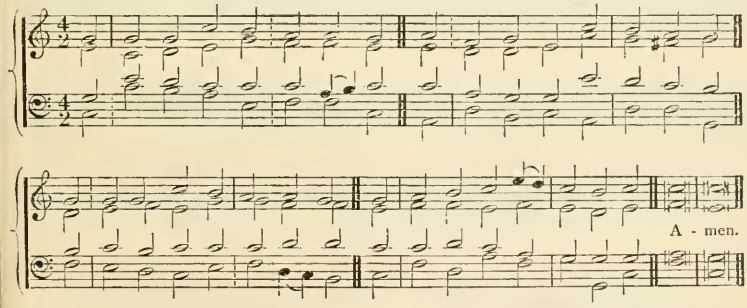
mf 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
f Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.

mf 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
cr Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
f And we shall reign with Thee.

mf 5 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour. Amen.

I. WATTS.

MAINZER. L.M. J. MAINZER, Mus.Doc.



82

f NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

mf 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

mf 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

cr 4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands;
The radiant lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

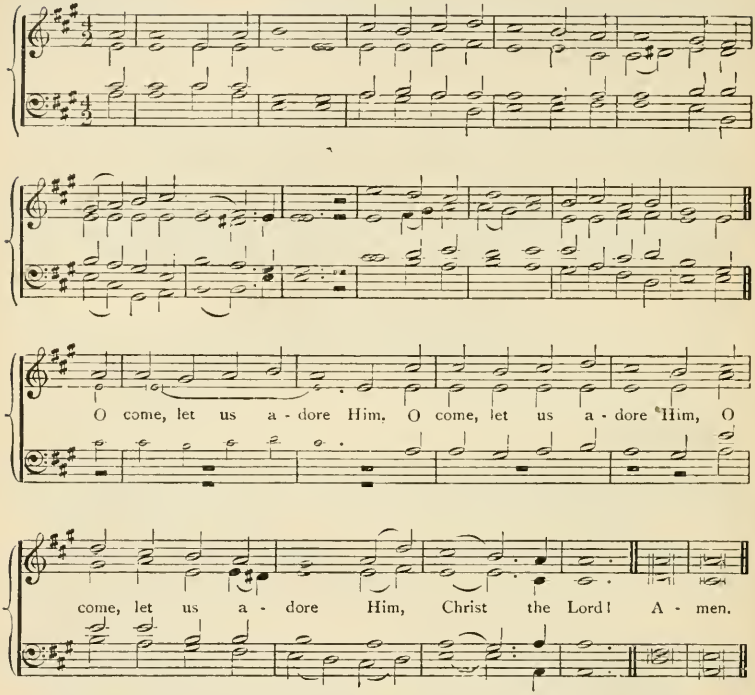
p 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

mp 6 O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face!
cr Where all His beauties you behold,
f And sing His name to harps of gold.
Amen.

I. WATTS.

2.—HIS INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

ADESTE FIDELES. Irregular. J. READING.



83

f O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels:
p O come, let us adore Him,
cr O come, let us adore Him,
mf O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

f 2 True God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb.
Son of the Father,
Begotten not created:
p O come, let us adore Him,
cr O come, let us adore Him,
mf O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

f 3 Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above.
Sing ye "All glory
To God in the Highest:"
p O come, let us adore Him,
cr O come, let us adore Him,
mf O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

f 4 Yea, Lord, we hail Thee,
Born this happy morning:
Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing:
p O come, let us adore Him,
cr O come, let us adore Him,
mf O come, let us adore Him, (*f*) Christ the Lord. Amen.

(?) BONAVENTURA, tr. F. OAKELEY, altd.

MENDELSSOHN.* 7s. D. F. MENDELSSOHN.

Harmony. *Unison.*

A - men.

84

(* May be sung in unison, except the *9th line.*)

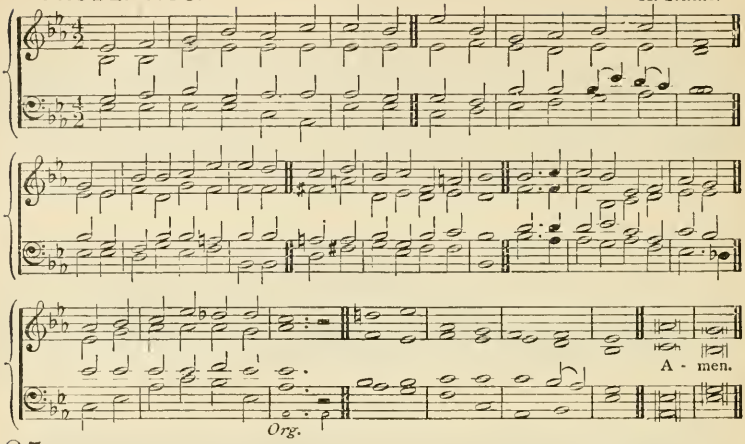
f HARK! the herald angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
p Peace on earth and mercy mild;
cr God and sinners reconciled.
f Joyful, all ye nations, rise:
Join the triumph of the skies:
ff With the angelic host proclaim,—
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

f 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
dim Late in time, behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
p Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
cr Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

f 3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
mp Mild He lays His glory by;
cr Born, that man no more may die
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth. Amen.

C. WESLEY, altd. by G. WHITEFIELD and M. MADAN.

PRUDENTIUS. 87.87.877. H. SMART.



85 OF the Father, sole begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

mf 2 He is here, Whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the writings of the Prophets
Promised since the world began:
Then foretold, now manifested,
Praise Him, every child of man,
Evermore and evermore!

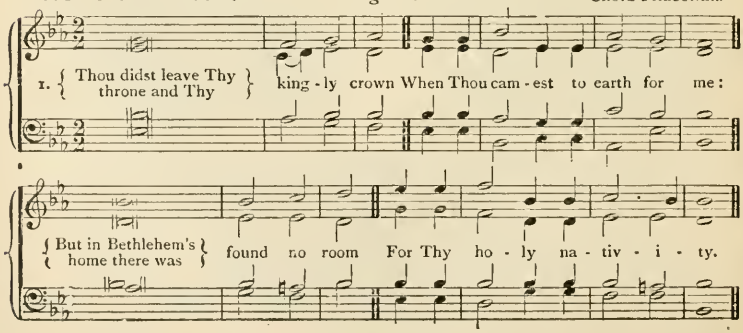
ff 3 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise Him, angels in the height!
Praise Him every power and kingdom,
Praise Him in His boundless might:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore.

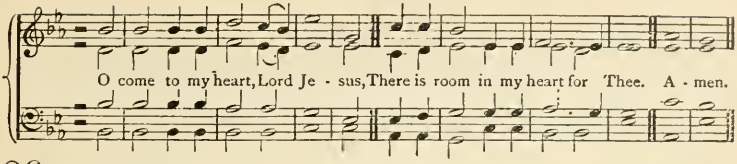
mf 4 Thee let age and Thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
mp Thee the matrons and the maidens,
And the children answering,
cr Let their guileless song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

ff 5 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore! Amen.

PRUDENTIUS, tr. J. M. NEALE, altd.

HOLY NATIVITY. Irregular. CROIL FALCONER.





86

mf THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me:
p But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For Thy holy nativity.
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim There is room in my heart for Thee.

f 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
mf But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
p And in great humility:
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim There is room in my heart for Thee.

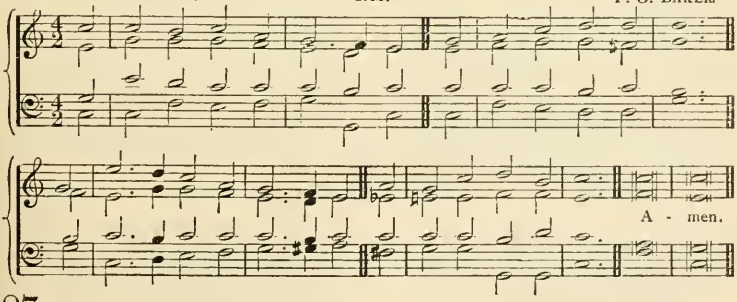
mf 3 The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
p But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf 4 Thou camest, Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy children free;
p But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
pp They bore Thee to Calvary:
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim Thy cross is my only plea.

mf 5 When heaven's arch shall ring and her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
cr Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room
There is room at My side for Thee:"
f And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT.

ST. SAVIOUR. C.M. F. G. BAKER.



87

f HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

f 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

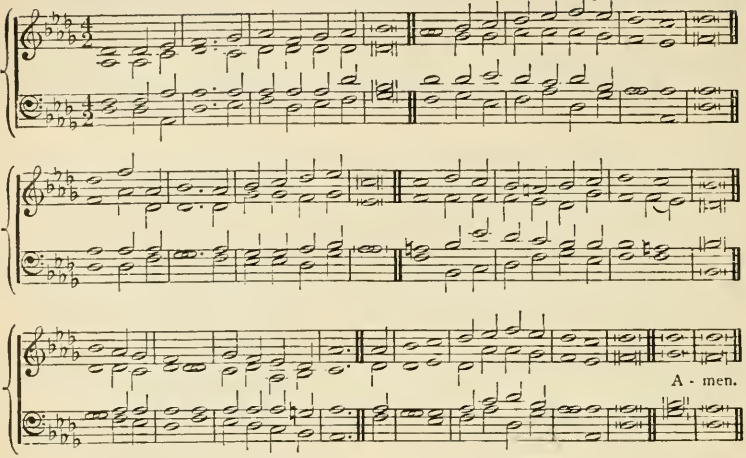
mf 3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

p 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
cr And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

f 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
ff And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

YORKSHIRE. 10 10.10 10.10 10. J. WAINWRIGHT



88

f CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

mf 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

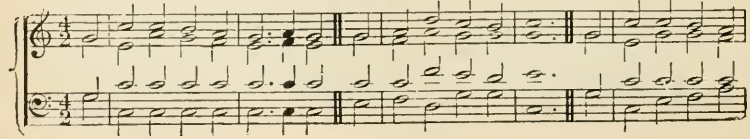
f 3 He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang;
p God's highest glory was their anthem still,
'Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.'

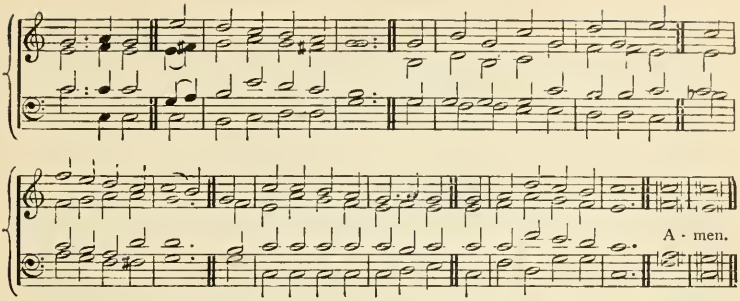
4 O! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
p Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
cr Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

f 5 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

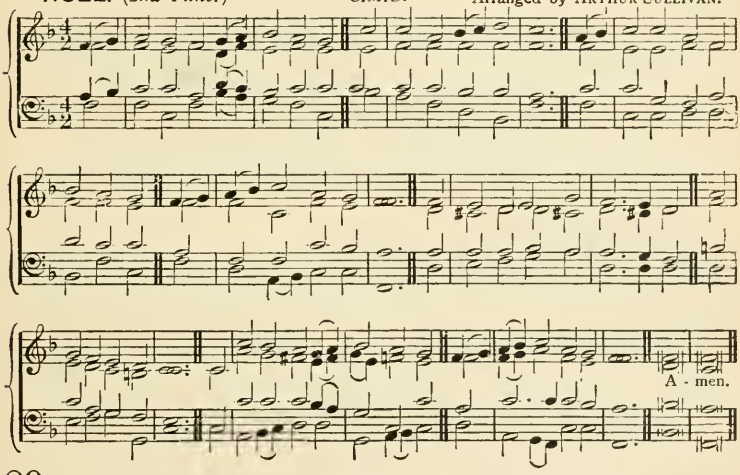
J. BYROM, *v.* 3, *l.* 6, *v.* 4, *l.* 1, *v.* 5, *l.* 6. altd.

GABRIEL. (*1st Tune.*) C.M.D. Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.





NOEL. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M.D. Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



89

f A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
cr And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred, [tongue
f That sent such news from tongue to
As ears had never heard.

2 Then angels on their starry way
Felt bliss unfelt before,
For news that men should be as they
To darkened earth they bore;
p So toiling men and spirits bright
A first communion had,
cr And in meek mercy's rising light
Were each exceeding glad.

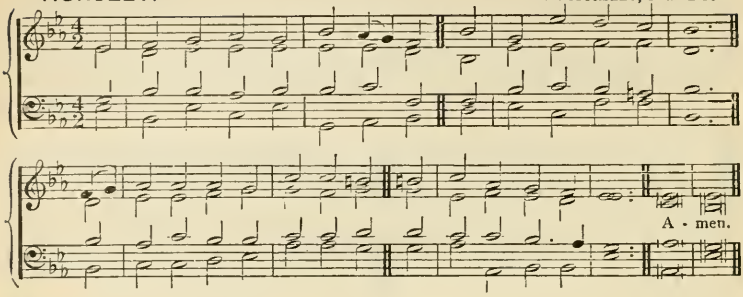
f 3 And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And, dawning in a lowly birth,
Uprose the Light of man.

p 4 For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
cr And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict and of sin,
f May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win. Amen.

T. T. LYNCH.

HORSLEY.

C. M. W. HORSLEY, Mus. Doc.



90

f JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

f 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ; [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

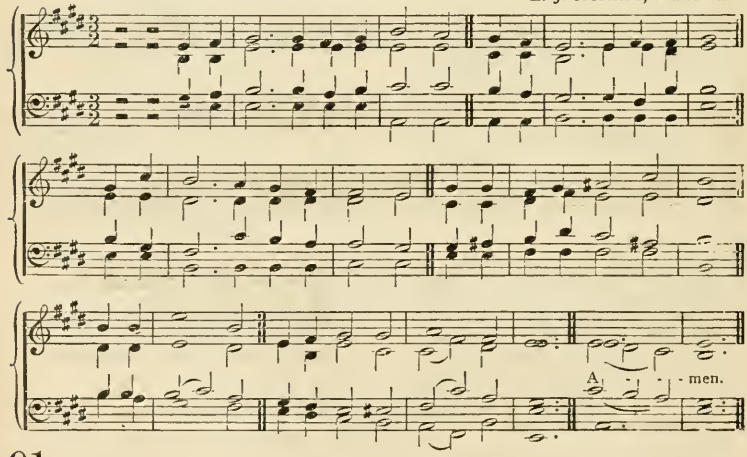
p 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
cr He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

f 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love. Amen.

I. WATTS.

WILDERSMOUTH.

8 7. 8 7. 4 7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



91

f ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

mf 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
cr God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
f Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

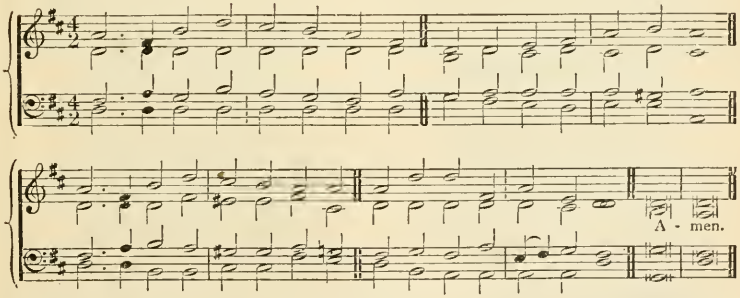
mf 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
f Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

mf 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
p Watching long in hope and fear,
cr Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
f Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

mp 5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
cr Justice now revokes your sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
f Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ST. OSWALD. 87.87. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



92

f HARK, an awful voice is sounding;
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day."

2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

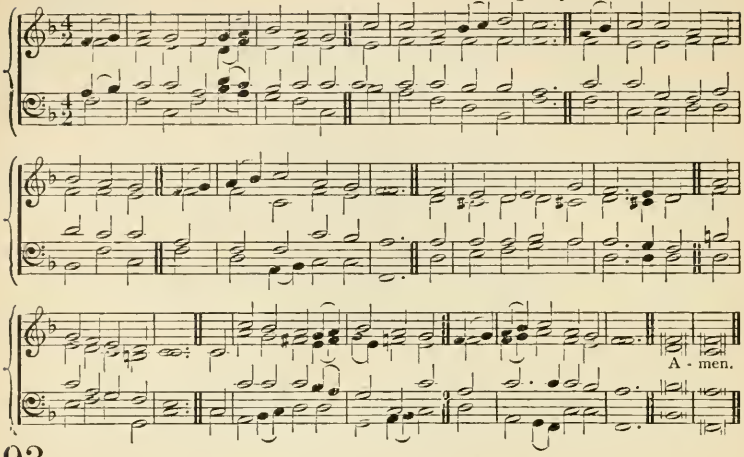
mf 3 Lo, the Lamb so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
dim Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.

mf 4 So when next He comes with glory,
p Wrapping all the earth in fear,
cr May He then as our defender
On the clouds of heaven appear,

f 5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the co-eternal Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

LATIN. 5th CENTURY, tr. E. CASWALL.

NOEL. C.M.D. Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



93

mf IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
dim From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
cr "Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;"
pp The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

mf 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
mp Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
cr And ever o'er its Babel sounds
pp The blessèd angels sing.

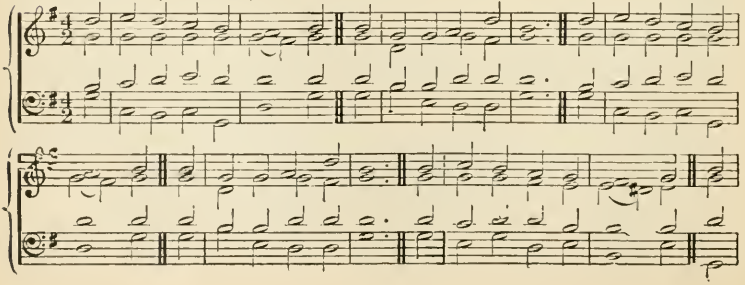
3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world hath suffered long,
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
The love-song which they bring—
pp O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

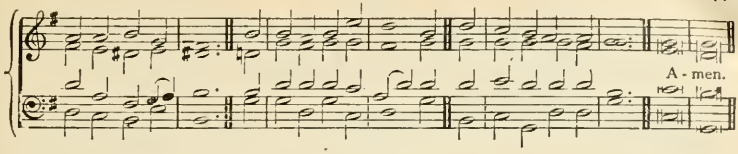
mp 4 And ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With weary steps and slow,—
cr Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
pp O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

mf 5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
cr When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
f When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
ff And the whole world send back the song
pp Which now the angels sing. Amen.

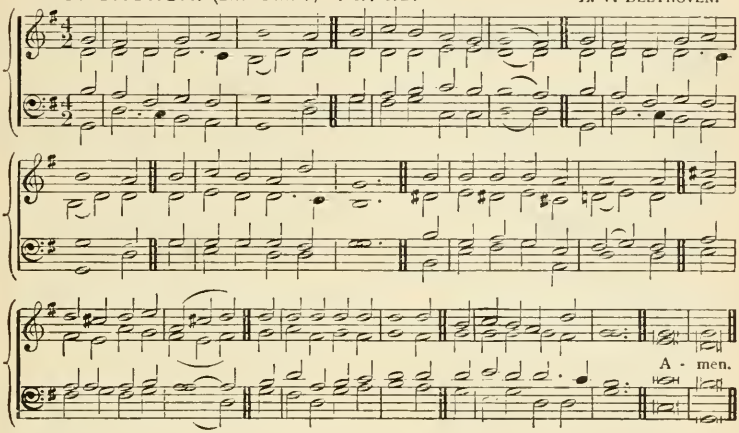
E. H. SEARS.

CRUGER. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. German.





BONCHURCH. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6.D. L. V. BEETHOVEN.



94

f HAIL to the Lord's anointed:
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

mf [2 He comes with succour speedy
To those that suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
cr To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
dim Whose souls condemned and dying,
mf Were precious in His sight.]

p 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
cr And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
mf Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
cr And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

mf [4 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee:
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
cr With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.]

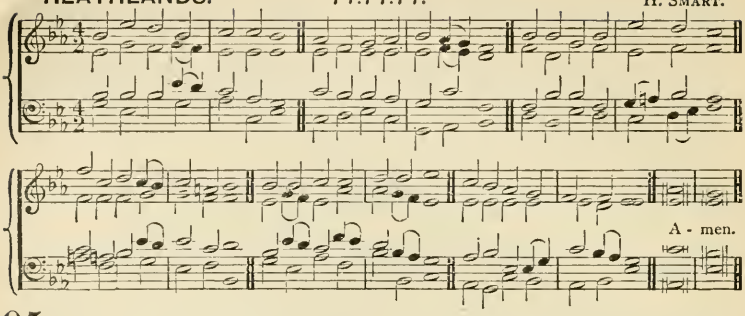
mf 5 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
cr For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion;
Or dove's light wing can soar.

p 6 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
cr His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.
mf The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
cr Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

f 7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
cr The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever:
rall That name to us is—Love. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

HEATHLANDS. 7 7. 7 7. 7 7. H. SMART.



95

f SING, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Unto us a child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
God Himself comes down from heaven.
Sing, O sing this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

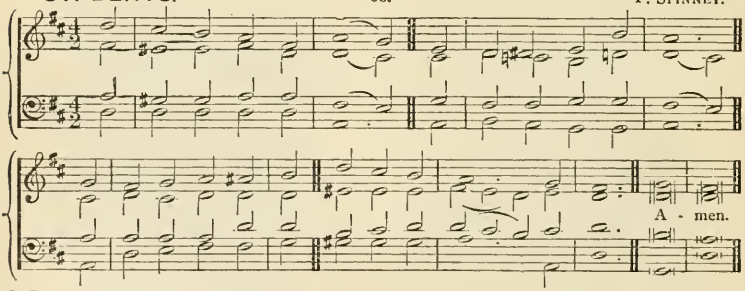
f 2 God with us, Immanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell,
And on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

f 3 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

f 4 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day;
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

ST. DENYS. 6s. F. SPINNEY.



96

mf GOD from on high hath heard!
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
The skies unfold, and lo!
Descends the gift of Peace!

[2 Hark! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell:
The hosts of heaven proclaim
God comes on earth to dwell!]

3 Haste with the shepherds; see
The mystery of Grace:
mf A manger-bed, a Child,
Is all the eye can trace.

4 Is this the Eternal Son,
Who on the starry throne,
Before the world began,
Was with the Father one?

cr 5 Yes, Faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds His glory now;
f And hails Him Lord and God,
To Whom all creatures bow.

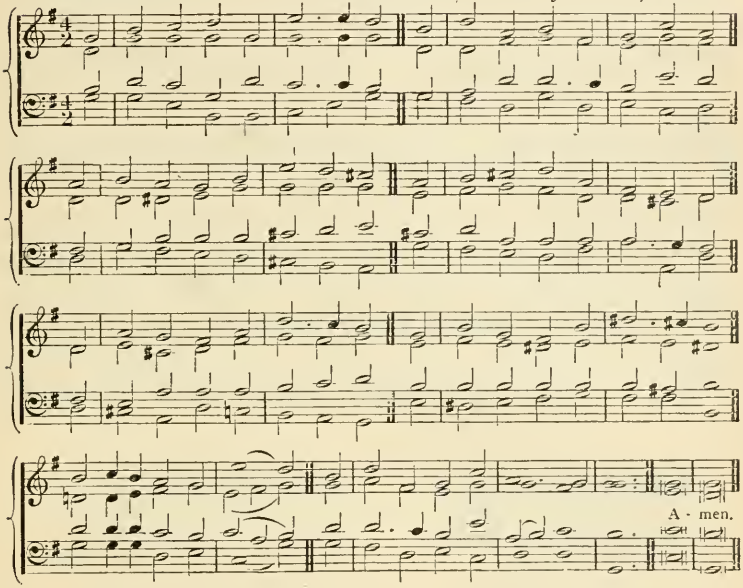
[6 Faith sees the sapphire throne
Where angels evermore
dim Adoring, tremble still,
p And trembling, still adore.]

mf 7 O Child! Thy silence speaks,
And bids us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

cr 8 Fill us with holy love,
Heal Thou our earthly pride;
Be born within our hearts,
And ever there abide. Amen.

C. COFFIN, tr. J. R. WOODFORD.

BREEDON. 8 8.8 8.8 8.6 8. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



97

f LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here;
cr Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing
ff Praise, O my God, to Thee!
Creator, wise is Thy decree!

mf 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress,
cr The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings
ff Praise, O my God, to Thee!
O Saviour, great Thy deeds shall be!

mf 3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confest!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
cr The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss;
ff Praise, O my God, to Thee!
Comforter, for Thy comfort free!

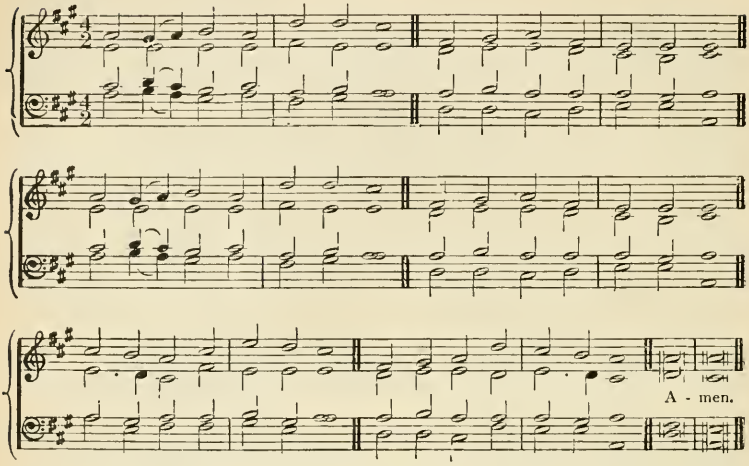
mf 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;
cr So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.
ff Praise, O my God, be Thine,
For word, and deed, and grace Divine.

mp 5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal,
cr Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal is won!
ff Eternal praise and fame,
Be offered, Saviour, to Thy name!
Amen.

G. WEISSEL, tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH

3.—*HIS MANIFESTATION TO THE GENTILES.*

DIX. 77.77.77. C. Kocher.



98

f AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright
p So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

mf 2 As with joyful steps they sped
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee Whom heaven and earth adore;
p So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

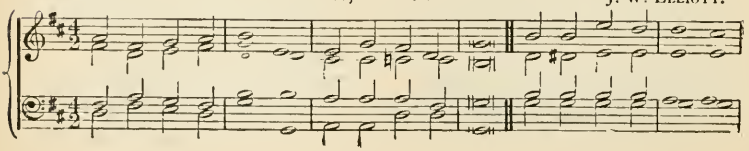
mf 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
f All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.

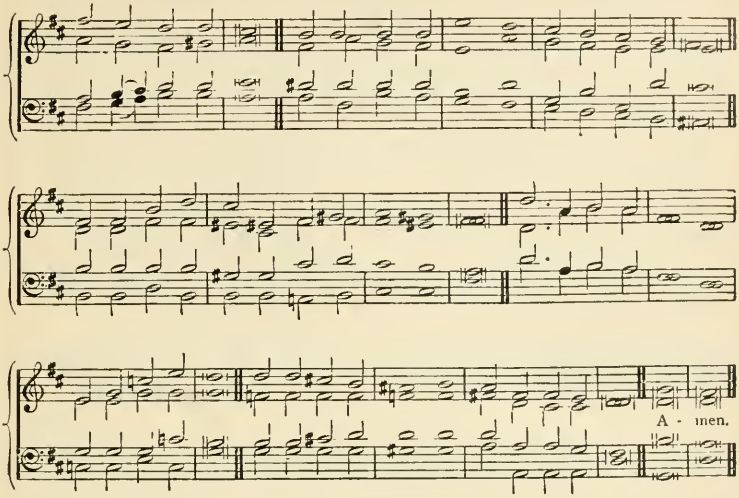
p 4 Holy Jesus, every day.
Keep us in the narrow way;
cr And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
f Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

ff 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou, its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King. Amen.

W. C. DIX.

BELSIZE. 6 5., 12 lines. J. W. Elliott.





99

f FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a Star.
Light of Life that shinedst,
Ere the world began;
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

p [2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
cr Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.
Light of Life, etc.]

f 3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Life, etc.

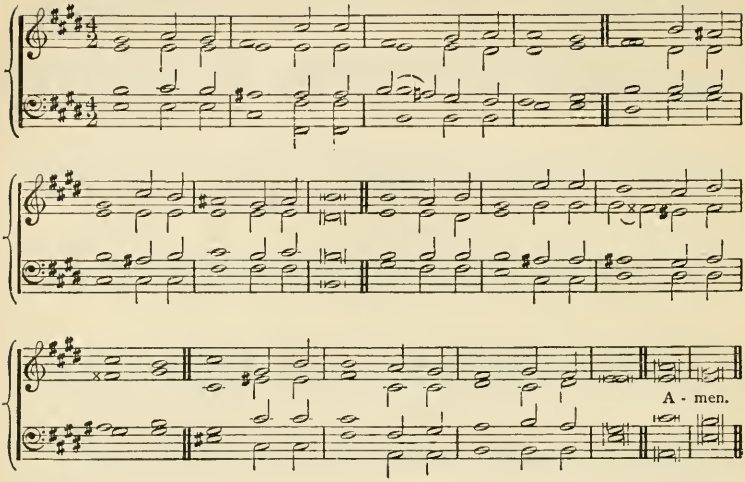
p 4 Gather in the outcasts,
Who have gone astray,
cr Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way.
dim Those who never knew Thee,
Or have wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Life, etc.

cr 5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.
Light of Life, etc.

f 6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Life that shinedst,
Ere the world began;
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man. Amen.

G. THRING.

EPIPHANY. 11 10. 11 10. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



100

mf BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
dim Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

p 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
cr Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
f Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

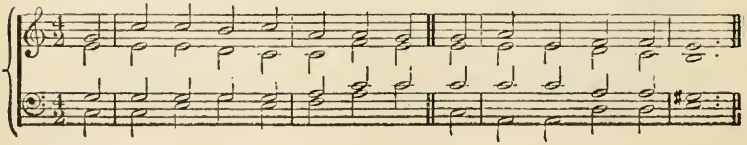
mf 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings Divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

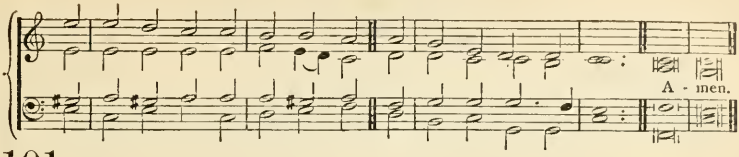
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

f 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
dim Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

R. HEBER.

RAVENDALE. C.M. T. R. MATTHEWS.





101

mf THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious Light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
dim In death's surrounding night.

f 2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

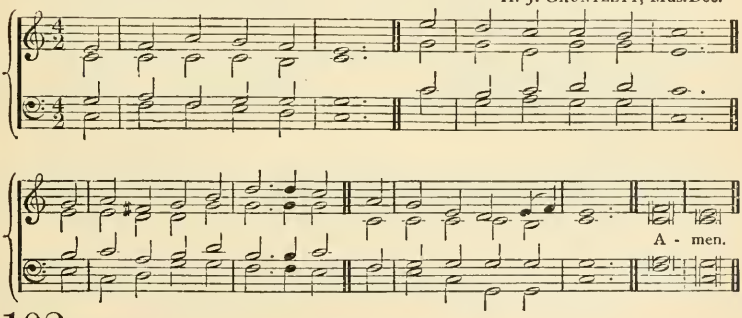
4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
cr The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

ff 5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And Peace abound below. Amen.

J. MORRISON.

4.—*HIS CHILDHOOD.*

ST. GEORGE. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



102

mf WITHIN the Father's house
The Son hath found His home;
And to His temple suddenly
The Lord of Life hath come.

2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous Child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

p 3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the fleshly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
cr The full Epiphany.

5 Lord, visit Thou our souls,
And teach us by Thy grace
dim Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;

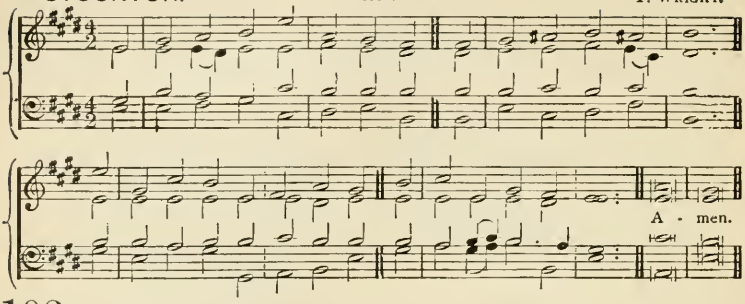
f 6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansed soul shall burst
The everlasting day;

ff 7 Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

J. R. WOODFORD.

5.—*HIS TEMPTATION.*

STOCKTON. C.M. T. WRIGHT.



103

mf WITH joy, we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
p His heart is made of tenderness,
It overflows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

mf 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
f While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

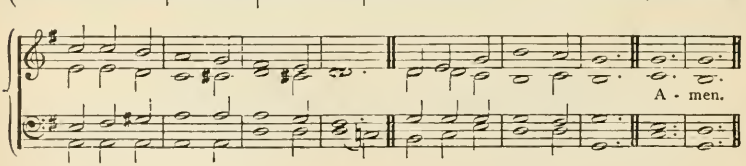
p 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

mf 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
dim The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

mf 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
cr We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour. Amen.

I. WATTS, *v.* 1, *l.* 4 altd.

ST. AGNES. C.M. J. B. DYKES, MUS.DOC.



104

mf LORD, Thou in all things like wast made
To us, yet free from sin;
p Then how unlike to us, O Lord,
Replies the voice within.

mp 2 Our faith is weak;—O Light of light?
cr Clear Thou our clouded view;
That, Son of Man, and Son of God,
We give Thee honour due.

p 3 O Son of Man! Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil, and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.

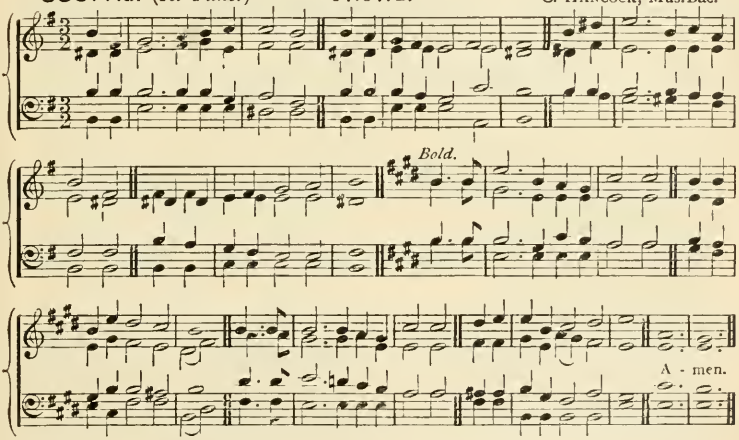
f 4 O Son of God! in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne:
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succouring Thine own.

mf 5 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Most blest in earth and heaven. Amen.

J. ANSTICE.

6.—*HIS HUMAN LIFE AND HUMILIATION.*

SCOPAS. (*1st Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. D. C. HANCOCK, Mus. Bac.



105

p WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
f 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting, God.

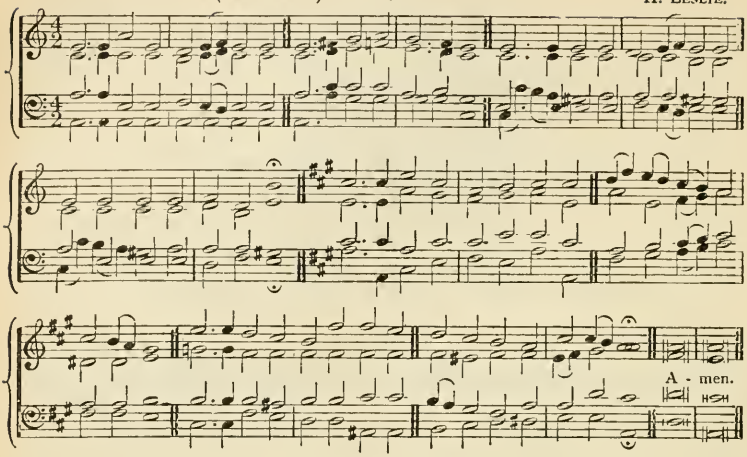
p 2 Who is this, a Man of sorrows
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
f 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

p 3 Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
f 'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

p 4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors, [thorns?
Torn with nails and crowned with
f 'Tis the God Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

EXALTATION. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. D. H. LESLIE.



105

p WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
f 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting, God.

p 2 Who is this, a Man of sorrows
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
f 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
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Drops of blood upon the ground?
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All His foes beneath His throne.

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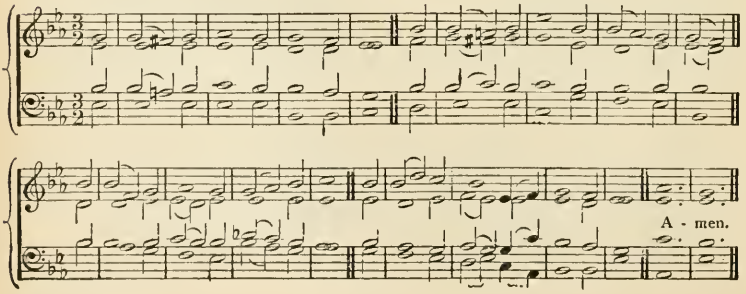
Torn with nails and crowned with
f 'Tis the God Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

STAINCLIFFE. L. M. R. W. DIXON.



106

mf O WHO like Thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of man, Thou Light of light!
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!

mp 2 O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before;
So meek, forgiving, Godlike, high,
So glorious in humility!

p [3 And all Thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed;

pp 4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
cr Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.]

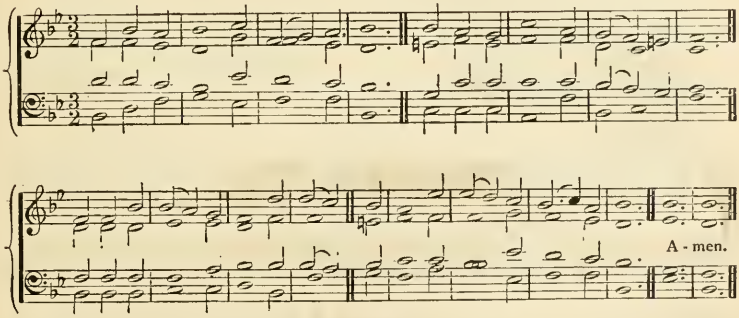
mf 5 O wondrous Lord, our souls would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee,
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fevered veins within;

mp 6 And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
And like Thee, all our journey run,
Above the world, and all its mirth,
Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

f 7 Oh in this light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give us ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, O my God. Amen.

A. C. COXE.

FULDA. L.M. L. V. BEETHOVEN.



107

mf THOU Son of God and Son of man,
Beloved, adored Immanuel;
Who didst, before all time began,
In glory with Thy Father dwell;—

f 2 We sing Thy love, Who didst in time,
For us humanity assume;
dim To answer for the sinner's crime,
p To suffer in the sinner's room.

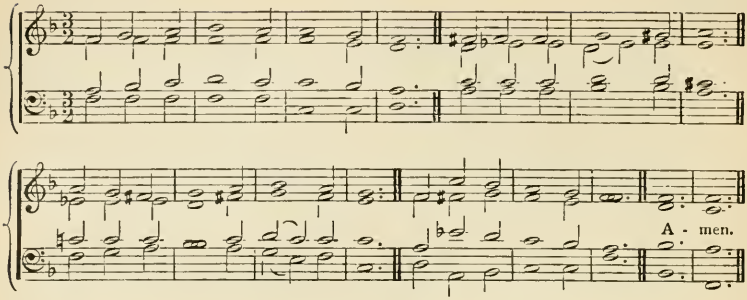
f 3 The ransomed Church Thy glory sings;
The hosts of Heaven Thy will obey:
And, Lord of lords and King of kings,
We celebrate Thy blessèd sway.

p 4 A servant's form didst Thou sustain;
And with delight the law obey;
dim And then endure amazing pain,
Whilst all our sorrows on Thee lay.

mf 5 Blest Saviour! we are wholly Thine;
So freely loved, so dearly bought:
Our souls to Thee would we resign,—
To Thee would subject every thought. Amen.

J. RYLAND.

LYNDHURST. C.M. F. C. MAKER.



108

p O! MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
cr Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
dim These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
p These tears the Lord did weep.

cr 3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of Heaven;
To every grief, to every tear
Such glory strange is given.

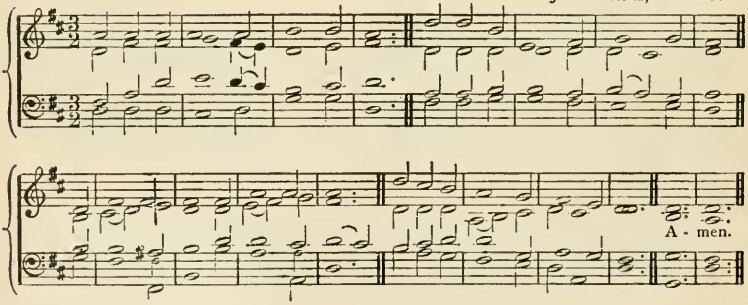
4 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be;—

f 5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own
Because Thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.

ff 6 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine. Amen.

T. H. GILL.

RIVAULX. L.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



109

mf STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

p 2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why:
He thinks he was not made to die:
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

mf [3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how:
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

p 4 Our little systems have their day:
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
cr And Thou, O Lord, art more than they]

mf 5 We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see,
cr And yet we trust it comes from Thee;
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

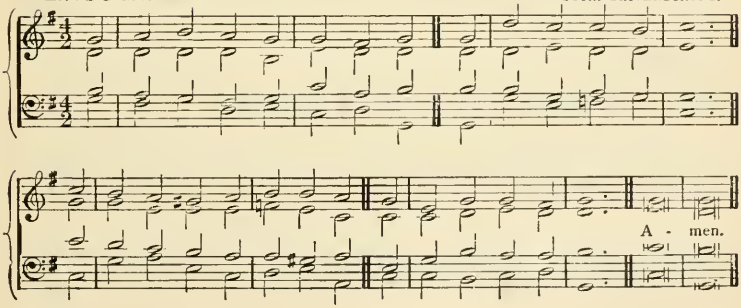
nf 6 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
dim But more of reverence in us dwell:
cr That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

f 7 But vaster. (*dim*) We are fools and slight,
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain world to bear Thy light. Amen.

A. TENNYSON

7.—*HIS EXAMPLE.*

LINCOLN. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT.



110

p LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
cr And form our souls for Heaven.

p 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

mf [3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

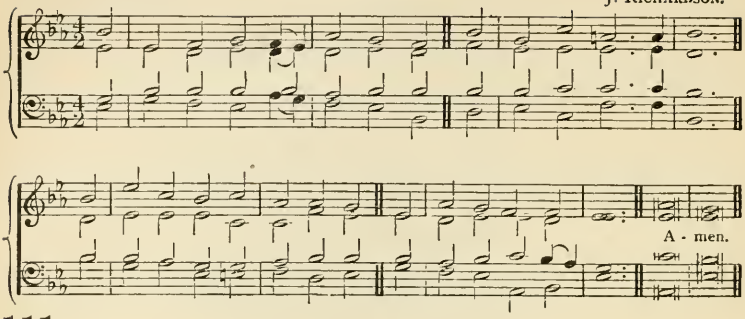
p 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father! Thy will be done!]

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cr O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
f And follow Thee to heaven! Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

ST. BERNARD. C. M. J. RICHARDSON.



111

mf WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

p 2 For, ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

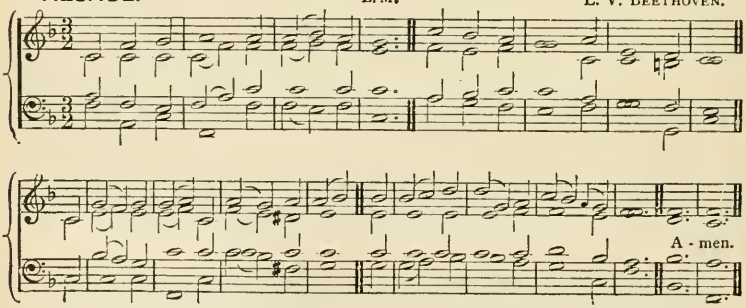
3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

mf 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
dim Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

E. DENNY.

ALSACE. L. M. L. V. BEETHOVEN.



112

mf HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?

p 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?

mf [3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
cr Until the perfect work was done,
dim And drunk, the bitter cup of gall.]

p 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
dim Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

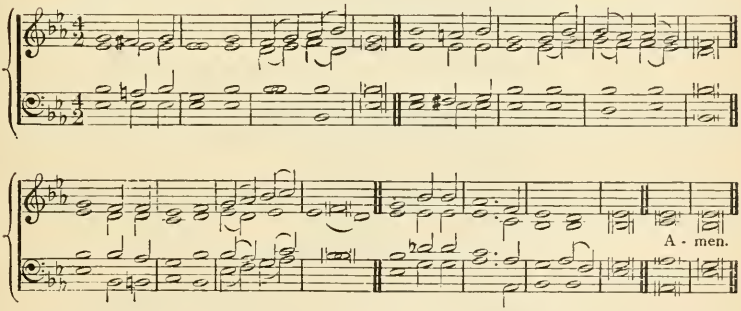
5 O let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

p 6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please:
cr And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

mf 7 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
p Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
f But Thou canst give the victory. Amen.

J. CONDER.

HOLLEY. L.M G. HEWS.



113

mf TEACH me, O Lord, Thy holy way,
And give me an obedient mind,
That in Thy service I may find
My soul's delight from day to day.

2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,
And so control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
cr Right onward to the blessèd land.

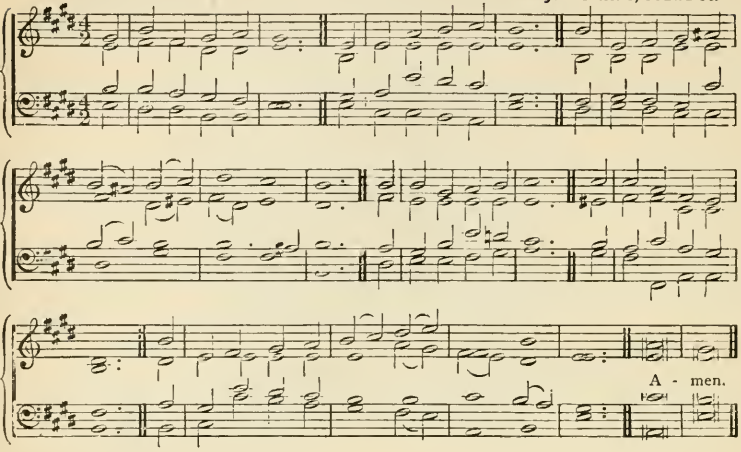
p 3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod,
And meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

mf 4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong;
cr Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care

f 5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for Thee;
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
And Thine abounding grace afford. Amen.

W. T. MATSON.

OVERSTRAND. 6 6 10. 6 6 10. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



114

p THOU Who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality;
Thy blessèd labours done,
cr Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.

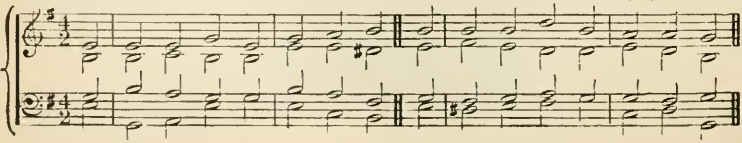
p 2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

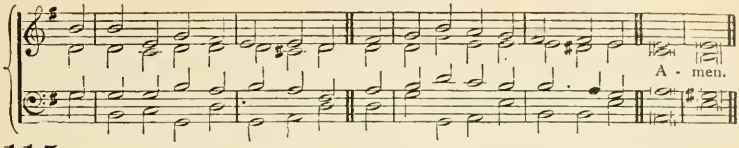
f 3 O Thou, Who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
dim Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed.
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love,
Beam like the bow of promise through the cloud.

p 4 E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
cr That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy path to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee. Amen.

SARAH E. MILES.

SAXONY. L. M. Old German.





115

mf MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
cr But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

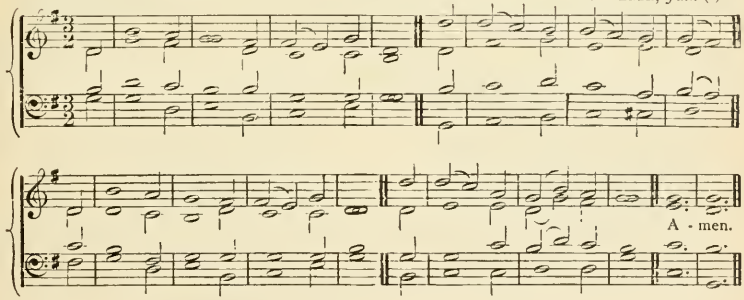
mf 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

p 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
cr Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

mf 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
cr Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.
Amen. I. WATTS.

8.—*HIS MIRACLES.*

BELMONT. C.M. S. WEBBE, Jun. (?)



116

f JESU, if still Thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of Thy Name.

2 Now, Lord, to Whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
p With pitying eyes, behold me fall
A leper at Thy feet.

3 Thou seest me deaf to Thy command,—
Open, O Lord, my ear;
cr Bid me stretch out my withered hand,
And lift it up in prayer.

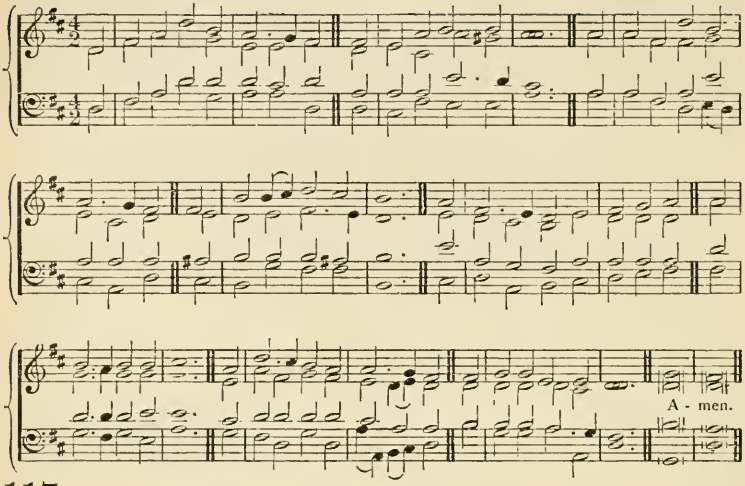
p 4 Silent (alas! Thou know'st how long),
My voice I cannot raise;
cr But O! when Thou shalt loose my tongue,
f The dumb shall sing Thy praise.

p [5 Blind from my birth to guilt and Thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

cr 6 But Thou, they say, art passing by;
O let me find Thee near!
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!]

7 Behold me waiting in the way
For Thee, the heavenly light;
cr Command me to be brought, and say,
f "Sinner, receive thy sight!" Amen.
C. WESLEY

PETERSHAM. C.M. C. W. Poole.



117

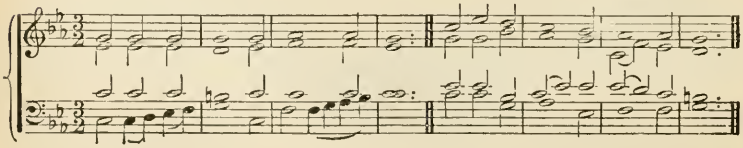
mf O WHERE is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is He that spake,—
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break;
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
dim And from blind eyes, benighted long,
cr Bright beams of morning spring.

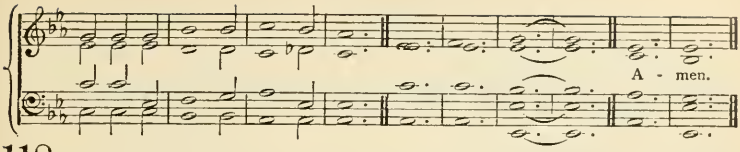
mf 2 O where is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is He that spake,—
And piercing words of liberty,
The deaf ears open shake;
dim And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
cr And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire.

mf 3 O where is He that trod the sea?
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
f Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
dim 'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
f And harvest when He brake.

p 4 O where is He that trod the sea?
cr My soul! the Lord is here:
f Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased or dumb?
Or dost thou in thine hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."
Amen. T. T. Lynch.

ST. AËLRED. 8 8 8. 3. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.





118

mf FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep:
p But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
pp Calm and still.

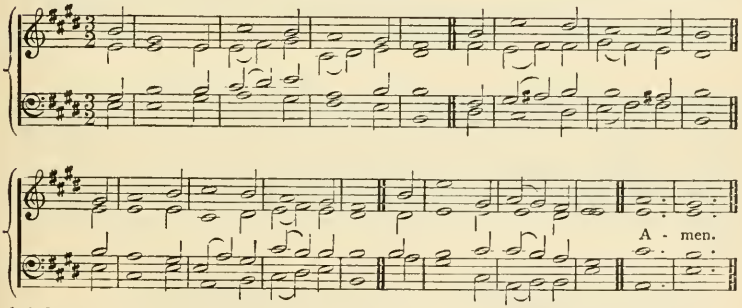
mf 2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
cr "O save us in our agony;"
f Thy word above the storm rose high,
pp "Peace, be still."

mf 3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
dim Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
p The sullen billows ceased to leap,
f At Thy will.

mf 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
cr And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
pp "Peace, be still." Amen.

G. THRING.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALE.



119

p HEAL us, Immanuel! hear our prayer;
We wait to feel Thy touch;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
cr Be that far from Thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:—
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,—
"O help my unbelief!"

mf 4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole, [peace,
dim Was answered,—"Daughter, go in
cr Thy faith hath made thee whole."

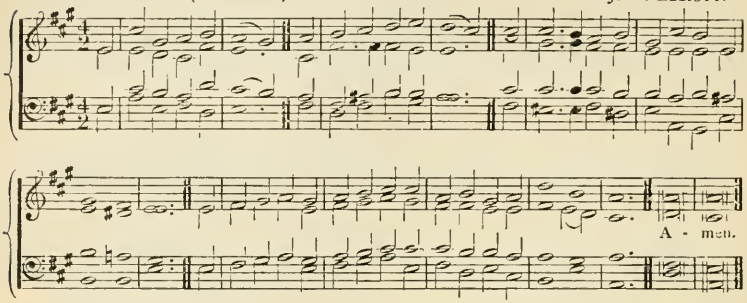
5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view;
mf And if her faith was firm and strong,
dim Had strong misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee, if we may;
cr Oh! send us not despairing home:
p Send none unhealed away. Amen.

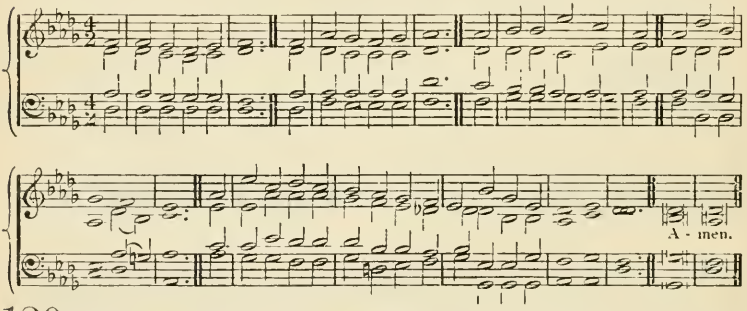
W. COWPER, *v.* 1, *l.* 1 altd.

9.—*HIS LOVE, TENDERNESS, AND SYMPATHY.*

NAZARETH. (*1st Tune.*) 6 6.6 6.4 4.4 4. J. W. Elliott.



ST. JOHN. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 6.6 6.4 4.4 4. J. Baptiste Calkin.



120

f MY song is love unknown;
My Saviour's love to me;
dim Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
Oh, who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

[*mf* 2 He came from His blessed Throne,
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.
But oh, my Friend;
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

f 3 Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day,
Hosannas to their King.
dim Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
p And for His death
They thirst and cry.]

mp [4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
cr He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise.

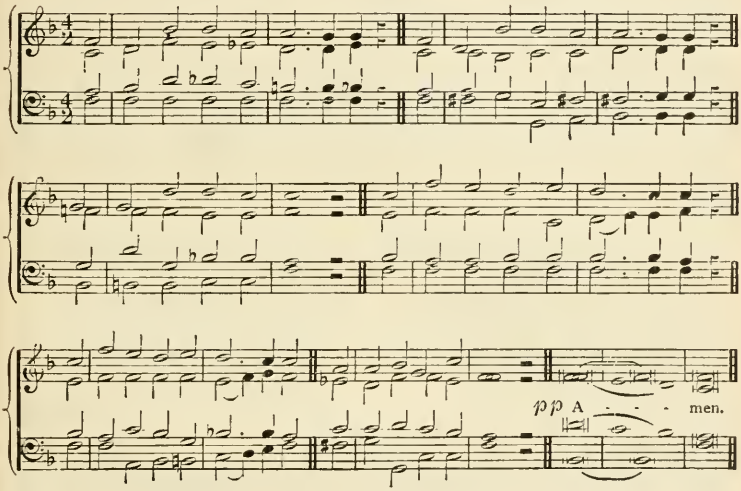
5 They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save;
The Prince of life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
To suff'ring goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

p 6 In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heav'n was His home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

mf 7 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
f Never was love, dear King!
dim Never was grief like Thine.
f This is my Friend,
In Whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend. Amen.

S. CROSSMAN.

HOLYROOD. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8 6. 8 8 6. H. HILES, Mus. Doc.



121

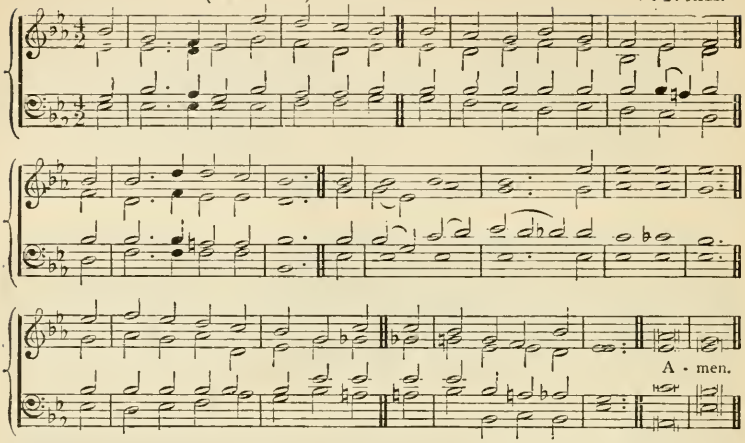
mf O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
cr I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger His love than death or hell:
Its riches are unsearchable:
The firstborn sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
dim They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

p 3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
cr For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part. Amen.

C. WESLEY

RAVENDALE. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8 6. 8 8 6. W. STOKES.



121

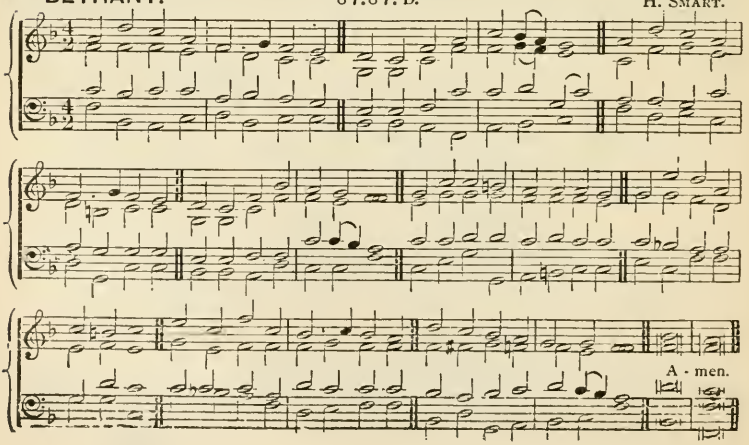
mf O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
cr I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The firstborn sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
dim They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

p 3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
cr For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

BETHANY. 8 7. 8 7. D. H. SMART.



122

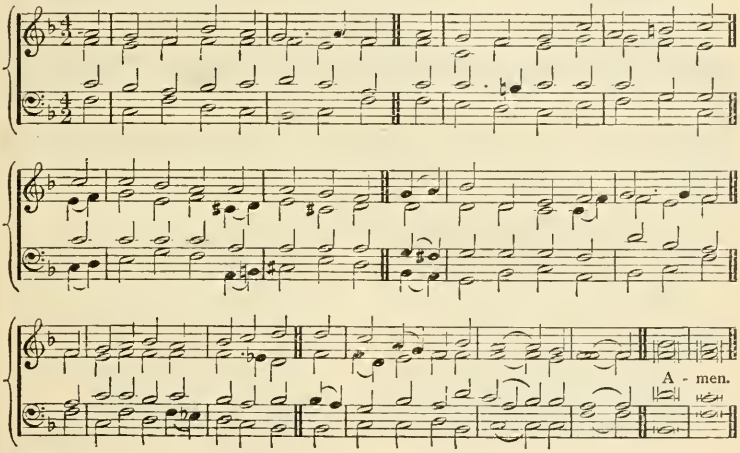
f LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
p Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
cr Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every longing heart.

mf 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

f Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy precious love.

cr 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee:
ff Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
Amen. C. WESLEY.

ST. MATTHIAS. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc



123

mf JESU! Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue
declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
cr Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.

mf 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
f All coldness from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love!

mf 3 O Love! how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
p Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
cr Where'er thy healing beams arise:
f O Jesu! nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

[4 Still let Thy love point out my way!
How wondrous things Thy love hath
wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.]

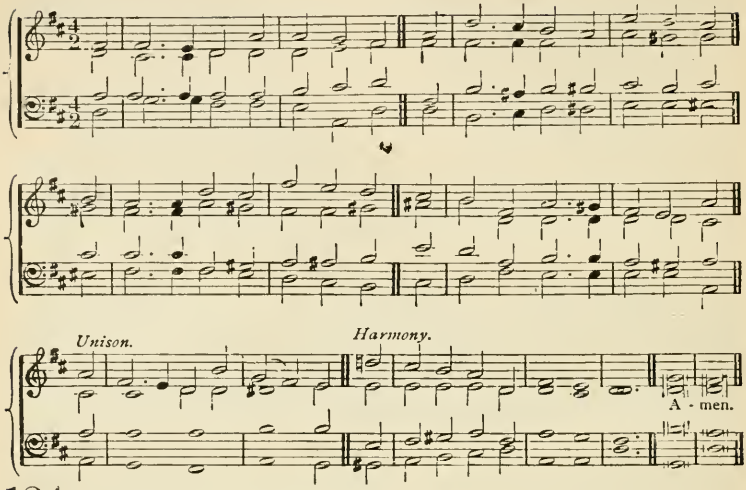
p 5 In suffering be Thy love my peace;
cr In weakness be Thy love my power;
p And when the storms of life shall cease,
pp O Jesu, in that solemn hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, Who for me hast died.
Amen.

P. GERHARDT tr. J. WESLEY, *v.* 2, *l.* 5, *v.* 5, *l.* 4 alt.

MAGDALEN.

8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

J. STAINER, Mus. Doc.



124

mf THOU hidden Source of calm repose;
Thou all sufficient Love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame
dim I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name

f 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy and everlasting love:
To me, with Thy dear Name, are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

mp 3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, mine ease in pain;
p The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain:
cr My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

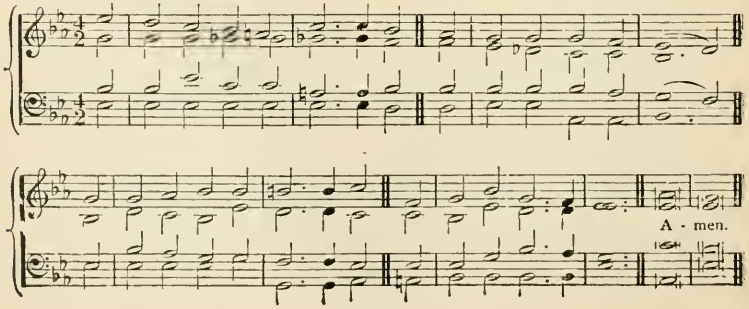
f 4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, mine almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
cr In grief, my joy unspeakable;
ff My life in death; my heaven in hell.
Amen.

C. WESLEY.

HOLY TRINITY.

C. M.

J. BARNBY.



125

mp THERE'S not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy!
There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to Thee!

2 Thou Who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
For He Who bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

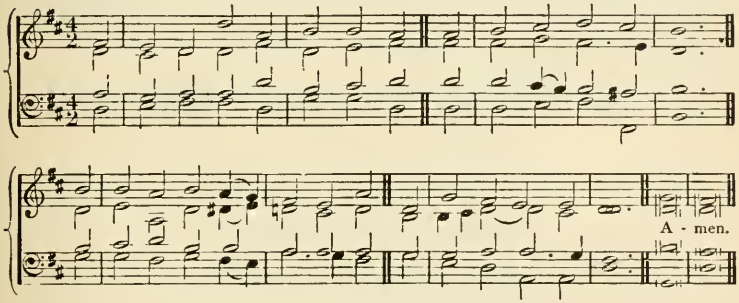
3 There's not a secret sigh we breathe
But meets the ear Divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's woes without,—sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow;
cr But for that love which died for sin,—
That love which wept with woe.

5 All human sympathy but cheers,
When it is learned from Thee.
Alas for grief!—but for those tears
Which fell at Bethany! Amen.

JANE CREWDSON.

WAVENEY. C.M. R. REDHEAD.



126

PART I.

mf JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
cr But sweeter far Thy face to see,
p And in Thy presence rest.

f 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

p 3 O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
cr How good to those who seek!

f 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

mf 5 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

f 6 Jesus, my only joy be Thou,
As Thou my prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou my glory now,
And through Eternity. Amen.

BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX, tr. E. CASWALL.

PART II.

f O JESUS, King most wonderful!
Thou conqueror renowned!
p Thou sweetness most ineffable!
In Whom all joys are found!

mf 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then wakens love divine.

f 3 Jesus! Thy mercies are untold,
Through each returning day;
Thy love exceeds a thousandfold
Whatever we can say.

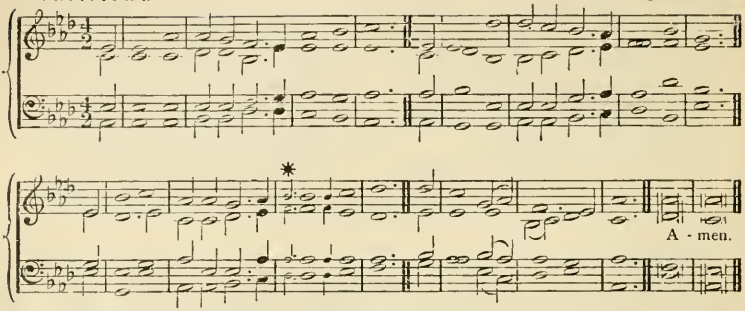
mf 4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
cr And seeking Thee, itself inflame,
To seek Thee more and more.

f 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
cr And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

p 6 Grant me, while here on earth I stay,
Thy love to feel and know;
cr And when from hence I pass away,
To me Thy glory show. Amen.

BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX, tr. E. CASWALL.

ARTAVIA. 10 10 10. 6. TOPLER'S *Alte Chorale Melodien.*



(* Small notes for 1st verse.)

127

mf AND didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee,
And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea?
Art Thou his kinsman now?

2 O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath!

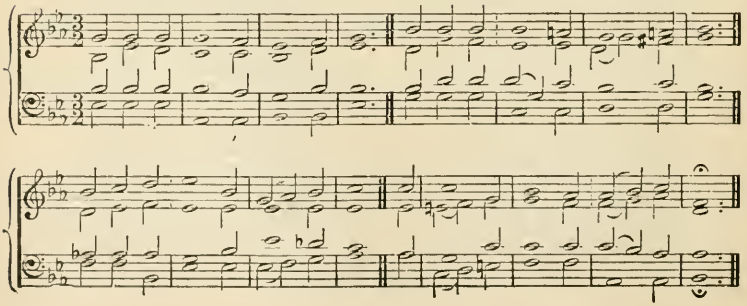
3 By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in;

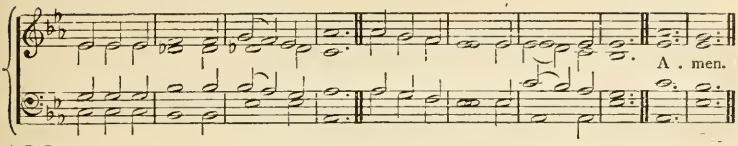
p 4 By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee visit me.

5 Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
dim Die ere the guest adored she entertain—
p Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign. Amen.

JEAN INGELOW.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. BARNBY.





128

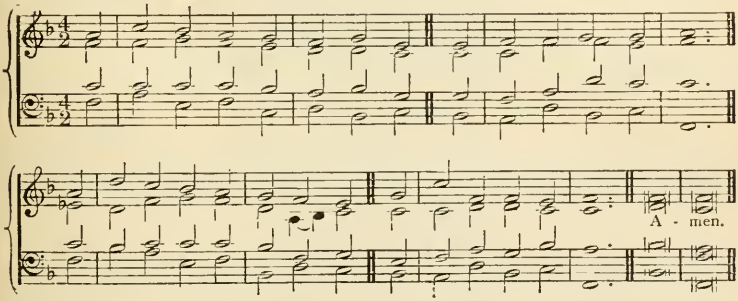
mf JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace:
cr Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
f Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

p 2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;
cr How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
f Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

p 3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
cr How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought;
f Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more

f 4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
ff Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.
Amen. H. COLLINS.

ALBANO. C.M. V. NOVELLO.



129

f O MYSTERY of Love Divine,
That thought and thanks o'er-powers!
Lord Jesus! was our portion Thine,
And is Thy portion ours?

p 2 Emmanuel! didst Thou take our place
To set us in Thine own?
cr Didst Thou our low estate embrace
To lift us to Thy throne?

p 3 Didst Thou fulfil each righteous deed,
God's perfect will express,
f That we the unfaithful ones might plead
Thy perfect faithfulness?

p 4 On Thy pure soul did dread and gloom
In that drear garden rise?
f Are ours the brightness and the bloom
Of Thine own Paradise?

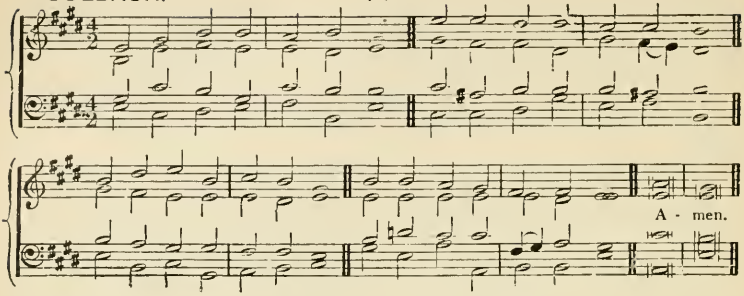
p 5 For Thee the Father's hidden face?
For Thee the bitter cry?
f For us the Father's endless grace,
The song of victory?

p 6 Our load of sin and misery
Didst Thou the Sinless bear?
f Thy spotless robe of purity
Do we the sinners wear?

mf 7 Lord Jesus! is it even so?
Have we been lovèd thus?
What love can we on Thee bestow
Who hast exchanged with us?

f 8 Thou, Who our very place did'st take,
Dwell in our very heart!
Thou, Who Thy portion ours dost make,
Thyself—Thyself, impart. Amen.
T. H. GILL.

CULBACH. 7s. TOPLER'S *Alte Chorale Melodien.*



130

f NOW begin the heavenly theme:
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

p 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
cr Banish all your guilty fears;
f See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

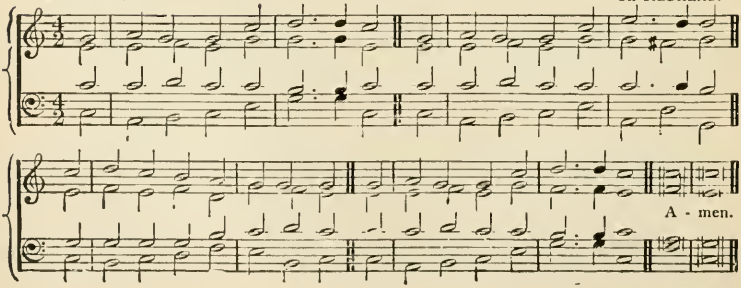
p 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
cr Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop and taste redeeming love.

f 5 Welcome all by sin oppressed:
Welcome to His sacred rest:
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

ff 6 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love. Amen.

— LANGFORD.

LAUDS. L.M. R. REDHEAD.



131

f AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness is so free!

mf 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
cr He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness is so great!

p 3 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have Him forgot,
f His loving-kindness changes not.

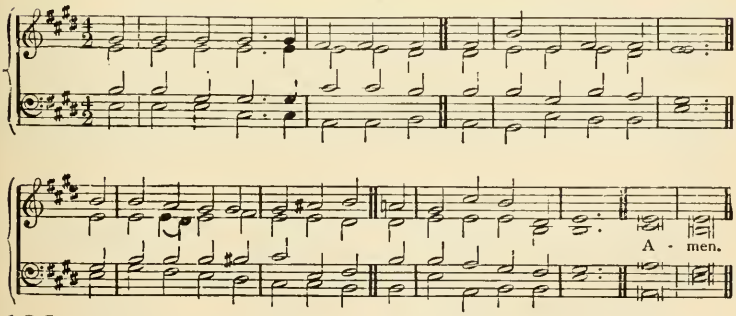
p 4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And all the powers of nature fail,
O may my last expiring breath
cr His loving-kindness sing in death!

f 5 Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
Then shall I sing with sweet surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

f 6 Then with the golden harps I'll join,
And with their anthems mingle mine;
And loudly sound, on every chord,
The loving-kindness of the Lord. Amen.

S. MEDLEY.

BURMAH. C.M.



132

mf MY blessèd Saviour, is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to Thee.

f 2 I love Thee for that glorious worth
In Thy great self I see;
p I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.

mf 3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for Thy foes, Lord, Thou wast slain:
cr What love with Thine can vie? Amen.

J. STENNETT, *v.* 3, *l.* 2 alt.

10.—*HIS TRANSFIGURATION.*

BANIAS. L.M.D. M. LUTZ.

A - men.

133

mf O MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee,
Here, in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care;
dim Of hearts distract with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,
p Calling Thy servants all in vain
To ease them of their bitter pain.

mf 2 O Master, it is good to be
With Thee and with Thy faithful three
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word that burns;
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With Him Whose last best creed is Love.

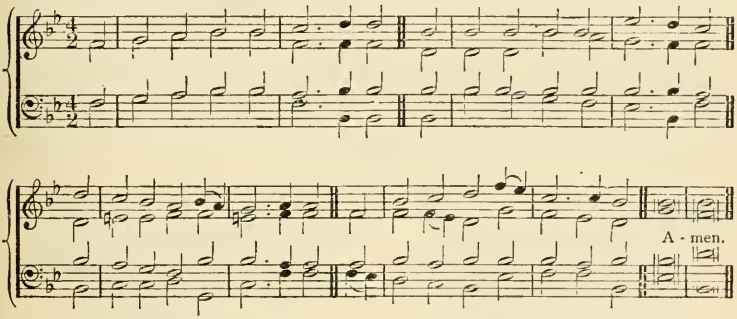
f 3 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

mf 4 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
dim We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
p Though love wax cold and faith be dim,
cr "This is My Son! oh, hear ye Him!" Amen.

A. P. STANLEY

11.—*HIS ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.*

PALMÆ. L. M. W. G. CUSINS.



134

f RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry.
mp O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

f 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die!
cr O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive Death and conquered Sin.

f 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
p To see the approaching Sacrifice.

f 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
mf Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

f 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die!
pp Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain!
ff Then take, O God! Thy power, and reign! Amen.

H. H. MILMAN, *v.* 1, *l.* 3 altd.

ST. THEODULPH. 7 6.7 6. D. M. TESCHNER.

All glo - ry, &c.

FINE.

Thou art the King, &c.

D.C.

A - men.

135

f ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Reedeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, etc.

ff 3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply,
All glory, etc

f 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

mf 5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise,
All glory, etc.

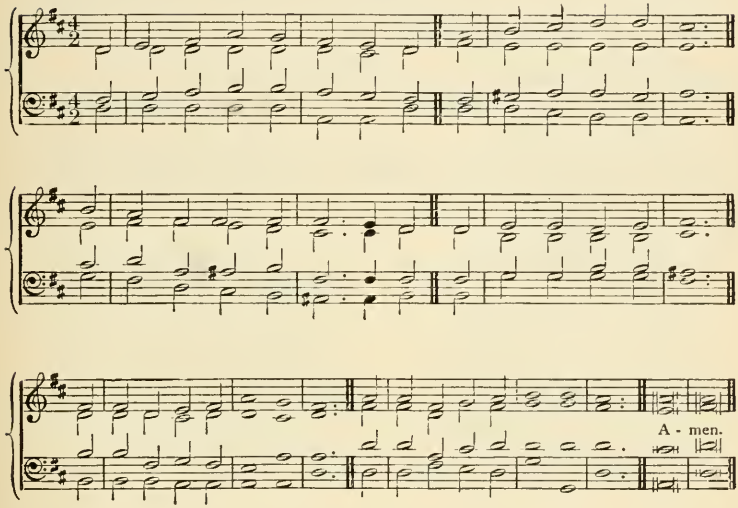
cr 6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

All glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring. Amen.

THEODULPH of ORLEANS, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

12.—*HIS AGONY IN GETHSEMANE.*

PALMYRA. 8 6 8 6.8 8. J. SUMMER3.



136

p HE knelt, the Saviour knelt, and prayed,
When but His Father's eye [shade,
Looked through the lonely garden's
On that dread agony:
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour:
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow Him! [know
That He, Who gave man's breath, might
The very depths of human woe.

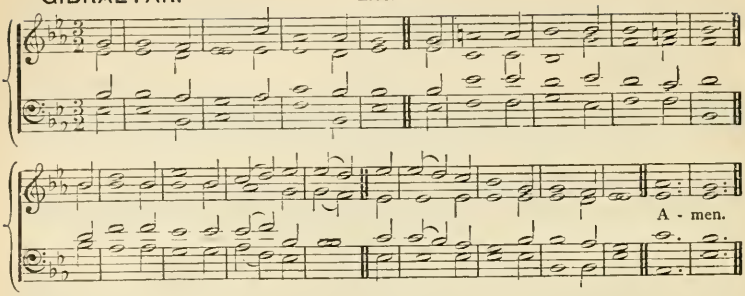
3 He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round His head:
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
cr But there was sent Him from on high
f A gift of strength for man to die.

mf 5 And was His mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way?
How but through Him, that path Who trod?
cr Save, or we perish, Son of God! Amen.

FELICIA D. HEMANS

GIBRALTAR. L. M. C. W. POOLE.



137

p A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
"O Father! take this cup away."

2 Ah! Thou Who sorrowest unto death,
cr We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
O God! take not this cup away.

p 3 O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

mf 4 Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

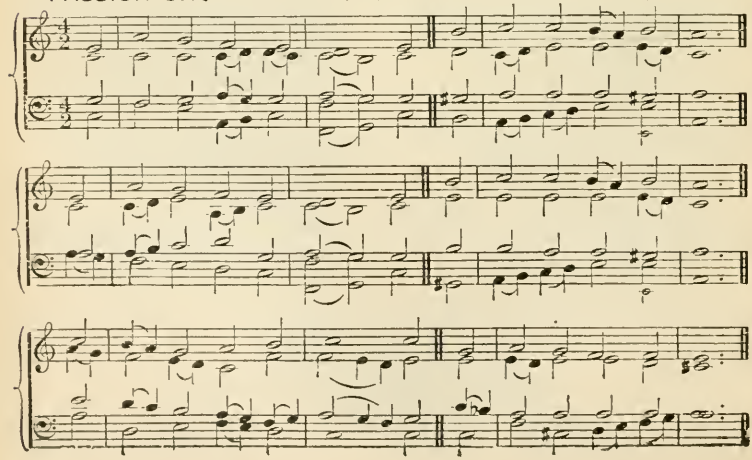
f 5 O King of Earth! the Cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is Thine own.

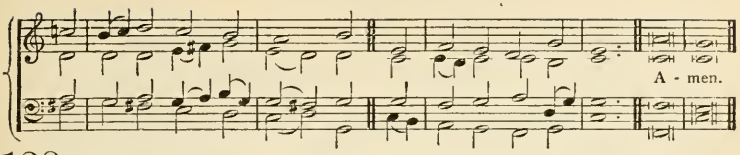
mf 6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
dim And when we go the last lone way,
cr O give the welcome of Thy love. Amen.

J. MARTINEAU'S SELECTION, 1840.

13.—*HIS PASSION AND DEATH.*

PASSION CHORALE. 7 6. 7 6. D. H. L. HASSLER.





138

mp O SACRED HEAD! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
dim Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
f O Sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story,
cr I joy to call Thee mine.

f 2 O noblest brow, and dearest!
In other days, the world
All feared when Thou appeaedst;
What shame on Thee is hurled!
p How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

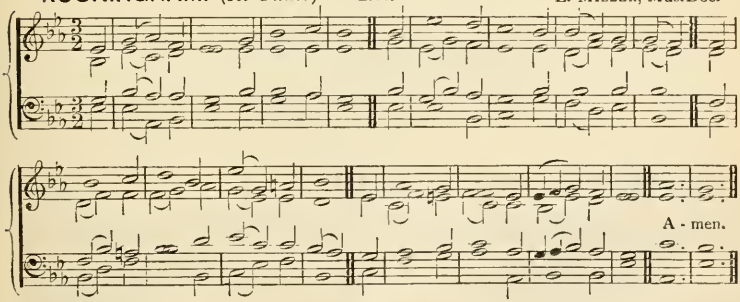
mf 3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinner's gain;
p Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

mf 4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
cr O make me Thine for ever!
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

p 5 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me!
cr And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
p For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.
Amen.

PAUL GERHARDT, tr. J. W. ALEXANDER, *v.* 1, *l.* 7 altd

ROCKINGHAM. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. E. MILLER, Mus.Doc.



139

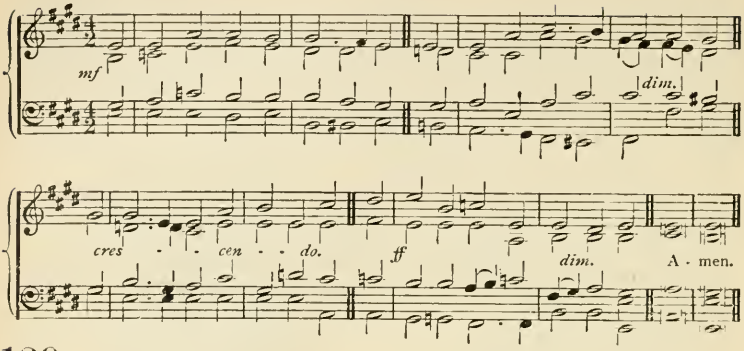
mf WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

cr 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

pp 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!
Amen. I. WATTS.

CRUX BEATA. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. J. BOOTH.



139

mf WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

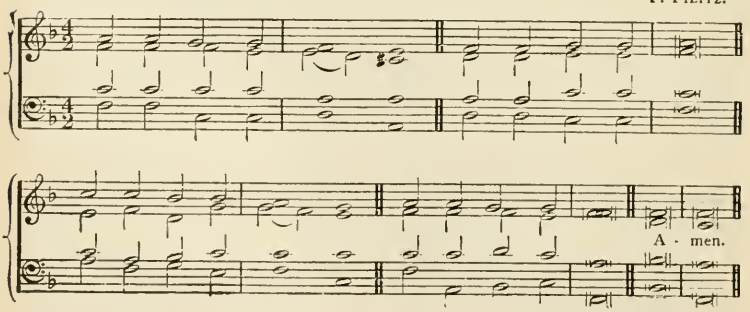
cr 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

pp 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Amen.

I. WATTS.

BEMERTON. 6 5. 6 5. F. FILITZ.



140

mf GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Doth the world redeem!

[4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
cr But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.]

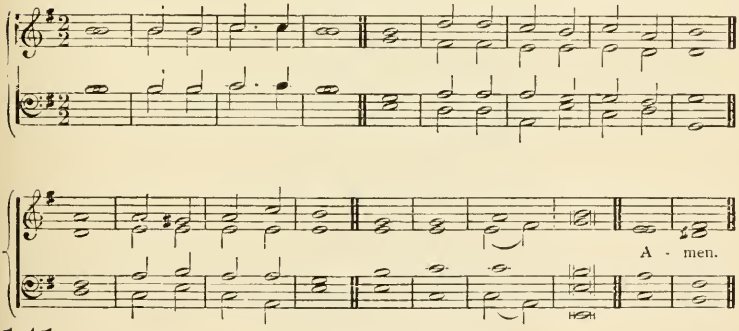
p 5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
mf Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs;

6 Oft as earth exulting
cr Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

f 7 Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
cr Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood. Amen.

ITALIAN, tr. E. CASWALL.

HOLY CROSS. 6 8.6 4. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc



141

mp LO! on the inglorious tree
The Lord, the Lord of glory hangs;
p Forsaken now is He,
And pierced with pangs.

2 A shameful death He dies,
cr Uplifted with transgressors twain;
A Lamb for sacrifice,
p By sinners slain.

3 Full is His cup of woe;
In death His drooping head declines,
'Tis done! He cries; and now
pp His soul resigns.

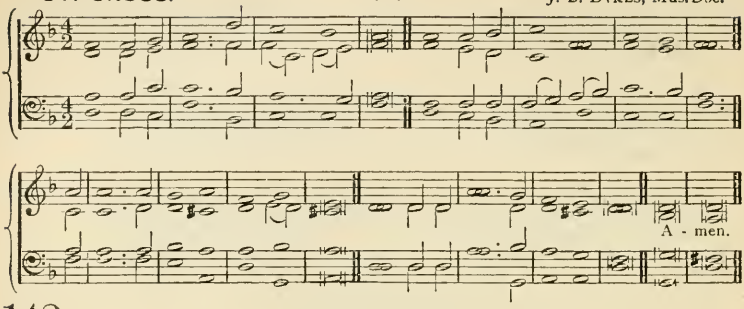
mp 4 O come, my soul, and gaze
On that great grief, that crown of thorn;
cr In deep and dread amaze
p There look and mourn.

5 For thee He shed His blood;
Weep, till with woe thine eyes grow dim;
To that accursed wood
Thou hast nailed Him.

mf 6 To Thee, the mighty Lord,
f Who washed in blood our sins away,
ff Our boundless gratitude
Its thanks would pay. Amen.

LATIN, 19th CENTURY, tr. W. J. BLEW, altd.

ST. CROSS. L.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



142

p O COME and mourn with me awhile:
O come ye to the Saviour's side:
O come, together let us mourn;
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

mp 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

mf 3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

cr [4 Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!
p Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.]

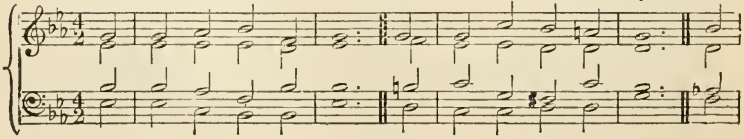
5 Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
The fountain opened in His side
Shall purge our deepest stains away:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

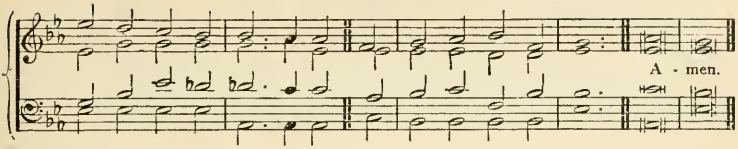
cr 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,—
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's offering is:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

f 7 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
ff And victory remains with love;
dim For He, our Lord, is crucified. Amen.

F. W. FABER, *v.* 1, *ll.* 2, 3; *v.* 5, *ll.* 2, 3; *v.* 6, *l.* 3, and last line of each *v.* altd.

ST. ANDREW. S.M. J. BARNBY.





143

mf NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

cr 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

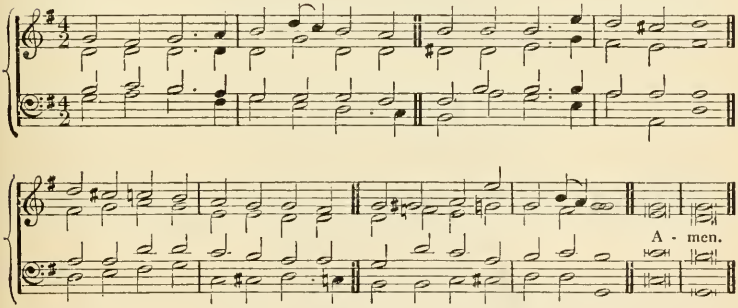
mp 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

cr 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
f We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love. Amen.

I. WATTS.

SARDIS. 87.87. From BEETHOVEN.



144

mf IN the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

p 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
cr Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

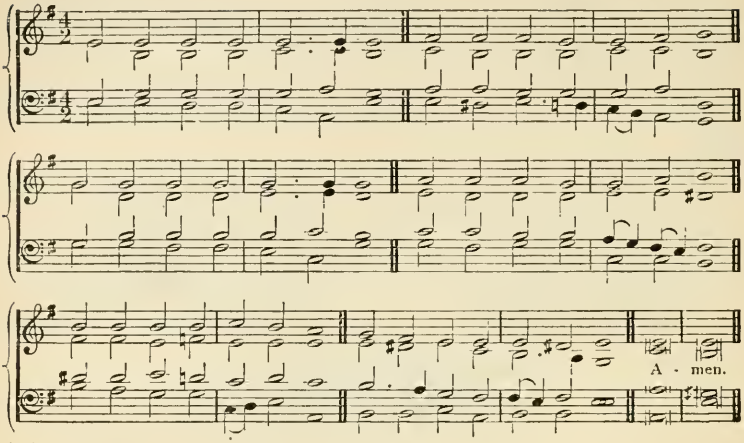
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way:
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
p Peace is there, that knows no measure,
cr Joys, that through all time abide.

f 5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime. Amen.

J. BOWRING.

GETHSEMANE. 77.77.77. F. A. G. OUSELEY, Mus.Doc



145

mf THRONED upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee:
dim Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
pp Hold Thee silent and alone.

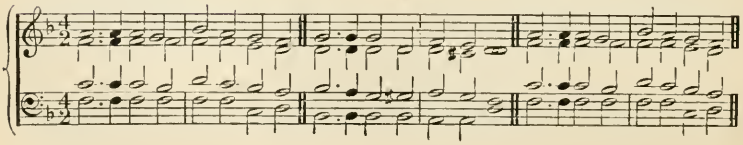
p 2 Silent through those three dread hours,
cr Wrestling with the evil powers,
dim Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
pp Till the Lamb of God may die.

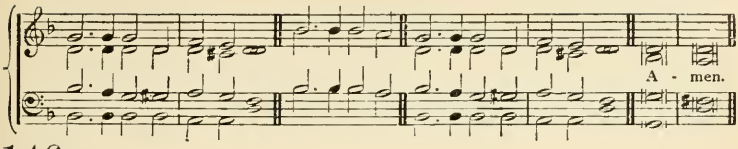
mf 3 Hark! that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud
cr Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—"Can it be?
dim Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

p 4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, Who once was thus bereft
cr That Thine own might ne'er be left—
Teach me by that bitter cry
mf In the gloom to know Thee nigh. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

ST. AUSTIN. 87.87.47.





146

f HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky;
p It is finished!
cr Hear the dying Saviour cry.

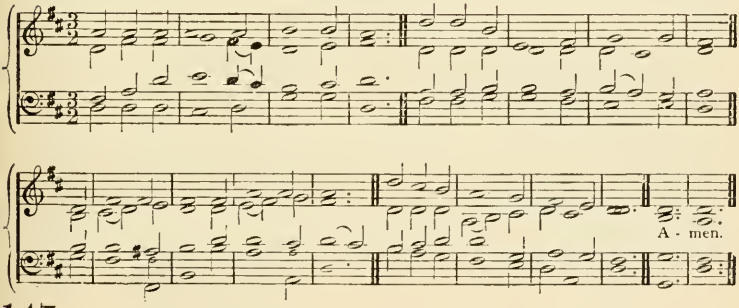
mf 2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
p It is finished!
cr Saints, the dying words record.

mf 3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law:
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
p It is finished!
cr Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

f 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the glorious theme,
cr All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
ff Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb. Amen.

J. EVANS.

RIVAULX. L. M. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



147

mf NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

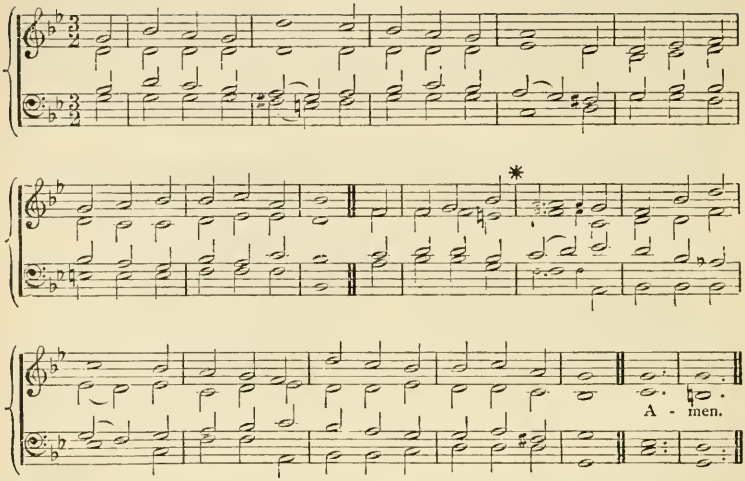
2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
dim Where Christ my Saviour loved and died!
cr Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

f 4 I would for ever speak His name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
ff With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne. Amen.

I. WATTS, *v.* 3 *L. & Chtd.*

VAUGHAN. 5 5 11. 5 5 11. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc



(* Small notes for v. 5.)

148

mf ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is: [His.
dim Come, see if there ever sorrow like

2 He dies to atone
For sins not His own;
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done.
Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive!"

3 For you and for me
He prayed on the tree:
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely, [deny.
And come for the pardon God cannot

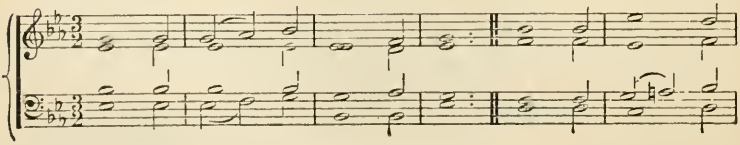
cr 4 My pardon I claim,
For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus' name.
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace: [my place.
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in

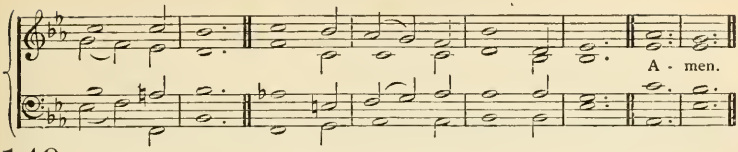
f 5 His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me.
My ransom He was
When He bled on the cross;
And by losing His life He hath carried my cause. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

14.—*HIS BURIAL AND DESCENT INTO HADES.*

LACRYMÆ. 7 7 7. ARTHUR. SULLIVAN.





149

p WEEPING as they go their way,
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
cr Late at even!—who are they?

2 These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursèd tree.

p 3 All is over—in the tomb
Sleeps He, 'mid its silent gloom,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

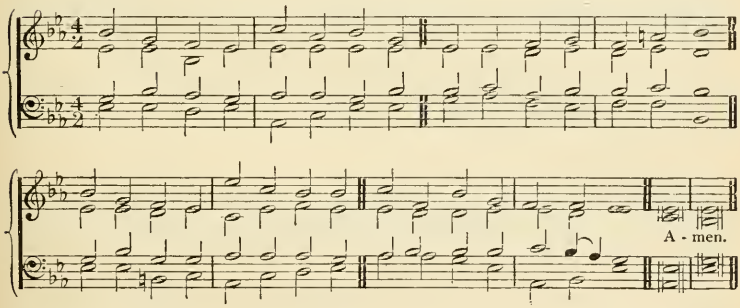
pp 4 All is over—fought the fight;
Heaviness is for a night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

cr 5 Leave we in the grave with Him,
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

f 6 Glory to the Lord Who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save. Amen.

W. S. RAYMOND, *v.* 3, *l.* 2 altd. G. THRING.

LACEBY. 8 7. 8 7 T. R. MATTHEWS.



150

p IT is finished! Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
How the Son of God can die.

2 Lifeless lies the broken Body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment:
Where is now the Spirit fled?

cr 3 In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.

4 See! He comes, a willing Victim,
Unresisting hither led;
Passing from the Cross of sorrow
To the mansions of the dead.

f 5 Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near;
All amazed they stand rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.

6 For Himself proclaims the story
Of His own Incarnate life,
And the death He died to save us,
Victor in that awful strife.

p 7 Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me, too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

W. D. MACLAGAN.

15.—*HIS RESURRECTION.*

EASTER HYMN. (*1st Tune.*) P.M. W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.

Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

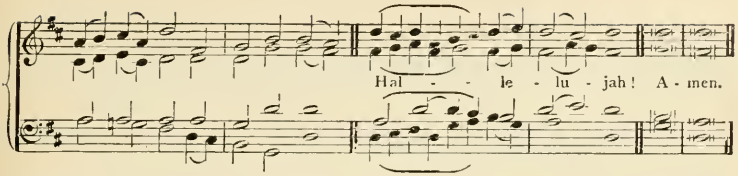
- lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

EASTER HYMN. (*2nd Tune.*) P.M. *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

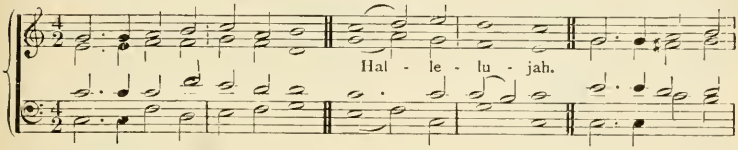
Hal - - le - lu - jah!

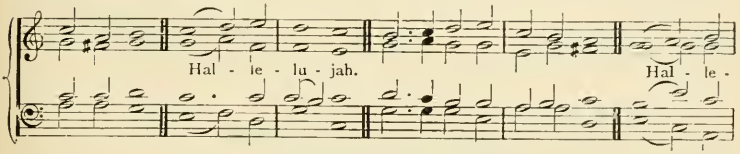
Hal - - le - lu - jah!

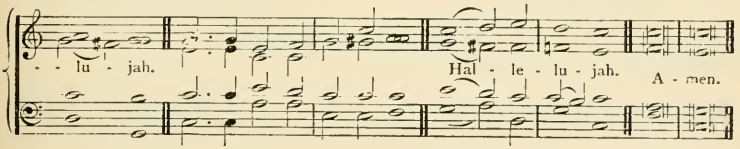
Hal - - - le - lu - jah!



ASCENSION. (*3rd Tune.*) P.M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.







151

f CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day.
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

f 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
p Once He died, our souls to save:
cr Where thy victory, O Grave?

mf 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
cr Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

ff 6 Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou! Amen.

C. WESLEY

SALVE FESTA DIES. (*1st Tune.*) 11 11.11 11.11. R. Brown-Borthwick.

Org.

A - men.

FORTUNATUS. (*2nd Tune.*) 11 11.11 11.11. Arthur Sullivan.

A - men.

152

f "WELCOME, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore! to age shall say.
ff "Welcome, happy morning!" age

[2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring, [turning King:
All good gifts returned with her re-
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough, [triumph now.
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His
ff Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
ff "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.]

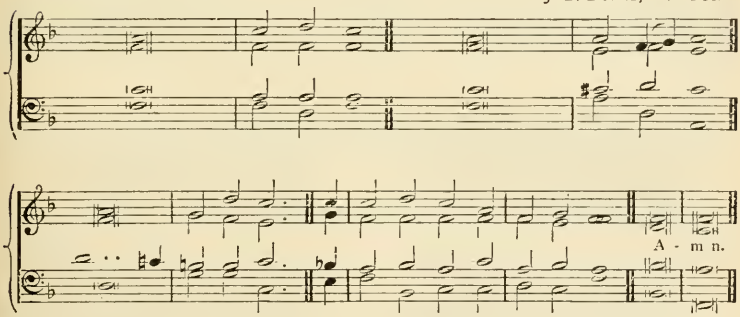
4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all, [nature's fall,
Thou from Heaven beholding human
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son, [put on.
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst
ff Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

p 5 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo, [strength to show;
Tread the path of darkness, saving
cr Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word; [O buried Lord!
'Tis Thine own third morning! Rise,
ff "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

mf 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
ff Hell to-day is vanquished! Heaven is won to-day! Amen.

V. FORTUNATUS, tr. J. ELLERTON.

EASTER CHANT. L. M. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



153

f LIGHT'S glittering morn bedecks the sky;
Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry;
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;

2 While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
And trampling down the powers of night, [light.
Brings forth His ransomed saints to

mf [3 His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred;
cr But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.]

4 The pains of hell are loosed at last;
The days of mourning now are past;
An angel robed in light hath said,
ff "The Lord is risen from the dead."

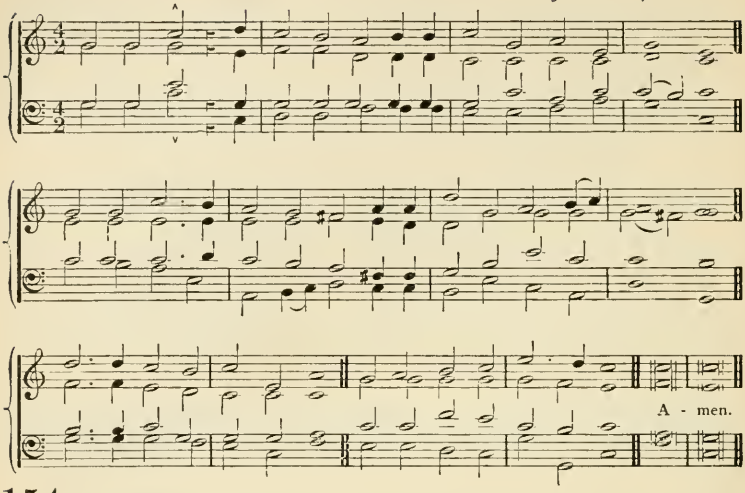
p 5 Jesu, the King of Gentleness,
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,
cr That we may give Thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.

mf 6 O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

ff 7 All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

LATIN, 6th CENTURY, tr. J. M. NEALE, altd.

ABCHURCH. 7 8 7 8.7 7. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.



154

f JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me;
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be my confidence.

mf 2 Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
I may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven:
God through Christ forgives offence;
cr This shall be my confidence.

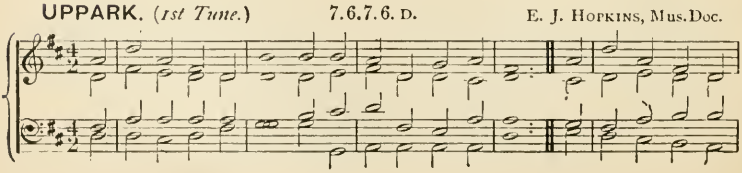
mp 3 Jesus lives! for me He died;
cr Hence will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving:
Freely God doth aid dispense;
This shall be my confidence.

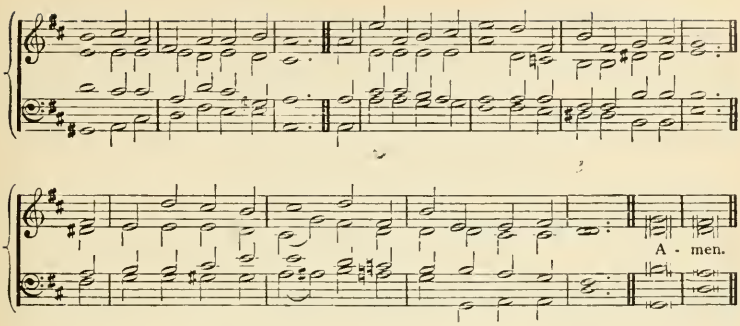
f 4 Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Nought from me His Love shall sever;
Life, nor Death, nor powers of hell,
Part me now from Christ for ever:
God will be a sure Defence;
This shall be my confidence.

f 5 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath,
p When I pass its gloomy portal:
Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
Lord, Thou art my Confidence. Amen.

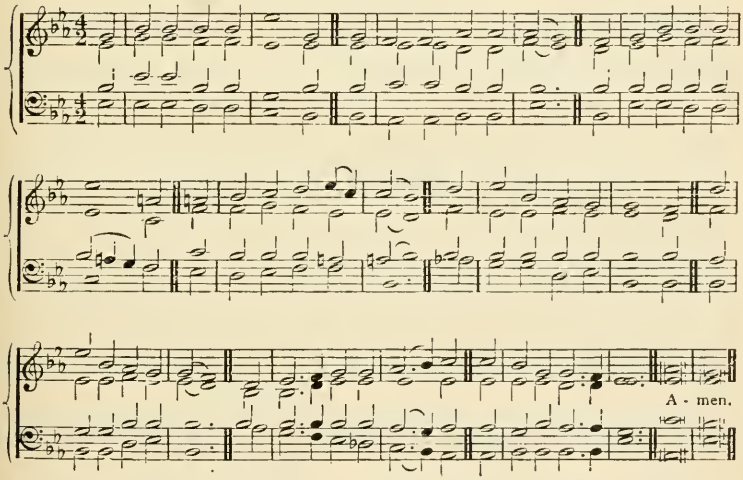
C. F. GELLERT, *tr.* F. E. COX.

UPPARK. (*1st Tune.*) 7.6.7.6. D. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.





GREENLAND. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. *Lausanne Psalter.*



155

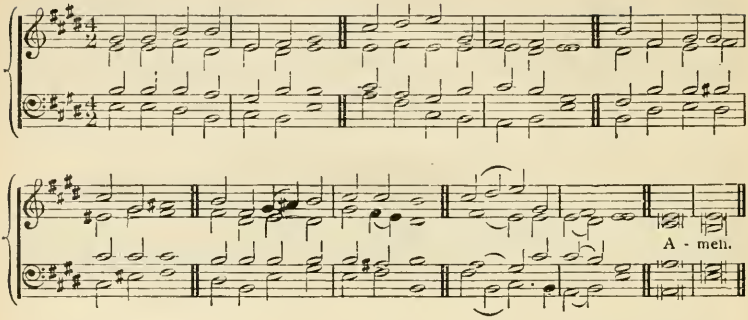
f THE Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God:
From Death to Life Eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
ff Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

mf 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-Light;
cr And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

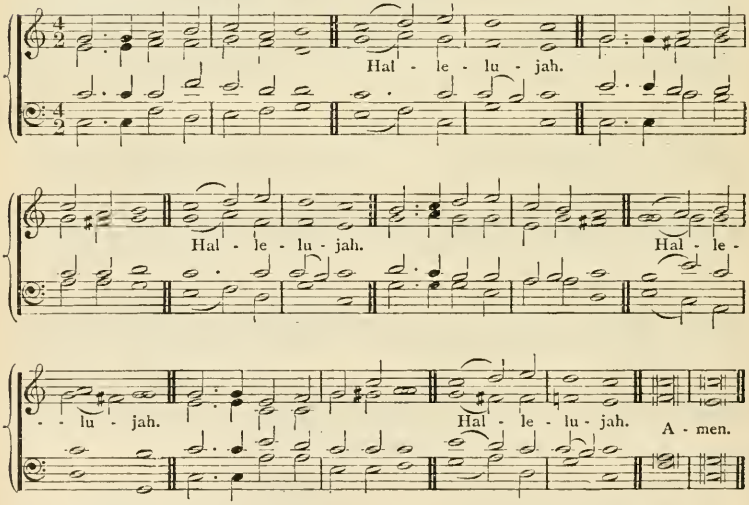
f Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
ff For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end. Amen.

J. DAMASCENUS, tr. J. M. NEALE.

WURTEMBURG. (*1st Tune.*) 7s. German.



ASCENSION. (*2nd Tune.*) P.M. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.



156

f CHRIST the Lord is risen again!
Christ hath broken every chain!
Hark, the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah.

mf 2 He Who gave for us His life.
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We too sing for joy and say:
Hallelujah.

pp 3 He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
cr Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Hallelujah.

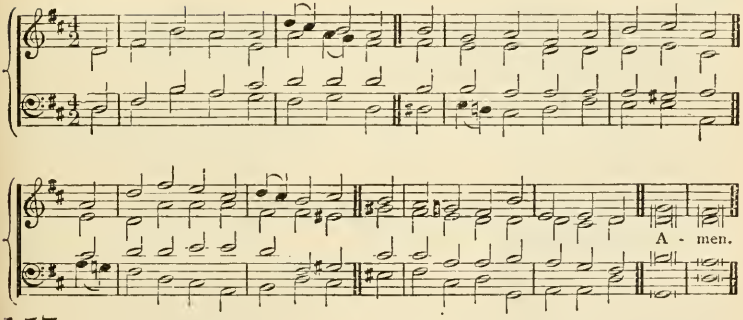
p 4 He Whose path no records tell,
Who descended into hell,
Who the strong man armed hath bound,
cr Now in highest heaven is crowned:
Hallelujah.

p 5 He Who slumbered in the grave,
mf Is exalted now to save;
f Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings!
Hallelujah.

mf 6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
cr That we all may sing for aye,
Hallelujah. Amen.

M. WEISSE, tr. C. WINKWORTH.

ALDIS. L. M. S. WEEKES, Mus. Bac., Cantab.



157

f NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
Tell loud the wonders He hath done.

2 Sing how He left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes He wore above;
How swift and joyful was His flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

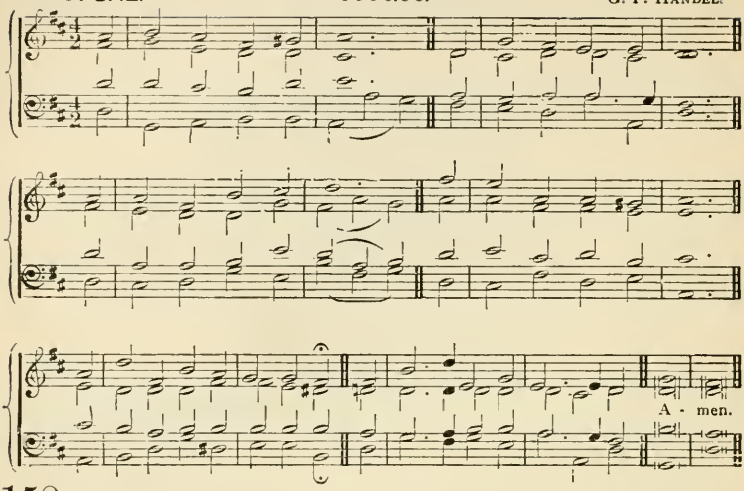
p 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The almighty Captive prisoner lay;
f The almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to His throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of His face.

ff 5 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains. Amen.

I. WATTS.

GOPSAL. 6 6 6 6.8 8. G. F. HANDEL.



158

mf YES! the redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hell'ish foes
High raised His conquering head;
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sank away.

p 2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

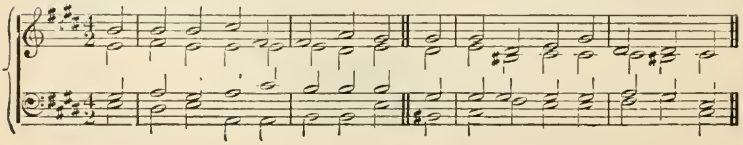
f 3 Then back to Heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear.
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—
Jesus, Who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day.

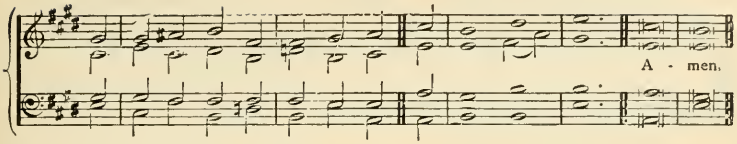
4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry,—
Jesus, Who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.

ff 5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood;
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

SOMERCOTES. 8 8 8.4. T. R. MATTHEWS.





159

mf HAIL, holy day, most blest, most dear!
When death's dark region, sad and drear,
Those strange mysterious sounds did hear,
cres "The Lord is risen."

f 2 The Holy Captive's bonds are riven,
To Him the keys of death are given;
Be glad, O earth, and shout, O heaven,
"The Lord is risen."

mp 3 Shall this triumphant theme inspire
Each angel's song, each seraph's lyre,
cres And I not sing with such a choir
f "The Lord is risen"?

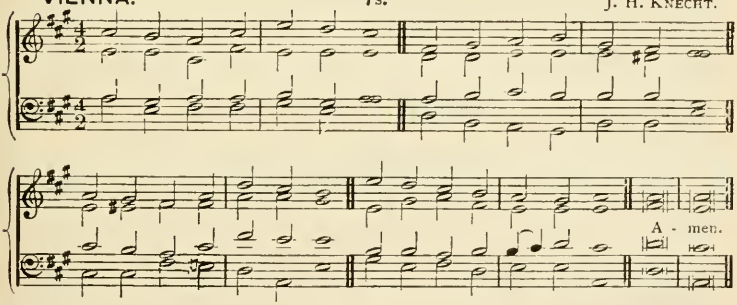
p 4 Yet not for them His life He gave;
He did not die their souls to save;
It is for man that from the grave
cres "The Lord is risen."

p 5 For man He left His glorious throne,
For man to death's dark realm went down;
cres And now to heaven, for man alone,
f "The Lord is risen." Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

16.—*HIS ASCENSION.*

VIENNA. 7s. J. H. KNECHT.



160

f HAIL the day that sees Him rise
To His throne above the skies;
p Christ, awhile to mortals given,
f Re-ascends His native heaven.

ff 2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

f 3 Him though highest heaven receives,
p Still He loves the earth He leaves;
f Though returning to His throne,
p Still He calls mankind His own.

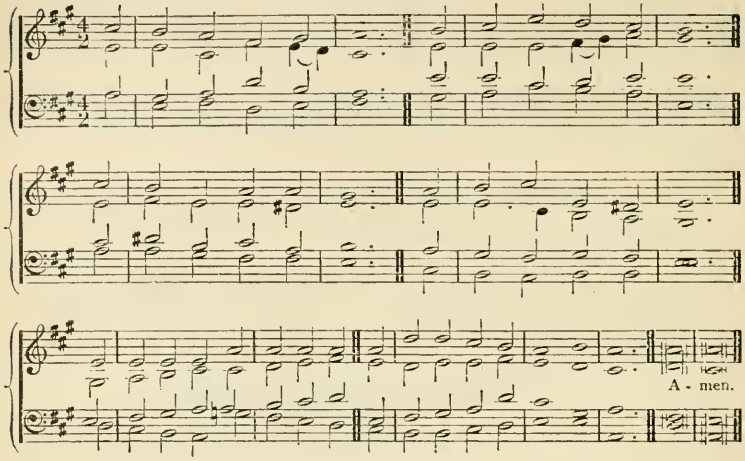
mp 4 See! He lifts His hands above;
See! He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads,
Prevalent He intercedes,
cres Near Himself prepares our place,
f Firstfruits of the human race.

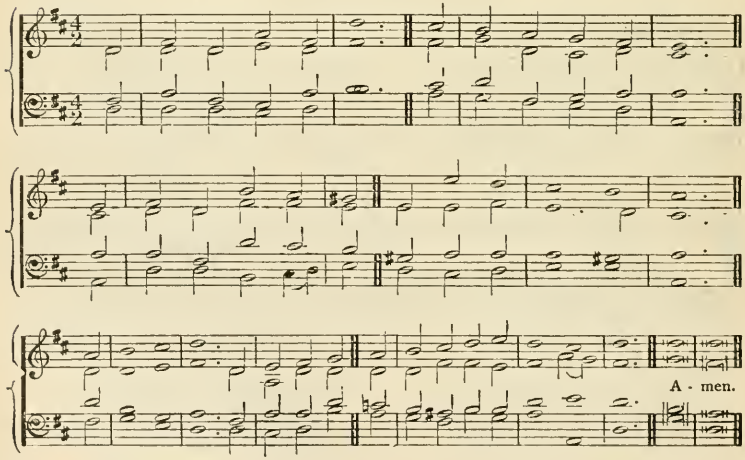
cr 6 Lord, though parted from our sight
f High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
ff Following Thee above the skies. Amen.

C. WESLEY, *v.* 1, *l.* 2, *v.* 2, *l.* 1, *v.* 5, *l.* 4, *v.* 6, *l.* 4 altd.

ST. GODRIC. (*1st Tune.*) 6 6 6 6. 8 8. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



DARWELL. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 6 6 6. 8 8. J. DARWELL.



161

f GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise:
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys.
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

f 2 God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love.
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

f 3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

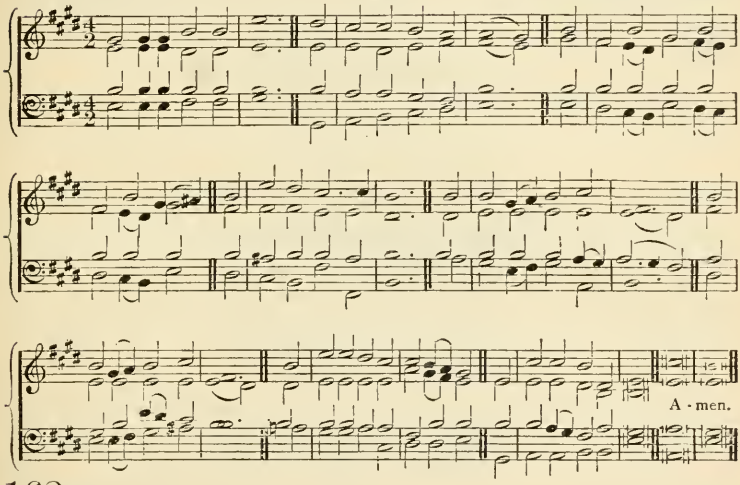
mf 4 High on His holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath His feet
dim Shall sink and die away:
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

mf 5 His foes and ours are one,—
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in:
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

mf 6 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
cr With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join;
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

CORONÆ. S.M.D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



162

f THOU hast gone up on high!
Triumphant o'er the grave,
And captive led captivity,
Thy ransomed ones to save.
Thou hast gone up on high!
dim Oh! help us to ascend,
cr And There, with Thee continually
In heart and spirit blend.

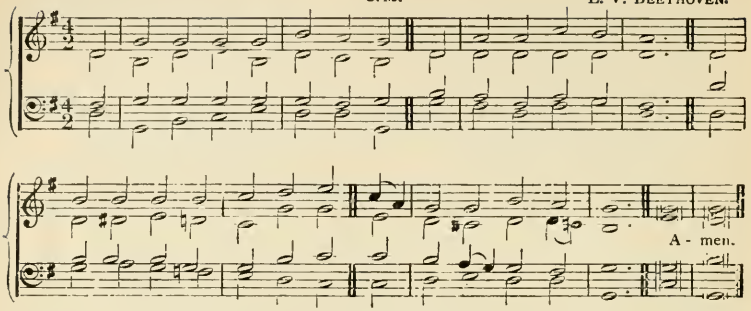
f 2 Thou art gone up on high!
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
p But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Oh! let the Comforter be near,
To lead us to our rest.

f [3 Thou art gone up on high!
dim But Thou didst first come down,
p Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown.
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be,
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.]

f 4 Thou art gone up on high!
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant on Thy train.
Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

EMMA TOKE.

EMMANUEL. C. M. L. V. BEETHOVEN.



163

f THE golden gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

mf 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

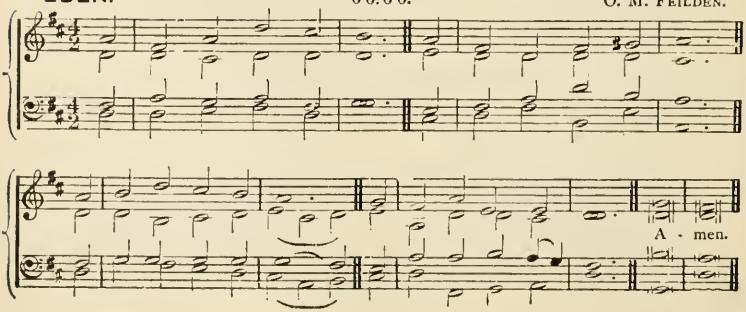
cr 3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

f 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
dim That, while we linger yet below,
cr Our treasure be in Heaven.

f 5 That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell now in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee. Amen.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

EDEN. 6 6. 6 6. O. M. FEILDEN.



164

f THOU hast gone up again,
Thou Who didst first come down,
Thou hast gone up to reign,
Gone up, from Cross to Crown.

2 Beyond the opening sky
No more Thy face we see;
Yet draw our souls on high,
That we may dwell with Thee.

3 Up to those regions blest,
Where faith has fullest sway;
Up to Thine endless rest,
Up to Thy cloudless day.

mf [4 Up to that glowing life,
Up to that perfect peace,
Unvexed by doubt or strife,
dim Where care and conflict cease,

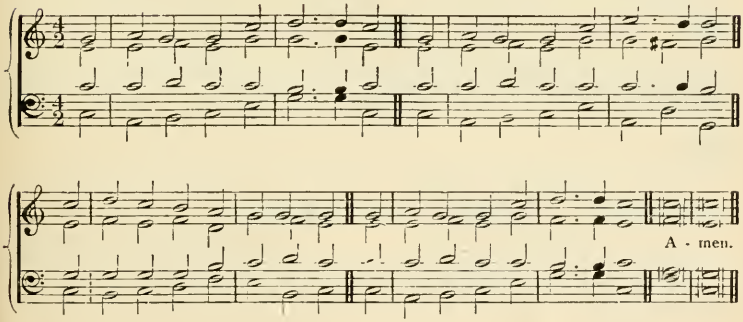
cr 5 Up, up to where Thou art,
Fount of unwasting Love;
f Up to that mighty Heart,
ff All its great power to prove.]

mp 6 Not now for distant Heaven
Or future life we pray;
Lord, let Thy grace be given
To make us Thine to-day.

p 7 Here hold us in Thy hand,
Here by the Spirit guide;
cr So shall our hearts ascend,
And still with Thee abide. Amen.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

LAUDS. L M. R. REDHEAD.



165

f OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

mf 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
ff Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

f 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
ff He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

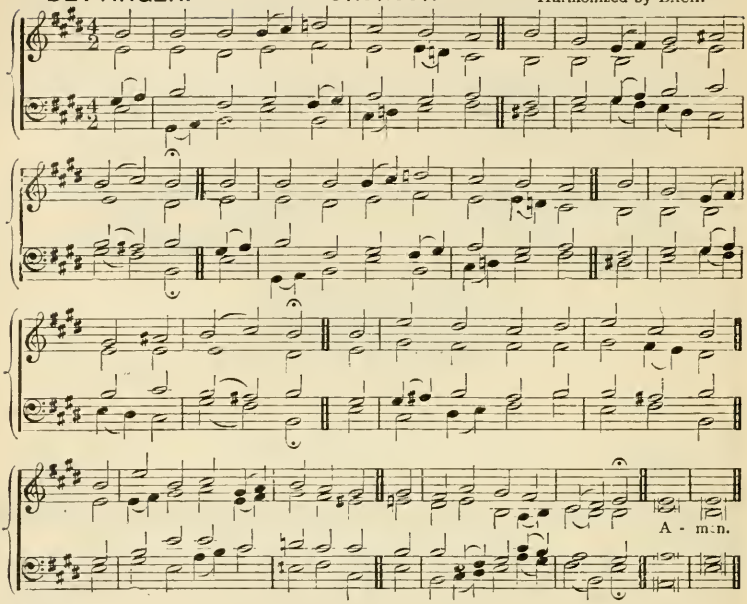
mp 4 Who is the King of Glory? who?
f The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

mf 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
ff Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

mp 6 Who is the King of Glory? who?
ff The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

DETTINGEN. 87.87.887. Melody of the 15th Century. Harmonized by BACH.



166

mf LET God arise, and let His foes
Be scattered now before Him;
Let all on Him with joy repose,
p In worship who adore Him.
cr Before the Lord let them rejoice,
f And in His praise lift up their voice
Who rideth on the Heavens.

mf 2 When Thou, O God, Thy flock didst guide,
Earth shook at Thy descending:
When Thou on Sinai didst abide,
The rocks beneath were rending.
Thou, Lord, didst send a plenteous rain,
And didst Thy heritage sustain,
Their weariness refreshing.

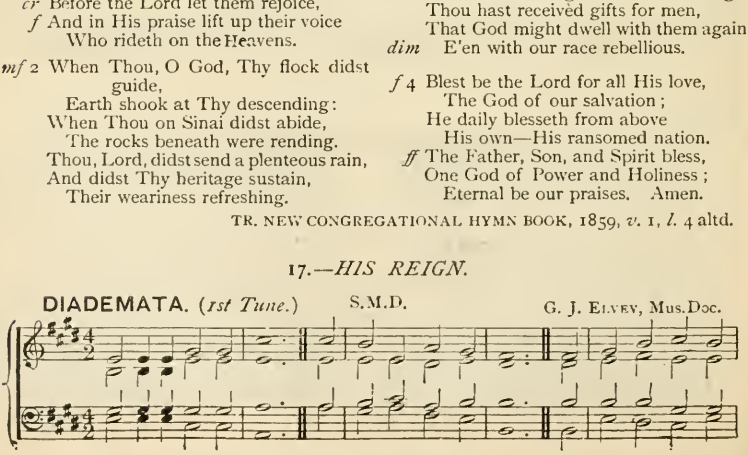
f 3 Thou hast gone up, O God, on high,
With angel hosts attending;
Thou captive ledd'st captivity.
To Heaven's high throne ascending
Thou hast received gifts for men,
That God might dwell with them again;
dim E'en with our race rebellious.

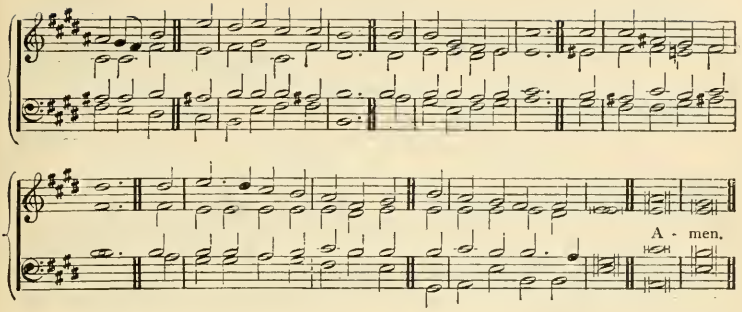
f 4 Blest be the Lord for all His love,
The God of our salvation;
He daily blesseth from above
His own—His ransomed nation.
ff The Father, Son, and Spirit bless,
One God of Power and Holiness;
Eternal be our praises. Amen.

TR. NEW CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK, 1859, *v.* 1, *l.* 4 altd.

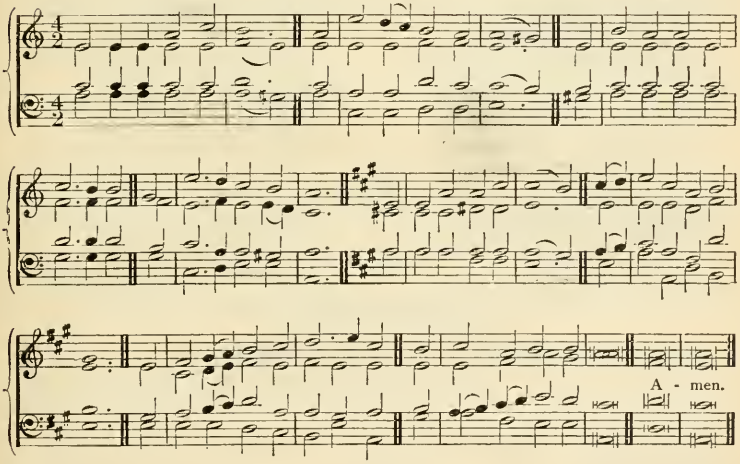
17.—*HIS REIGN.*

DIADEMATA. (*1st Tune.*) S.M.D. G. J. ELVEY, Mus.Doc.





CORONAMENTO. (*2nd Tune.*) D. S. M. J. WALCH.



167

f CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
p Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
cr And hail Him as thy chosen King
Through all eternity.

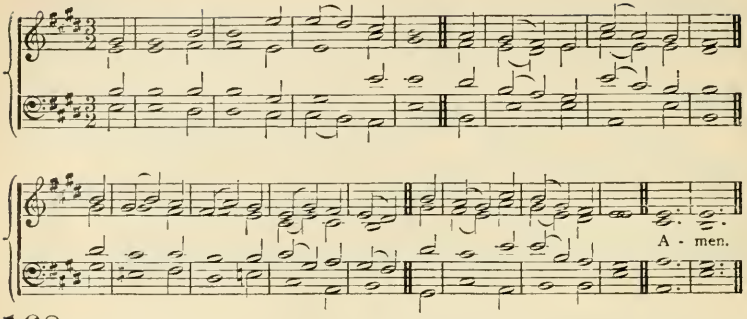
mf 2 Crown Him, the Lord of Love!
p Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich Wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
pp No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

mf [3 Crown Him, the Lord of Peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole—that wars may cease,
dim Absorbed in prayer and praise:
cr His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced Feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.]

ff 4 Crown Him, the Lord of Heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit, through Him given,
From yonder glorious throne!
f All hail! Redeemer, hail!
p For Thou hast died for me:
ff Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

M. BRIDGES.

PHILIPPI. C.M. S. WESLEY



168

mf BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our Great Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels round His throne
In countless armies shine;
At His right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

f [3 Hail, Prince!—they cry,—for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above.

p 4 Whilst He did condescend on earth
To suffer rude disdain,
cr They cast their honours at His feet,
And waited in His train.]

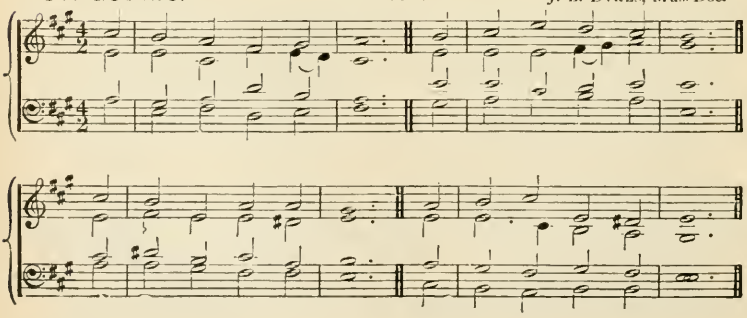
5 Through all His travels here below,
They did His steps attend;
p Oft gazed and wondered where at last
The scene of love would end.

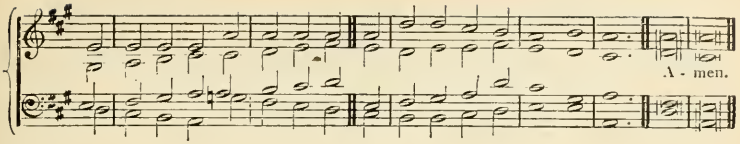
pp 6 They saw His heart, transfixed with wounds,
With love and grief run o'er:
f They saw Him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

7 They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne;
ff Spread their triumphant wings and cried,—
The glorious work is done! Amen.

J. FANCH, *v.* 1, *l.* 1, *v.* 6, *l.* 2, *v.* 7, *l.* 3 altd

ST. GODRIC. 6 6 6 6. 8 8. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.





169

f REJOICE, the Lord is King:
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

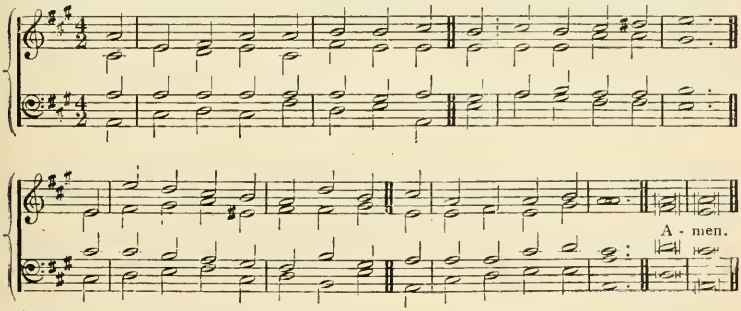
f 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
p When He had purged our stains,
cr He took His seat above.
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

f 3 His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

f 4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

cr 5 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
f We soon shall hear the archangel's voice
ff The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice.
Amen. C. WESLEY.

ST. NATHANIEL. C.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



170

mp THE head that once was crowned with thorns
f Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

ff 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

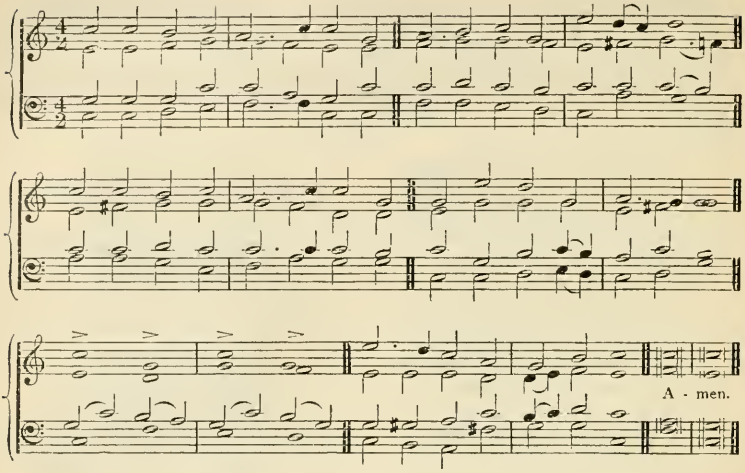
mf 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know:

p 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
cr With all its grace, is given;
f Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

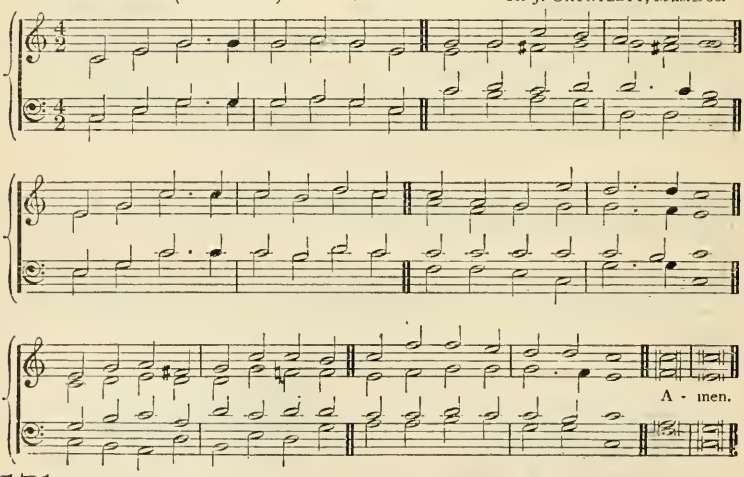
p 5 They suffer with their Lord below;
f They reign with Him above;
mf Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
f His people's hope, His people's wealth
Their everlasting theme. Amen.
T. KELLY.

EDLINGHAM. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87.47. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



TRIUMPH. (*2nd Tune.*) 87.87.47. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



171

f LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious:
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious:
Every knee to Him shall bow.
ff Crown Him, crown Him:
Crowns become the victor's brow.

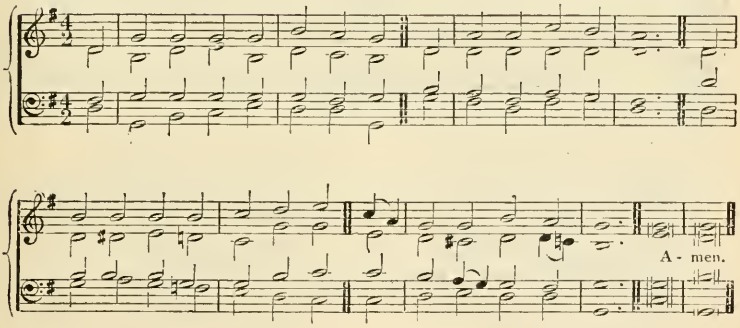
f 2 Crown the Saviour, angels! crown Him.
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
ff Crown Him, crown Him:
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

p 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
f Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
ff Crown Him, crown Him:
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

f 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
ff Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords! Amen.

T. KELLY.

EMMANUEL. C.M. L. V. BEETHOVEN.



172

f O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace.

mf 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
dim At humble distance bow.

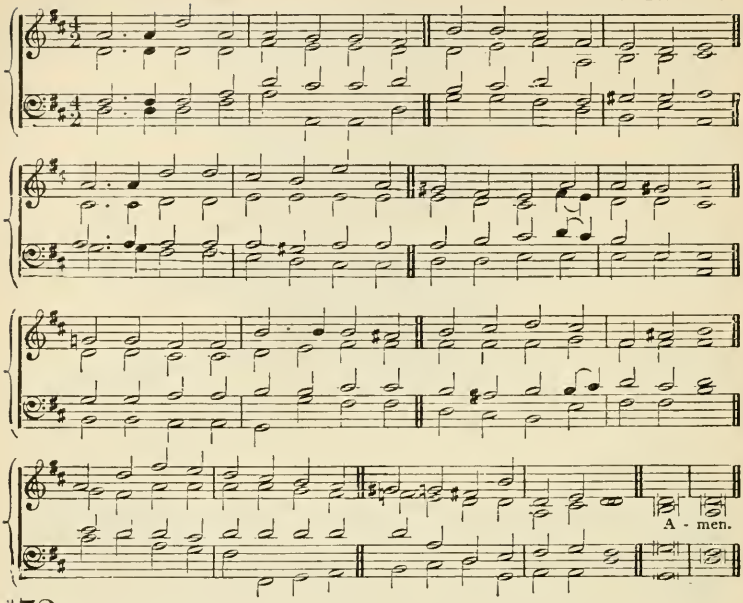
3 Princes to His imperial Name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
f Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see Him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound His lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
dim Submissive at His feet.

p 5 His head, the dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
f See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

6 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
ff But when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.
Amen. I. WATTS.

LUX EOI. 87.87. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



173

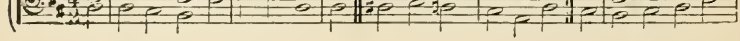
mf HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring:
p Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
cr By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name!

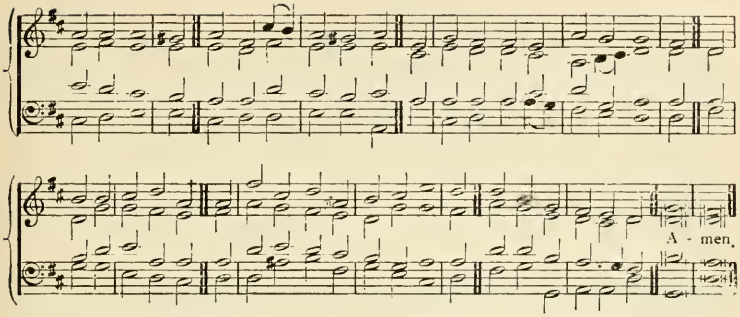
mf 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid
cr By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
f All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
p Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

f 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
cr There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

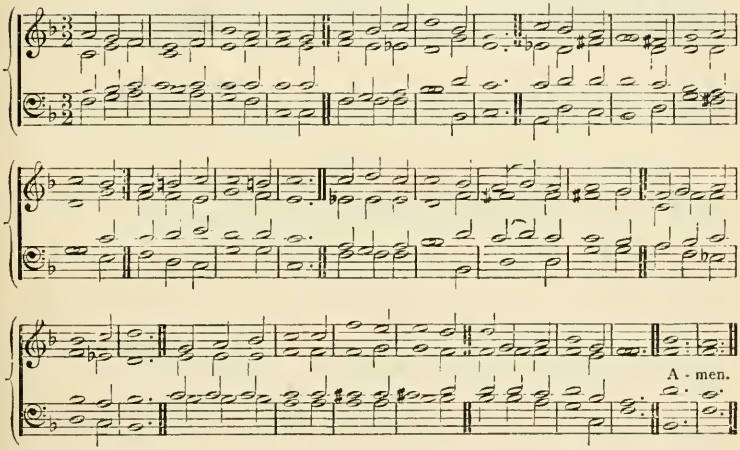
f 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
ff Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!
Amen. J. BAKEWELL.

WATFORD. (*1st Tune.*) 9 6.9 6. D. German Chorale.





ST. FAITH'S. (*2nd Tune.*) 9 6. 9 6 D. E. BUNNETT, MUS. DOC.



174

mp OH, show me not my Saviour dying,
As on the Cross He bled,
cr Nor in the tomb, a Captive lying,
f For He has left the dead.
Then bid me not that form extended
For my Redeemer own,
ff Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.

p 2 Weep not for Him at Calvary's station!
Weep only for thy sins;
cr View where He lay with exultation;
'Tis there our hope begins.
Yet stay not there, thy sorrow feeding
Amid the scenes He trod;
Look up and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

f [3 Still in the shameful Cross I glory,
dim Where His dear blood was spilt;
For there the great Propitiatory
Abolished all my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succour give?
f He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
Therefore His servants live.]

4 By death, He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave;
cr Rising, the triumph He completed,
He lives, He reigns to save. [Him:
Heaven's happy myriads bow before
He comes, the Judge of men;
ff These eyes shall see Him and adore Him;
Lord Jesus! own me then. Amen.

J. CONDER.

CORINTH. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87. D. S. WEBBE.

A - men.

SHARNBROOK. (*2nd Tune.*) 87.87. D. B. C. WAINWRIGHT.

A - men.

175

mf COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us:
Let us find our rest in Thee.
f Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art:
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

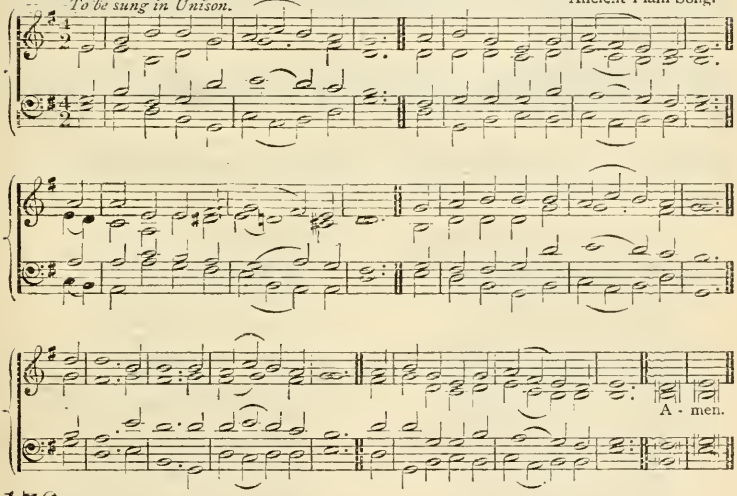
cr 2 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring;
mf By Thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
f By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

18.—*HIS SECOND ADVENT AND JUDGMENT.*

VENI EMMANUEL. L.M., with Refrain.

To be sung in Unison. Ancient Plain Song.



176

mf O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
p That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
ff Rejoice, rejoice: Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

mp 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
cr And give them victory o'er the grave.
ff Rejoice, rejoice: Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.]

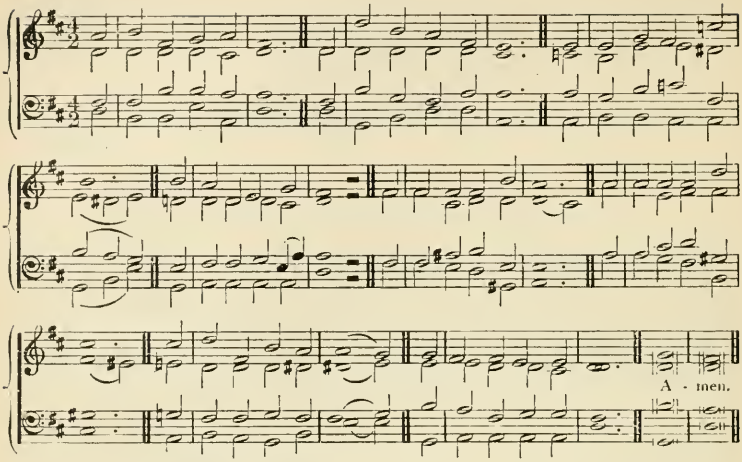
mf 3 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
ff Rejoice, rejoice: Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

mf 4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
ff Rejoice, rejoice: Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

mf 5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
ff Rejoice, rejoice: Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel. Amen.

LATIN, 12th CENTURY, tr. by J. M. NEALE, altd. by COMPILERS OF "HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN."

EVINGTON. 6 6.6 6. D. A. LOWE.



177

f LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
dim Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky;
cr The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf;
dim Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

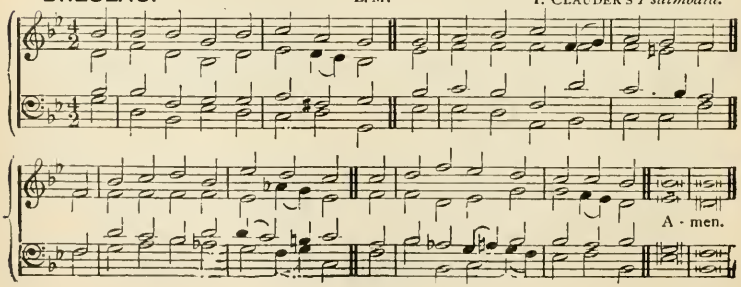
f 2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
mf Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

f 3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
mf O, note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky;
The God of glory comes,
dim In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
cr To succour and to smite.

mf 4 He comes the wide world's King,
He comes the true heart's Friend,
cr New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;
He comes to fill with light
The weary waiting eye:
f Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh. Amen.

T. T. LYNCH

BRESLAU. L. M. I. CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia.*



178

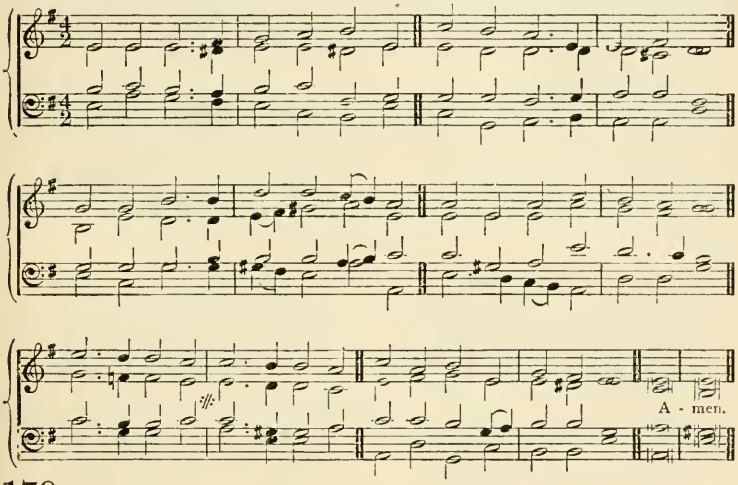
mf WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
He took our nature poor and low;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

mf 2 But when He cometh back once more,
There shall be set the great white throne;
cr And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

mp 3 O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead,
O Son of Man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed;

mp 4 Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power,
cr In that great day of judgment save.
Amen. C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

RAMAH. 87.87.47. Ancient Jewish Melody.



179

f LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
ff Hallelujah!
God appears, on earth to reign!

mp 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
p Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the Tree,
pp Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

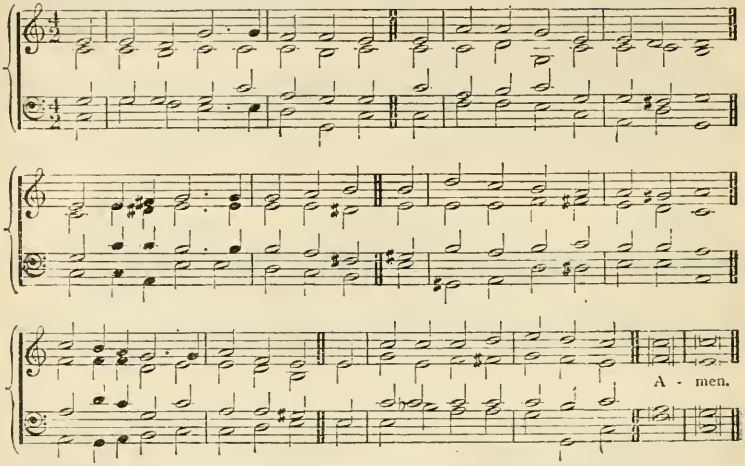
mp 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
p All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
ff Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

f 4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

ff 5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O, come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come! Amen.

Variation by M. MADAN from C. WESLEY and J. CENNICK.

PENIEL. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. Booth.



180

mp O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
cr O quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve, when Thou art near.

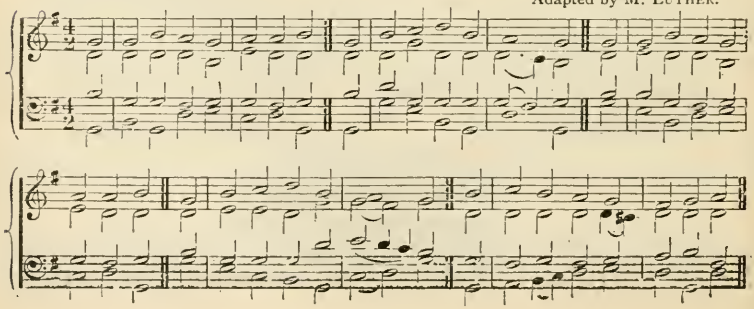
mp 2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
cr O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

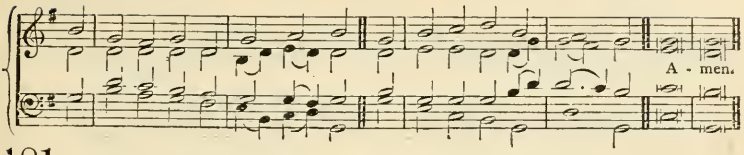
mp 3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
cr O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

mp 4 O quickly come, true Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
cr O quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

Amen. L. Tuttiett.

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8 7. 8 7. 8 8 7. J. Klug's *Gesangbuch*, 1535. Adapted by M. Luther.





181

f GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
ff The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
dim Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

mf 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
cr Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
f With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

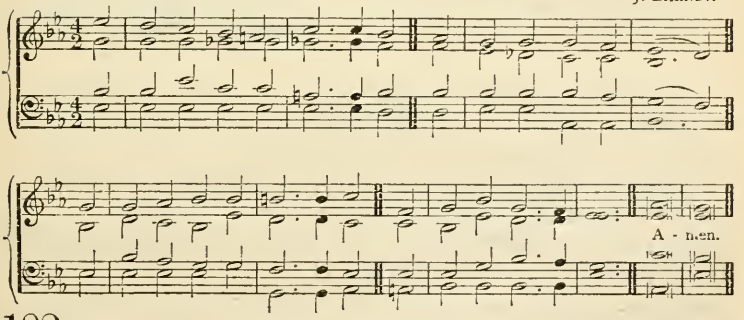
mf 3 Far over space, through distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing;
The ungodly rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
p The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before His throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

mf 4 Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
cr The Judge of all men doth appear,
f On clouds of glory seated!
p Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
cr And thus prepare to meet Him.
Amen.

v. 1 Anon. based on B. RINGWALDT; *vv.* 2,3 W. B. COLLYER, *v.* 2 altd. T. COTTERILL; *v.* 3 altd. Anon.

HOLY TRINITY.

C.M. J. BARNBY.



182

f ALL faded is the glowing light
That once from heaven shone,
When startled shepherds in the night
The angels came upon.

mp 2 O, shine again, ye angel host,
And say that He is near;
Though but a simple few at most
Believe He will appear.

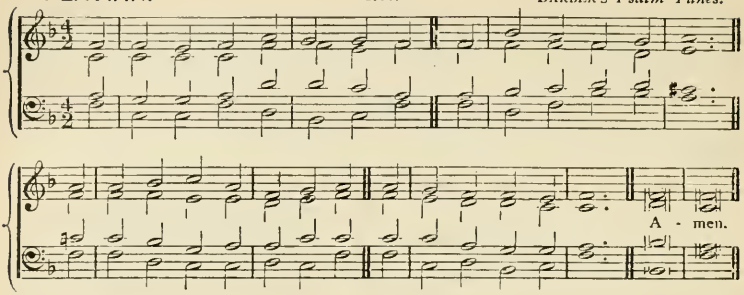
mp 3 Ye heavens, that have been growing dark,
Now also are ye dumb;
When shall the listeners say, "Hark,
They're singing—He will come"?

mf 4 Lord, come again, O, come again,
Come even as Thou wilt;
But not anew to suffer pain,
And strive with human guilt.

mf 5 O, come again, Thou mighty King,
Let earth Thy glory see;
And let us hear the angels sing,
"He comes with victory." Amen.

T. T. LYNCH.

FLAVIAN. C.M. BARBER'S *Psalm Tunes.*



183

f THE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

mf 2 Mercy and truth that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
dim Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

mf 3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower.
Look down on mortal men.

mp 4 Rise, Lord, judge Thou the earth in might,
This longing earth redress;
cr For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

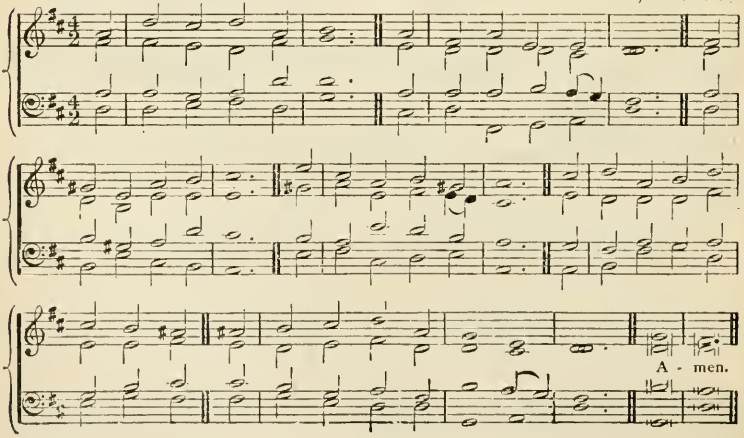
mf 5 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
dim To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.

f 6 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone. Amen.

CENTO from J. MILTON, *v.* 4, *l.* 2 altd.

19.—*HIS NAMES, MEDIATORIAL TITLES, AND OFFICES.*

CROFT'S 148th. 6 6.6 6.8 8. W. CROFT, Mus:Doc.



184

mf JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

f 2 But oh! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach His heavenly grace!
cr Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

mf 3 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy Name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
cr The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

f 4 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide,
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near Thy side:
p O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

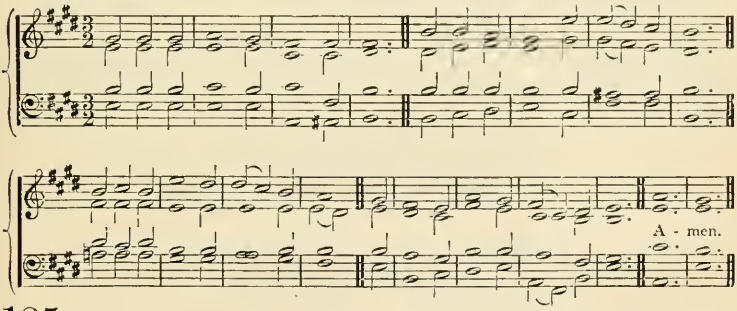
mf [5 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep:
cr He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.]

mf 6 Jesus, my great High Priest,
p Offered His blood, and died;
cr My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
f His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

mf 7 My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
dim Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet. Amen.

I. WATTS.

MARYTON. L.M. H. PERCY SMITH.



185

mf ONE Lord there is, all lords above;
His name is Truth, His name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

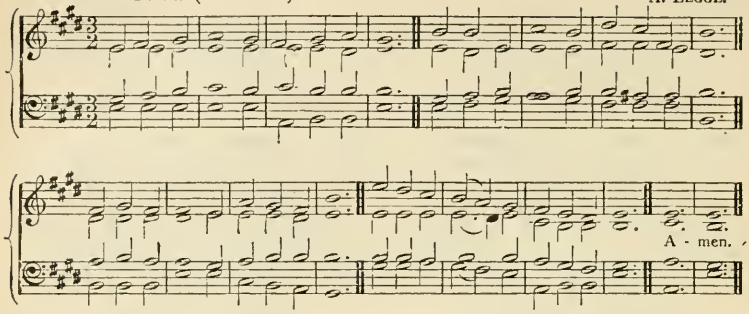
mf 2 But ah! to Wrong, what is His name?
This Lord is a consuming flame
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

f 3 Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!
dim Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

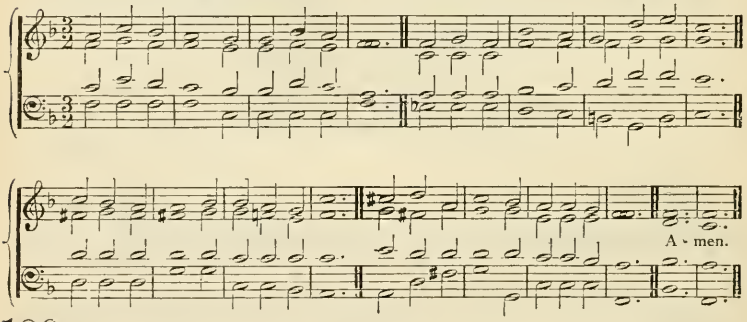
p 4 If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies; [hate;
With things that harm, and things that
And roam by night, and miss the gate—

mf 5 The happy gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
cr And Love and Law are both the same,
f Named with an Everlasting Name.
Amen. W. B. RANDS

THEODORA. (*1st Tune.*) 9 9.9 9. A. LEGGE.



SALVATOR AMICUS. (*2nd Tune.*) 9 9.9 9. C. E. KETTLE.



186

mf REST of the weary, Joy of the sad;
p Hope of the dreary, (*f*) Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger, Strength to the end;
cr Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

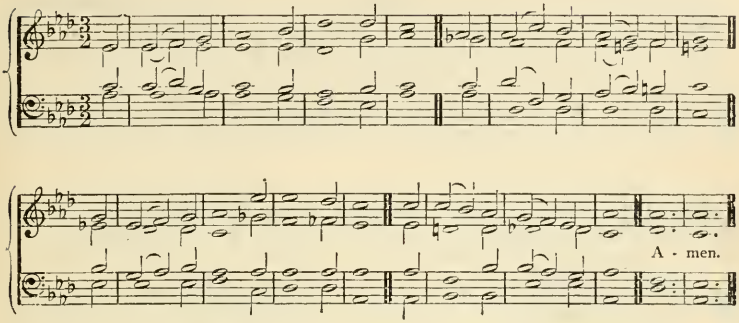
mp 2 Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
p Peace of the dying, (*f*) Life of the dead;
cr Path of the lowly, Prize at the end;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

mp 3 When my feet stumble, to Thee I'll cry,
Crown of the humble, (*f*) Cross of the high;
cr When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

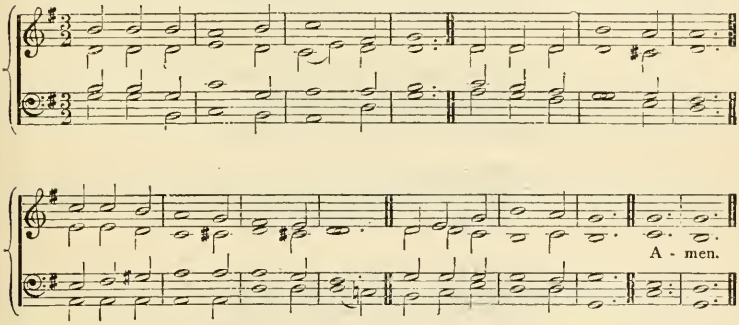
mf 4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
cr Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise;
All my endeavour, world without end,
f Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

JAZER. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. A. E. TOZER.



ST. AGNES. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. J. B. DYKES, MUS.DOC.



187

mf HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
p It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
cr And drives away his fear.

p 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

mf 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

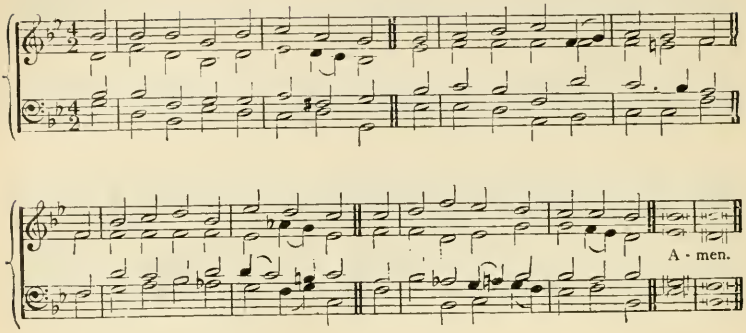
f 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

mp 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
cr But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought:

mf 6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
dim Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

J. NEWTON, *v.* 4, *l.* 1. altd.

BRESLAU. L. M. I. CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia.*



188

mf O CHRIST, our true and only Light,
Illumine those who sit in night,
cr Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

p 2 And all who else have strayed from Thee,
Oh gently seek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
cr And let them also share Thy heaven.

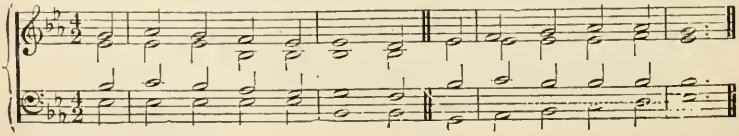
p 3 Oh make the deaf to hear Thy word,
cr And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord.
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
p Though secretly they hold it now.

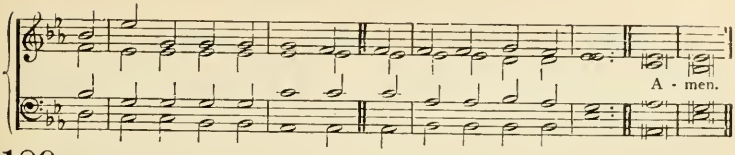
mp 4 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold,
cr Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

f 5 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
ff And endless praise to Thee be given
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven. Amen.

J. HEERMANN, tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

SACRIFICE. 7 6.7 6. H. LAHEE.





189

mf O JESUS, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very Name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.

mf 2 It woke our wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew our harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

p 3 How oft to sure destruction
Our feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of our way.

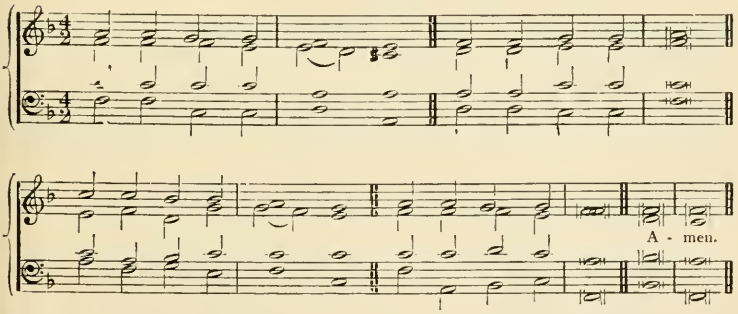
p 4 How oft in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy Hand has gently raised us,
And healing balm poured in.

mf 5 Thy Voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make us bold:
O bring us all together
To Thine eternal fold.

mf 6 O Shepherd good! we follow
And trust in Thee for all,
To guide us and to feed us,
f And raise us when we fall. Amen.

L. TUTTIETT.

BEMERTON. 65.65. F. FILITZ.



190

p JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

mf 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

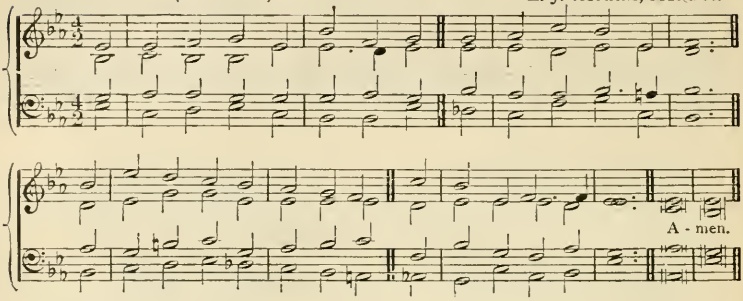
f 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

mf 4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through earth's passing darkness
To Heaven's endless day.

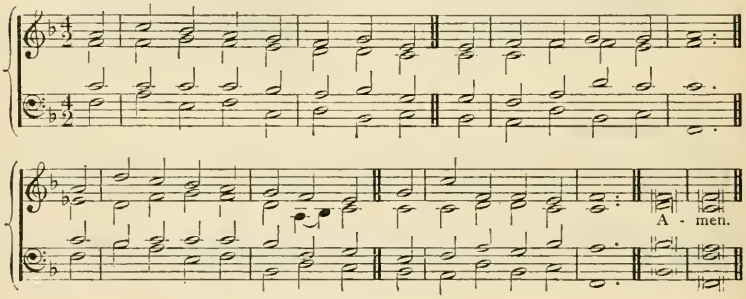
p 5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

G. R. PRYNNE.

ST. HUGH. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



ALBANO. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. V. NOVELLO.



191

PART I.

f [IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never ebbing sea!

mf 2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.]

mf 3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

mp 4 But warm, sweet, tender even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

mp 5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

mp 6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
dim The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

mf 7 O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

PART II.

mf O LORD and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

mf 2 Thou judgest us: Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

mp 3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

cp 4 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
cr We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

mf 5 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

mf 6 Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God.

PART III.

mp WE faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
cr But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
f The Light, the Truth, the Way!

p 2 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

mf 3 Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving Name is given;
p To turn aside from Thee is hell,
f To walk with Thee is heaven!

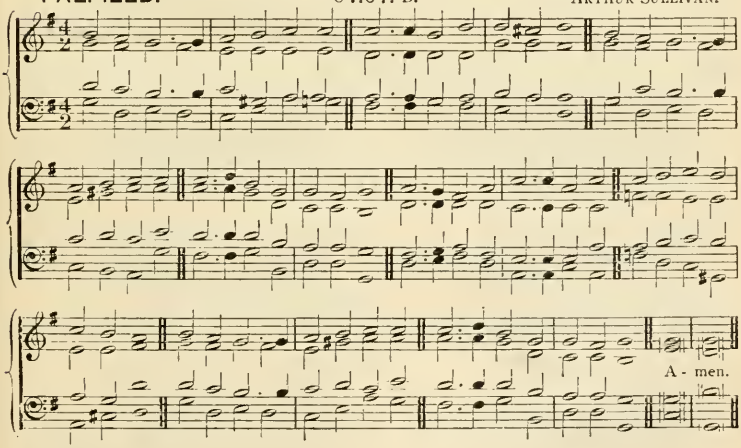
mf 4 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

mp 5 Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
cr Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.

f 6 The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise,
Its faith and hopes Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise! Amen.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FALFIELD. 87.87. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



192

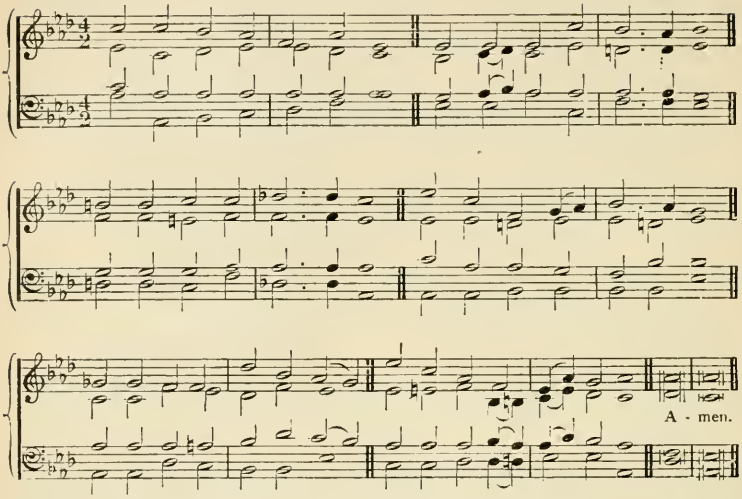
mf LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

mp 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing:
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
Come and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransomed race:
cr Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel grace.

mp 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation;
Give the pardon of our sins.
cr By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
p Guide into Thy perfect peace Amen.

C. WESLEY.

GLASTONBURY. 7s., 6 lines. J. B. Dykes, Mus.Doc.



193

f GOD the Father's only Son,
Yet with Him in Glory One,
One in wisdom, One in might,
Absolute and Infinite:
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Thou art Lord and God to me.

mf [2 Preacher of eternal peace,
Christ, anointed to release,
Setting wide the dungeon door,
Unto sinners chained before:
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Prophet sent from God to me.

mp 3 Low in sad Gethsemane,
High on dreadful Calvary,
In the garden, on the Cross,
Making good our utter loss:
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Priest and Sacrifice for me.]

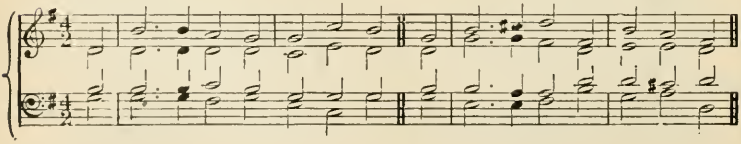
mf 4 Ruler of Thy ransomed race,
And Protector by Thy grace,
Leader in the way we wend,
And Rewarder at the end:
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Christ, the King of kings to me.

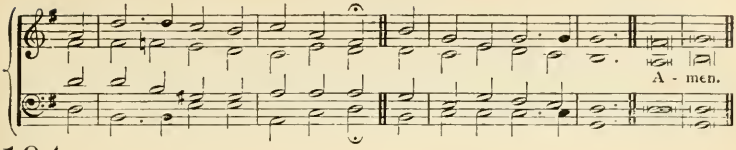
mp 5 Light revealed through clouds of pain,
That the blind may see again;
Love, content in death to lie,
That the dead might never die:
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Light, and Love, and Life to me.

mf 6 All that I am fain to know,
While I watch and wait below;
cr All that I would find a love,
All of everlasting love,
f Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Thou art all in all to me. Amen.

S. J. STONE.

TIDESWELL. 8 8 8.6. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.





194

mf O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
dim That Thou wilt plead for me!

mf 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
dim Then, Saviour plead for me!

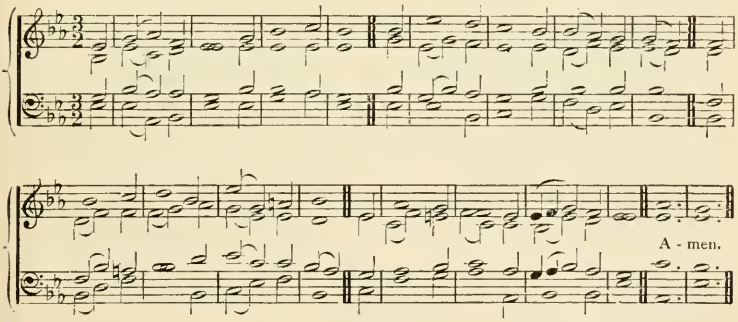
p 3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

p 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
cr Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
f And plead, O plead for me!

pp 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear
cr Then to my fainting sight appear,
f Pleading in heaven for me!

mf 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
cr Say Thou hast washed them all away;
f O say, Thou plead'st for me!
Amen. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. E. MILLER, Mus. Doc.



195

mf WHERE high the heavenly Temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

mf 2 He Who for men their Surety stood,
p And poured on earth His precious Blood,
cr Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
f The Saviour and the Friend of man.

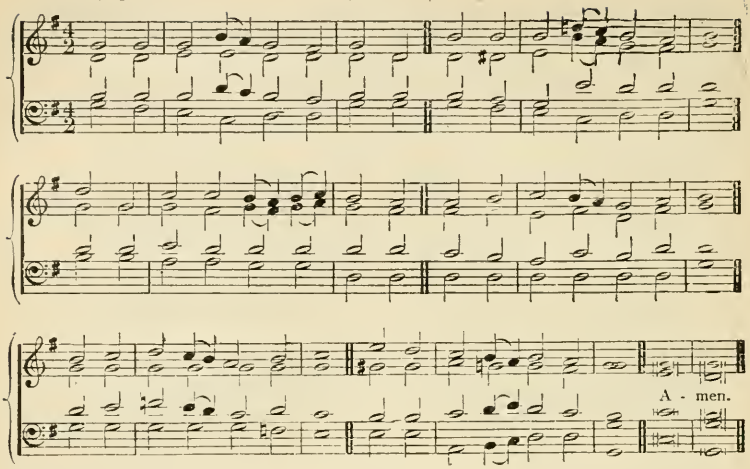
f 3 Though now ascended up on high,
mf He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
dim He knows the frailty of our frame.

p 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
pp His tears, His agonies, and cries.

p 5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
mf He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

cr 6 With boldness, therefore at the Throne,
dim Let us make all our sorrows known;
mf And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. Amen.
M. BRUCE.

GOUNOD. 87.87.77. C. GOUNOD.



196

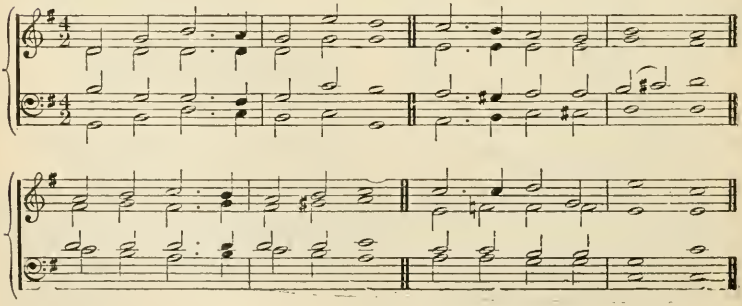
mf ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend,
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
cr They who once His kindness prove,
f Find it everlasting love.

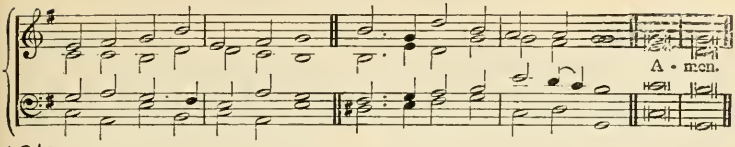
mf 2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
p But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
cr This was boundless love indeed!
f Jesus is a Friend in need.

mp 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
cr Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

p 4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
cr But, when home our souls are brought,
f We shall love Thee as we ought.
Amen. J. NEWTON.

ORWELL. 76.76.77. J. W. ELLIOTT.





197

f JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou;
Sun and Shield for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

f 2 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and bread for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us never.
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine!

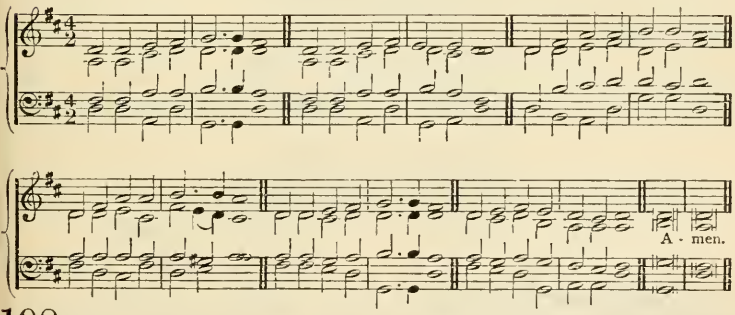
mp 3 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Life and love for ever!
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us never.
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

p 4 Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
Joy and peace for ever!
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

f 5 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and song for ever!
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong. Amen.

H. BONAR.

AJALON. 7s., 6 lines. R. REDHEAD.



198

mf SON of God, to Thee I cry;
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
cr Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

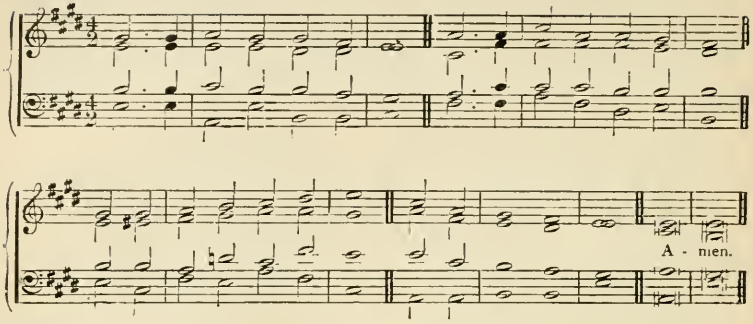
p 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
pp By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
cr Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

mf 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,
cr Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

f 4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man-exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
cr Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.
Amen.

R. MANT, altd.

ANGELUS. 777.5. R. JACKSON.



199

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite:
p Jesus, hear and save!

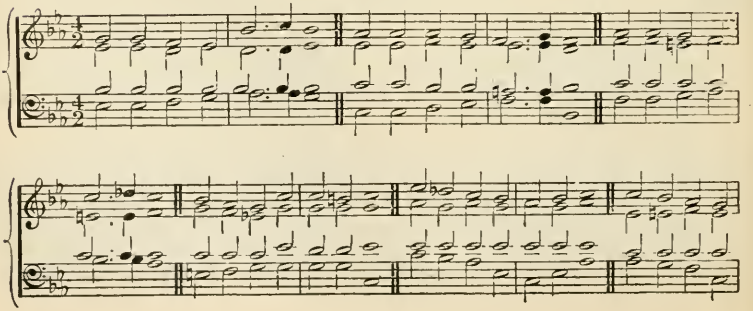
2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled:
p Jesus, hear and save!

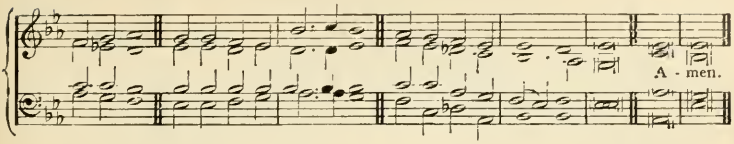
f 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings:
p Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men;
Hear us now, and hear us then:
p Jesus, hear and save! Amen.

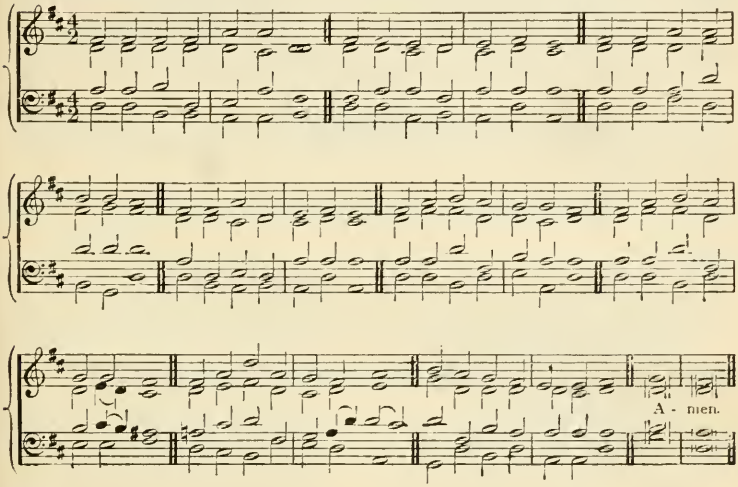
R. HEBER.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE. (*1st Tune.*) 7s., 8 lines. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.





MISERERE. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s., 8 lines. W. H. MONK, MUS.DOC.



200

p SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O! by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
cr Bending from Thy Throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn litany.

mf 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
cr Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
pp Hear our solemn litany.

mf 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
cr From Thy seat above the sky,
pp Hear our solemn litany.

p 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
cr By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
dim Listen to our humble cry;
pp Hear our solemn litany.

pp 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
cr By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
f O! from earth to heaven restored,
ff Mighty re-ascended Lord,
dim Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn litany. Amen.

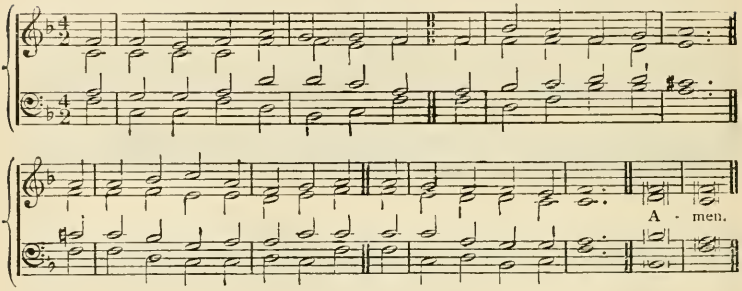
6 R. GRANT.

III.

The Holy Spirit.

1.—*HIS MANIFESTATION AT PENTECOST.*

FLAVIAN. C.M. BARBER'S *Psalm Tunes.*



201

f WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

f [2 Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
dim A day of wrath, and not of grace;
A dim and dreadful day.]

p 3 But, when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

f [4 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
p Now gently light, a glorious crown
On every sainted head.]

f 5 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
ff The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud;

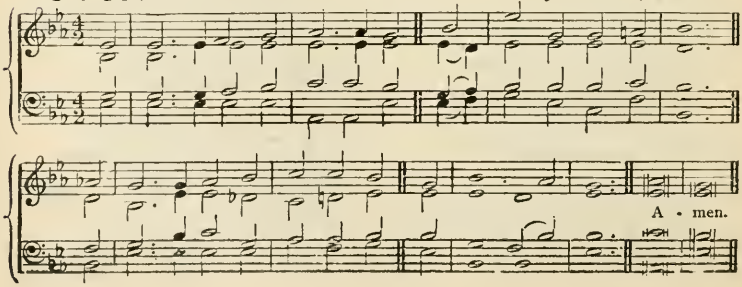
mf 6 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down, His flock to find,
cr A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

f 7 It fills the Church of God, it fills
The sinful world around;
p Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

mf 8 Come, Lord! come, Wisdom, Love, and Power;
Open our ears to hear!
cr Let us not miss the accepted hour;
f Save, Lord, by love or fear! Amen.

J. KEBLE.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8 6.8 4. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



202

p OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

mf [2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
p The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.]

f 3 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came—
p As viewless too.

mf 4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

p 5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear
pp And speaks of Heaven.

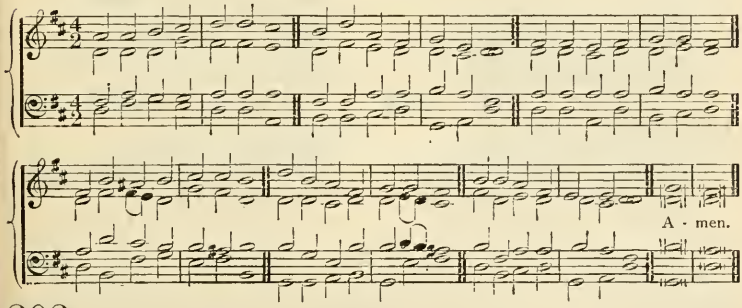
cr 6 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
mf And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

p 7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
cr O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
f And worthier Thee. Amen.

HARRIET AUBER.

2.—*HIS OPERATION IN THE HEART.*

RATISBON. (*1st Tune.*) 7s., 6 lines. German.



203

mf GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
cr And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

mf 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

p 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour;
cr Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

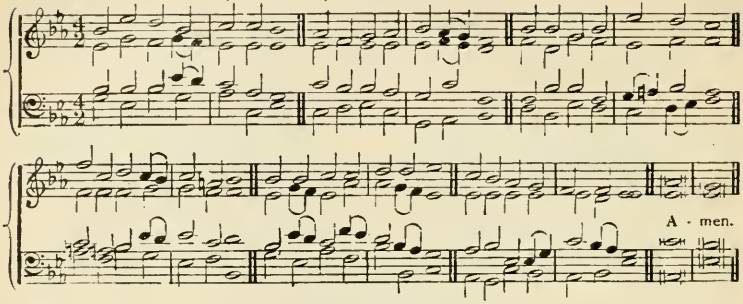
p 4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would quiet be:
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

f 5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
cr Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

p 6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would holy be:
cr Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
mf And whatever I can be
Give to Him Who gave me Thee.
Amen.

T. T. LYNCH.

HEATHLANDS. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s., 6 lines. H. SMART.



203

mf GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
cr And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

mf 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

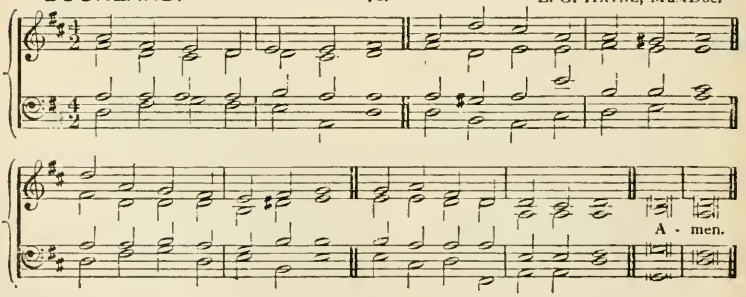
p 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour;
cr Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

p 4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would quiet be:
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

f 5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
cr Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

p 6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would holy be:
cr Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good:
mf And whatever I can be
Give to Him Who gave me Thee.
Amen. T. T. LYNCH.

BUCKLAND. 7s. L. G. HAYNE, Mus.Doc.



204

mf HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

mf 2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

mf 3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive!

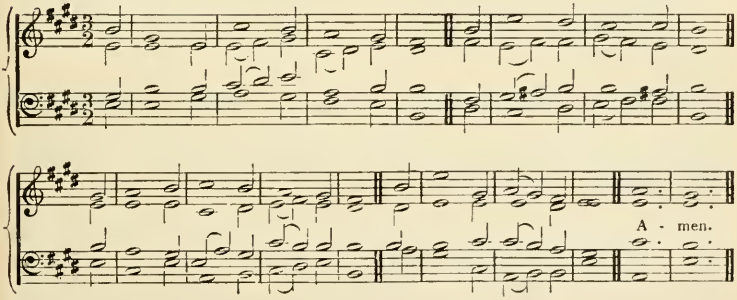
mf 4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

p 5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

mf 6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
f Spring, O Well, for ever spring! Amen.

S. LONGFELLOW.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALE.



205

mf COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

mf 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys!

p 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

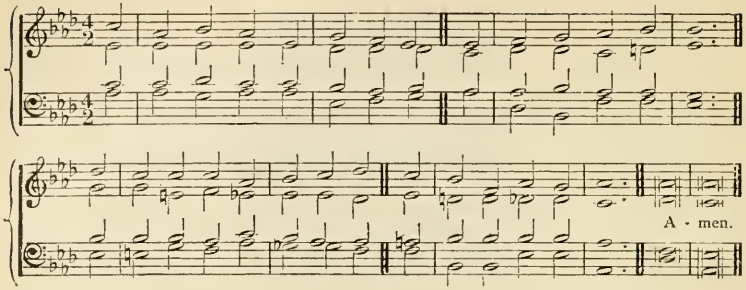
p 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

mf 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. MARGUERITE.

C.M. E. C. WALKER.



206

mf LORD! am I precious in Thy sight?
Lord! would'st Thou have me Thine?
What! may I grieve, may I delight
The Majesty Divine?

sp O Holy Spirit! dost Thou mourn
When I from Thee depart?
cr Dost Thou rejoice when I return
And give Thee back my heart?

mf 3 O sweet, strange height of Grace Divine
My sin Thy grief to make,
And this poor faithfulness of mine
For Thy delight to take!

mp 4 Strange height of sin to spurn the love
That yearns to make me blest,
And drive away the Heavenly Dove
That fain would be my guest!

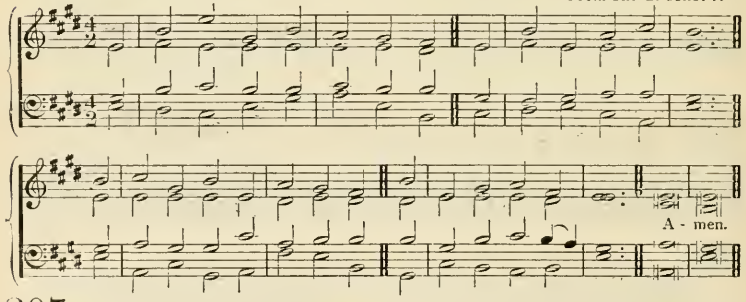
mf 5 O happy Heaven where Thine embrace
I never more shall leave,
Nor ever cast away Thy grace,
Nor once Thy Spirit grieve!

mf 6 Let me, dear Lord, each grace possess
That makes Thy Heaven more bright,
cr And bring the humble holiness
f That gives my God delight. Amen.

T. H. GILL.

ST. DAVID.

C.M. From RAVENSCROFT.



207

f ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

mf 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
dim Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

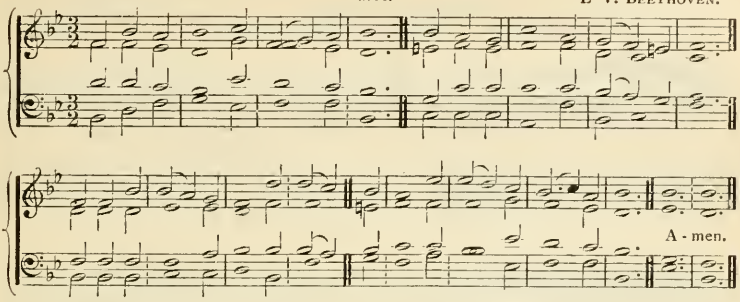
mp 3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give:
cr Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ, that we may live.

mf 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

mf 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well,
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell. Amen.

T. HAWEIS.

FULDA. L. M. L. V. BEETHOVEN.



208

mf COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove!
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

mf 2 The light of truth to me display;
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

mf 3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

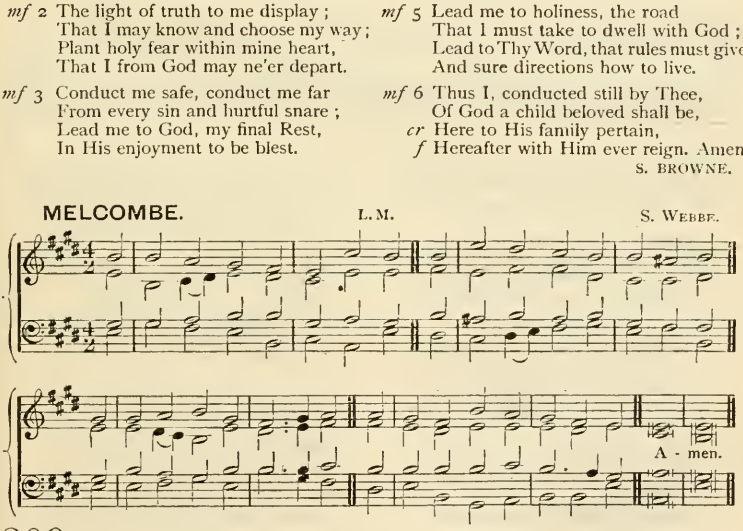
mp 4 Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray:
cr Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss,
ff Where pleasure in perfection is.

mf 5 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

mf 6 Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be,
cr Here to His family pertain,
f Hereafter with Him ever reign. Amen.

S. BROWNE.

MELCOMBE. L. M. S. WEBBE.



209

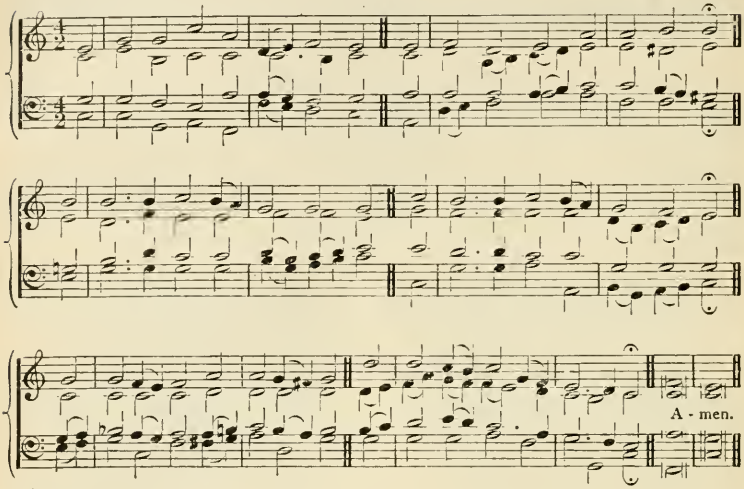
f COME, Holy Ghost, and through each heart
In Thy full flood of glory pour;
Who, with the Son and Father, art
One Godhead blessed for evermore.

f 2 So shall voice, mind, and strength conspire
Thy praise eternal to resound:
So shall our hearts be set on fire,
And kindle every heart around.

mf 3 Father of mercies, hear our cry,
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son;
Who with the Holy Ghost Most High,
f Reignest while endless ages run.
Amen. AMBROSE. tr. E. CASWALL.

3.—*HIS INFLUENCE IN THE CHURCH AND IN THE WORLD.*

BARRINGTON. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8 J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



210

mf CREATOR Spirit! by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
p From sin and sorrow set us free,
cr And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

mf 2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
cr Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
f Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

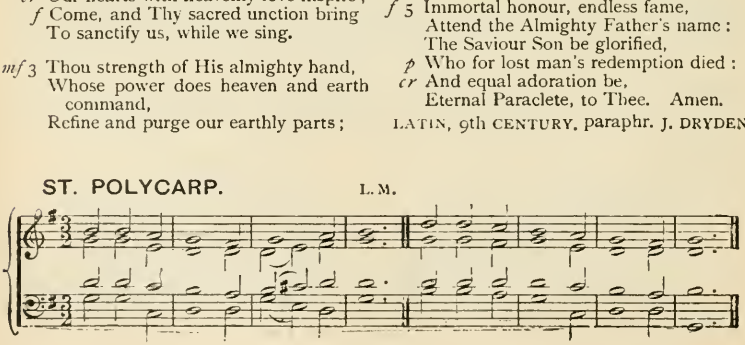
mf 3 Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts!
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.

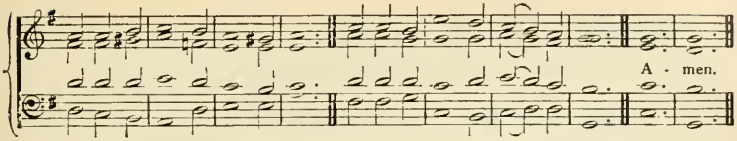
f 4 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

f 5 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
p Who for lost man's redemption died:
cr And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.

LATIN, 9th CENTURY, paraphr. J. DRYDEN.

ST. POLYCARP. L. M.





211

mf COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

mp 2 Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:
cr O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!

mf 3 The sacred sevenfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the hand divine!
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

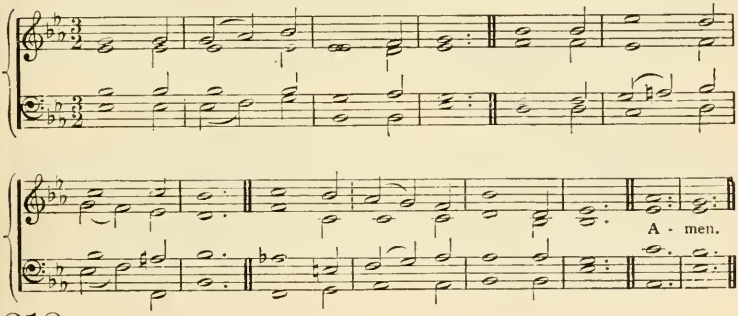
mf 4 Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And, with endurance from on high
dim The weakness of our flesh supply.

mf 5 Far back our enemy repel,
dim And let Thy peace within us dwell;
So may we, having Thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

mf 6 O may Thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
cr And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest. Amen.

LATIN, 9th CENTURY. tr. E. CASWALL.

LACRYMÆ. 777. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



212

mf HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give:

mf 2 Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

mp [3 Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;

mp 4 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.]

mf 5 Light immortal! light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:

p 6 If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

[*mp* 7 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:]

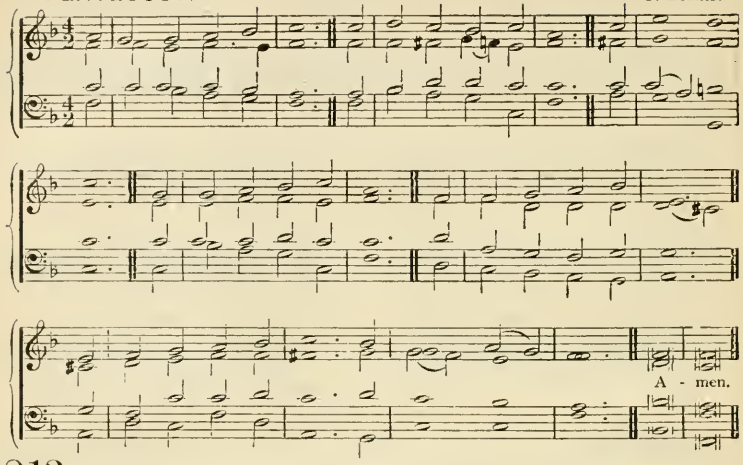
mp 8 Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

mf 9 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts, descend:

p 10 Give them comfort when they die,
cr Give them life with Thee on high,
f Give them joys that never end. Amen

ROBERT II. OF FRANCE, tr. E. CASWALL.

PENTECOST. 6 6 4. 6 6 6 4. G. LOMAS.



213

mf COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
cr O come to-day.

mf 2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
p Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
cr Cheer us this hour,

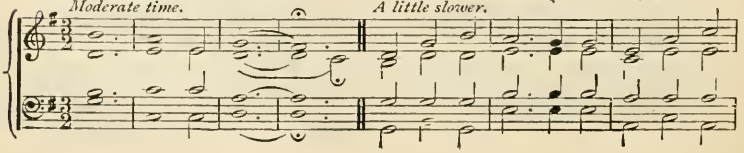
mf 3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
cr Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

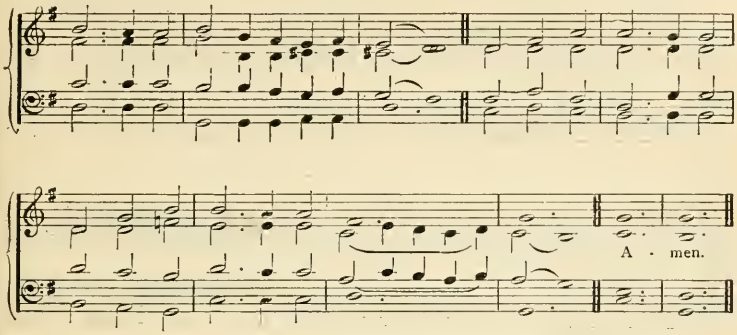
mf 4 Exalt our low desires,
p Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
cr Our devious steps attend
While heavenward bound.

f 5 Come, all the faithful bless:
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
cr And, with our glorious Lord,
ff Eternal joy. Amen.

ROBERT II. OF FRANCE, paraphrased R. PALMER.

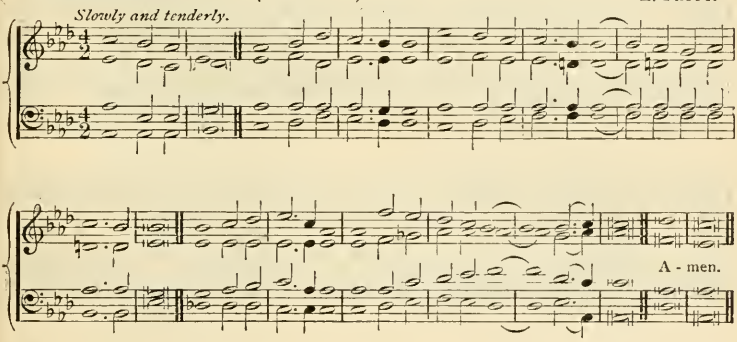
BEACONHILL. (*1st Tune.*) P. M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.





HERSTMONCEUX. (*2nd Tune.*) P.M. E. PROUT.

Slowly and tenderly.



214

mp COME Thou, O come;
Sweetest and kindliest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul;
In all anxiety
With pow'r from heav'n on high
pp Console.

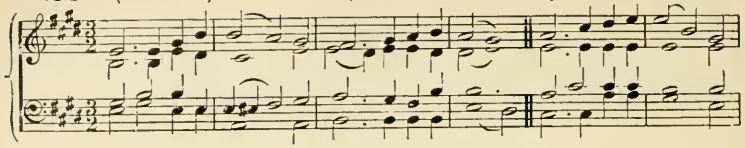
mf 2 Come Thou, O come;
Help in the hour of need,
dim Strength or the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
pp Alone.

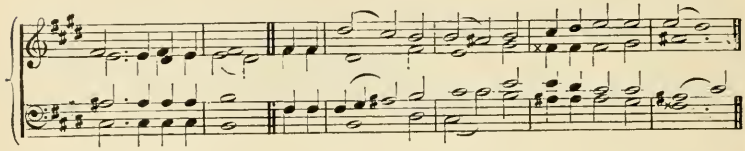
f 3 Come Thou, O come;
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost;
Harbour our souls to save
dim When hope upon the wave
pp Is lost.

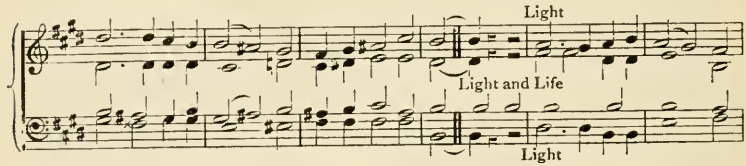
ff 4 Come Thou, O come;
Joy in life's narrow path,
dim Hope in the hour of death,
Come, Blessèd Spirit, come;
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with Thee
pp Our home. Amen

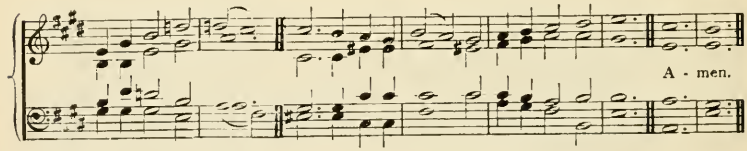
LATIN, 9th CENTURY, tr. G. MOULTRIE.

ISCA. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5., 12 lines. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.

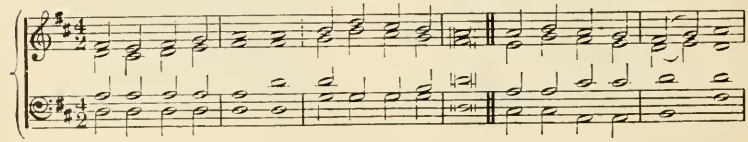


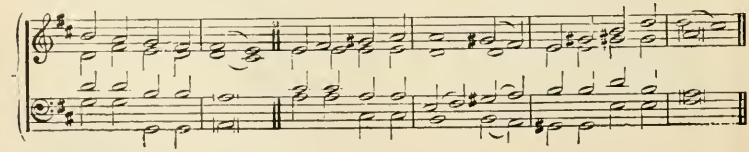


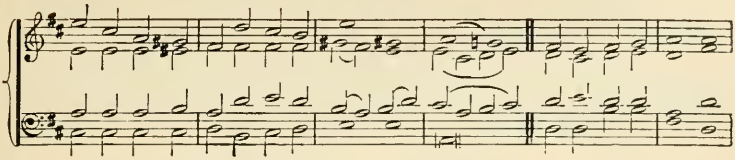


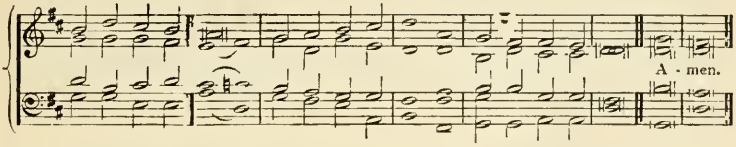


DEVA. (*2nd Tune*) 6 5., 12 lines. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.









215

mf HEAR us, Thou that broodedst
O'er the watery deep,
Waking all creation
From its primal sleep;
Holy Spirit, breathing
Breath of life divine,
Breathe into our spirits,
Blending them with Thine.

ff Light and Life Immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

mf [2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.

ff Light and Life Immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.]

mf 3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet,
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle
Till the battle's won.

ff Light and Life Immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

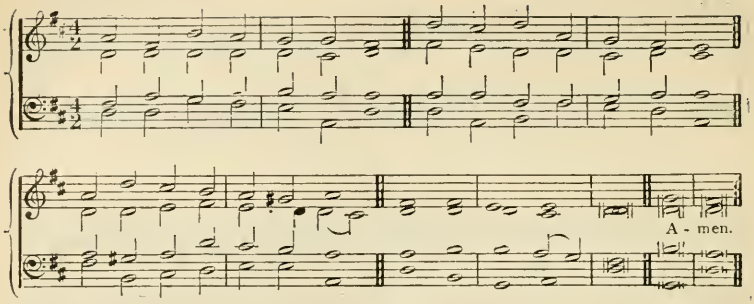
p 4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
cr May Thy love in mercy
Kindling ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.

ff Light and Life Immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

mf 5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee;
Life, that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love;
Life, that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.

ff Life and Light Immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.
Amen. G. THRING.

CAPE TOWN. 777.5. F. FILITZ.



216

mf GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

mp 2 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
cr Love, than death itself more strong:
Therefore give us love.

p 3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
cr Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore give us love.

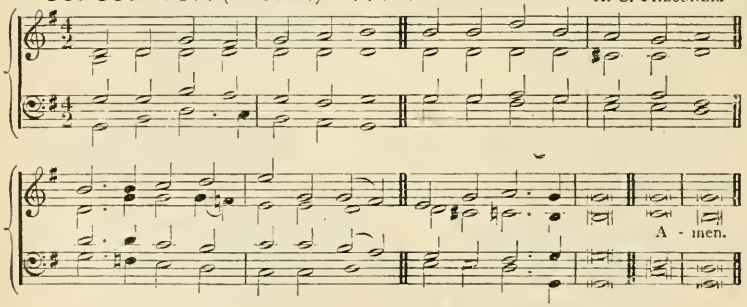
mp 4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
cr Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Therefore give us love.

mf 5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
cr But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

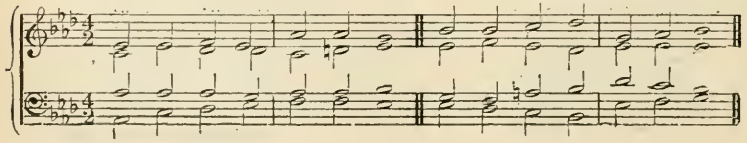
p 6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
cr Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
f Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

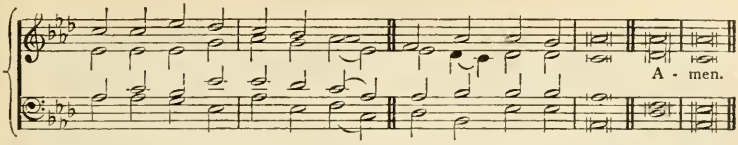
C. WORDSWORTH.

CONSOLATOR. (*1st Tune.*) 777.5. A. C. FALCONER.



IRENE. (*2nd Tune.*) 777.5. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.





217

mf COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite;
p Comforter Divine.

p 2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
cr Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

p [3 Orphans are our souls, and poor;
cr Give us from Thy heavenly store
f Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
p Comforter Divine.

mp 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
p Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.]

p 5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest
Make Thy temple in each breast—
There Thy presence be confessed;
Comforter Divine.

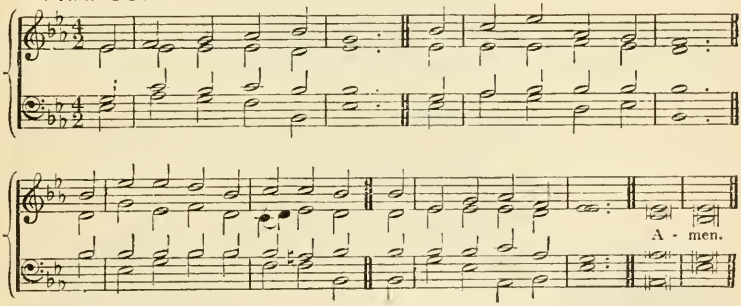
p 6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

mf 7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
cr Earnest of the bliss on high;
f Seal of immortality;
Comforter Divine.

mf 8 Search for us the depths of God;
cr Upwards by the starry road
f Bear us to Thy high abode;
dim Comforter Divine. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

FRANCONIA. S. M. German.



218

mf COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

mf 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

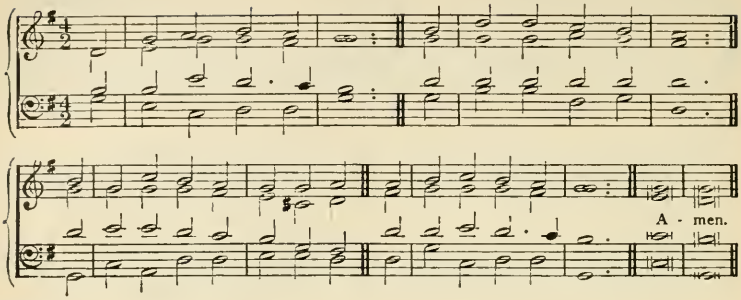
p 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

mf 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

f 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
cr Then we shall know, and praise, and love
ff The Father, Son, and Thee! Amen.

J. HART.

GILDAS. S.M. Attributed to P. ABELARD.



219

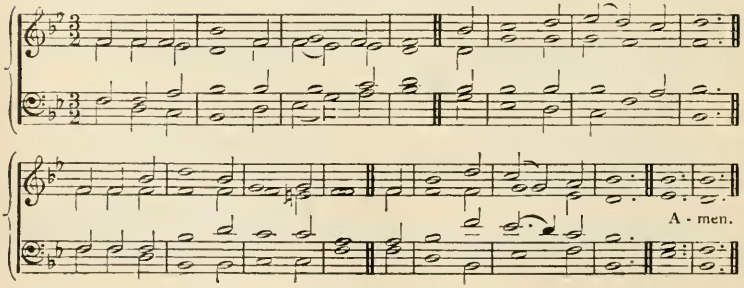
mf LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
cr Descend in all Thy power !
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

f 2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe ;
p The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
cr And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

p 3 Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
cr With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day !
mf Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide !
cr O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified ! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

EMMAUS. C.M



220

mf COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

mf 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred book.

mp 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
cr And let there now be light.

mf 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine,
cr And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine. Amen.

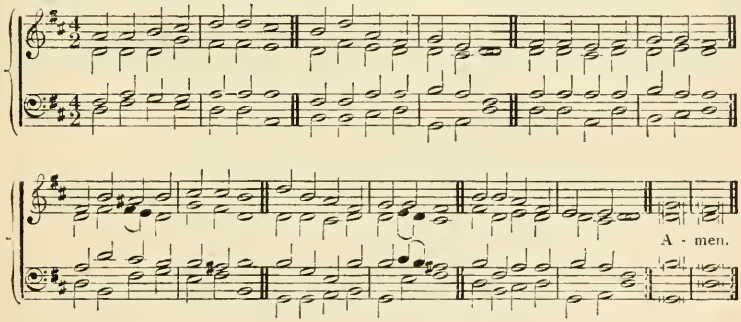
C. WESLEY.

IV.

The Most Holy Trinity.

1.—*ADORATION.*

RATISBON. 7s., 6 lines. German.



221

p HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord,
God of Hosts, Eternal King,
cr By the heavens and earth adored,
f Angels and archangels sing,
ff Chanting everlastingly,
To the Blessèd Trinity.

mf 2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honour paid,
f Praise to Thee let all things give,
ff Singing everlastingly
To the Blessèd Trinity.

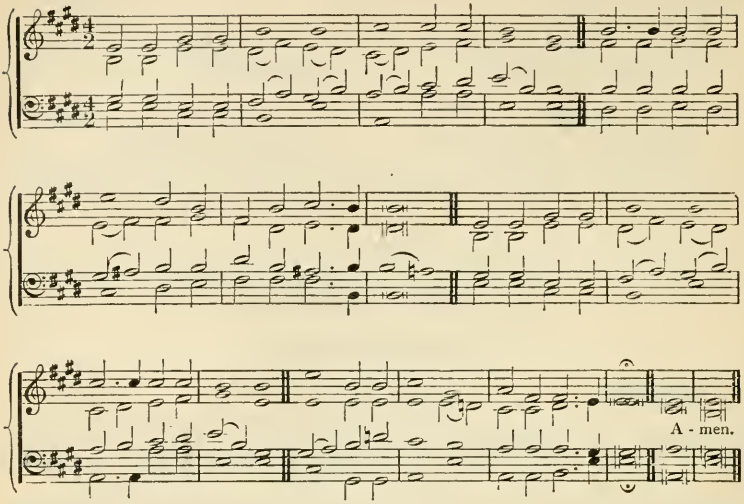
mp 3 Cherubim and seraphim
dim Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the Kings of kings,
ff While they sing eternally
To the Blessèd Trinity.

mf 4 Thee Apostles, Prophets Thee,
dim Thee the noble Martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee the Church in every land,
ff Singing everlastingly
To the Blessèd Trinity.

mf 5 To the Father; to the Son,
dim Who for us vouchsafed to die;
And to God the Holy One,
Who the Church doth sanctify;
ff Sing we too with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH, *v.* 5. *ll.* 5, 6 altd

NICÆA. 11 12.12 10. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



222

p HOLY, Holy, Holy, (*cr*) Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our songs shall rise to Thee.
p Holy, Holy, Holy, (*cr*) Merciful and Mighty,
f God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

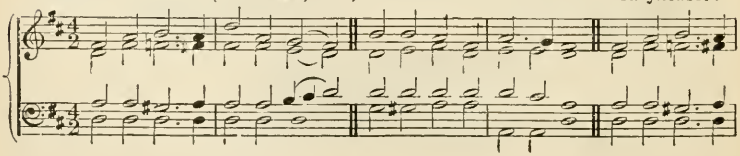
p 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! (*cr*) all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

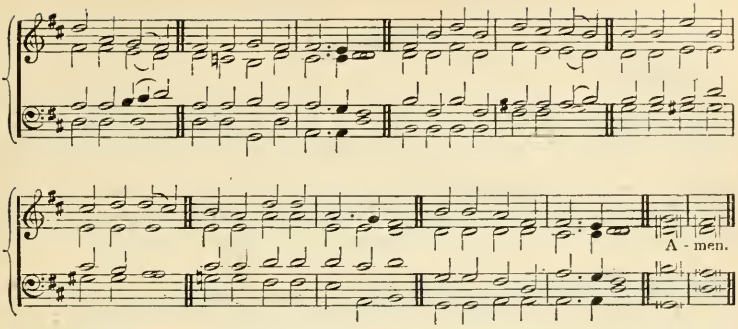
p 3 Holy, Holy, Holy, though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
mf Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p 4 Holy, Holy, Holy, (*cr*) Lord God Almighty!
f All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy, (*cr*) Merciful and Mighty,
p God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity! Amen.

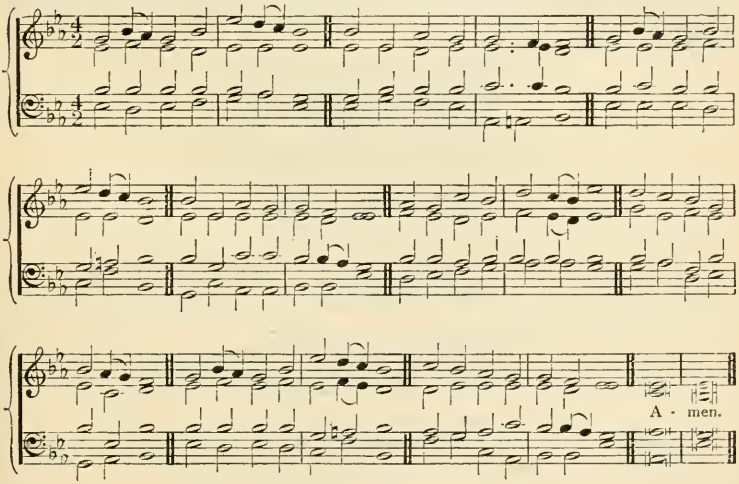
R. HEBER.

STAINFORTH. (*1st Tune.*) 7s., 8 lines. R. JACKSON.





TICHFIELD. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s., 8 lines. R. W. BEATY.



223

p HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord [earth,
God of Hosts, when heaven and
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
cr All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good;
While they sang, with sweet accord,
dim Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

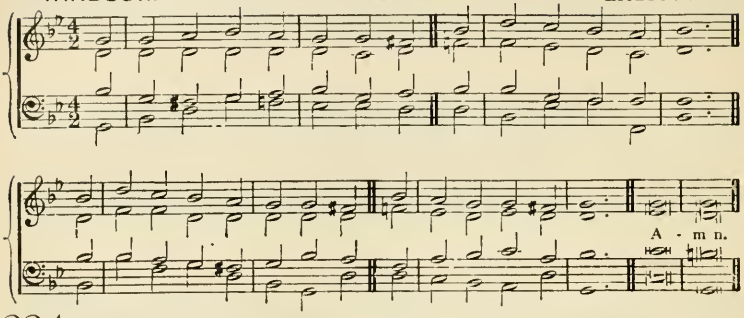
mf 2 Holy, Holy, Holy, Thee.
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
p Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
f Sing we here with glad accord,
dim Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

mf 3 Holy, Holy, Holy, all
cr Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing:
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King,
f Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

2.—*INVOCATION.*

WINDSOR. C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter.*



224

mp MOST ancient of all mysteries !
Before Thy throne we lie ;
Have mercy now, most Merciful,
Most holy Trinity !

mp [2 When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone !]

mf 3 How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless,
And, oh ! what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness ?

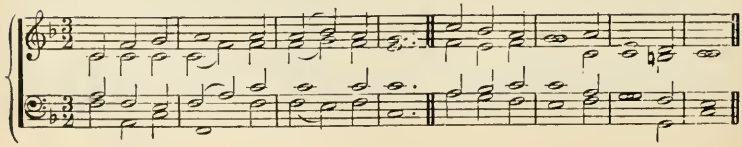
mf 4 How beautiful the Angels are,
The saints how bright in bliss ;
But with Thy beauty, Lord ! compared,
How dull, how poor is this !

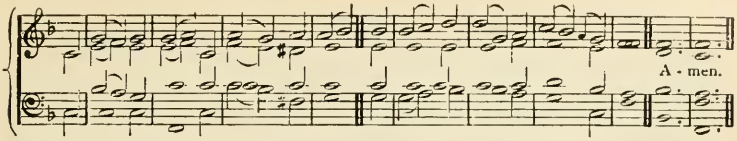
mp 5 O listen, then, Most Pitiful !
To Thy poor creature's heart ;
cr It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art !

mp 6 Most ancient of all mysteries !
Still at Thy throne we lie ;
Have mercy now, most Merciful,
Most holy Trinity ! Amen.

F. W. FABER.

ALSACE. L.M. L. V. BEETHOVEN.





225

mf FATHER of heaven! Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
cr To us Thy pardoning love extend.

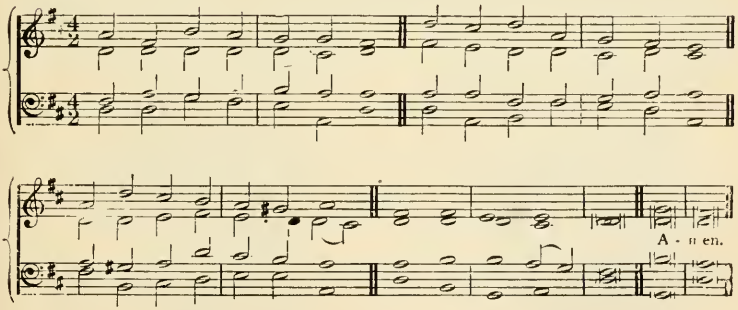
mf 2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
cr To us Thy saving grace extend.

mf 3 Eternal Spirit! by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
cr To us Thy quickening power extend.

mf 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
cr Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
cr Grace, pardon, life to us extend. Amen.

E. COOPER.

CAPE TOWN. 777.5. F. FILITZ.



226

mf THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

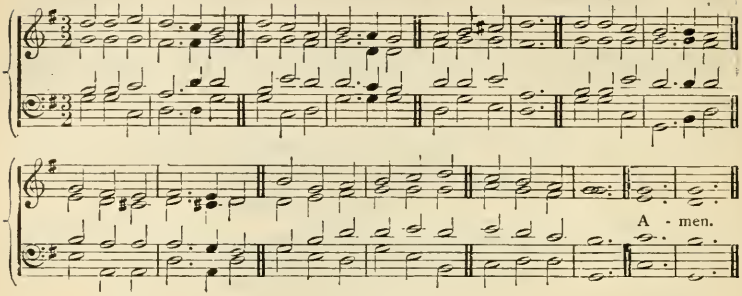
mf 2 Light of Lights! with morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
p Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of Lights! when falls the even,
Let it sink on sins forgiven!
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a vesper calm.

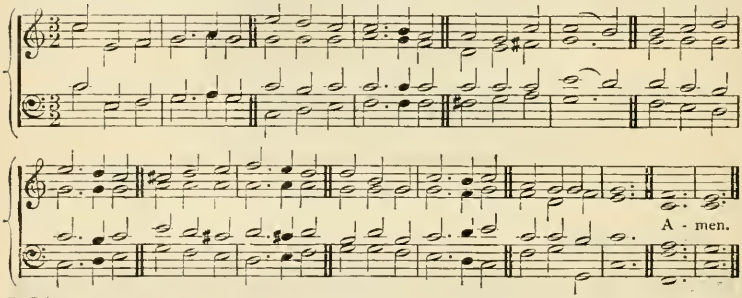
mf 4 Three in one, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship Thee;
cr With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

G. RORISON.

PHILIPPI. (*1st Tune.*) 6 6 4.6 6 6 4. J. G. EBELING



GREENWOOD. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 6 4.6 6 6 4. E. PROUT.



227

f COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

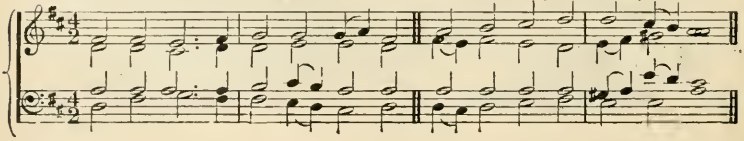
f 2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

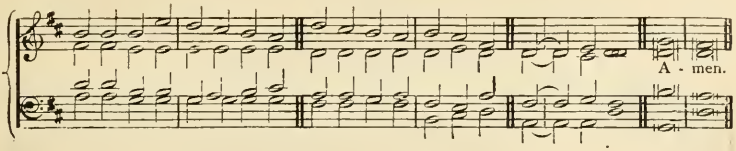
p 3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
cr Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

f 4 To the Great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore:
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

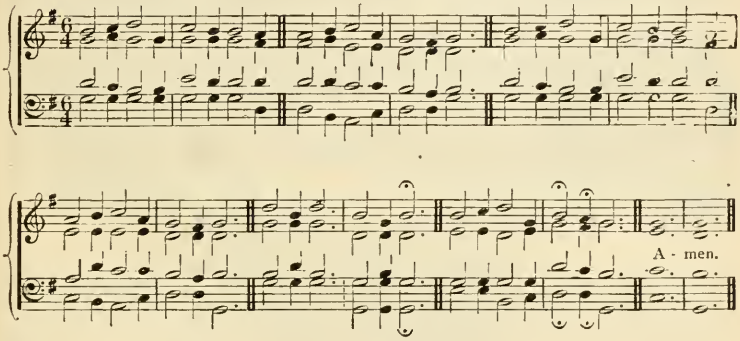
WHITFIELD'S LEAFLET, 1757.

ETIAM ET MIHI. (*1st Tune.*) 8 7.8 7.3 J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.





EVEN ME. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 7.8 7.3. W. B. BRADBURY. Harmonized by E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.D.



228

mf LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
cr Let some droppings fall on me,
p Even me.

p 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
cr Let Thy mercy light on me,
p Even me.

p 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
cr I am longing for Thy favour;
When Thou comest, call for me,
p Even me.

p 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
cr Speak the word of power to me,
p Even me.

p [5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
cr Oh! forgive and rescue me,
p Even me.]

mf 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
cr Magnify them all in me,
p Even me.

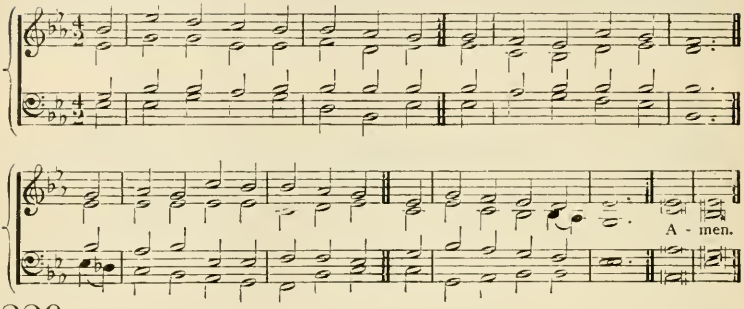
p 7 Pass me not, this lost one bringing;
Satan's slave, Thy child shall be;
cr All my heart to Thee is springing;
p Blessing others, oh! bless me,
Even me. Amen.

ELIZABETH CODNER *v.* 2, *l.* 3 air

V.

The Holy Scriptures.

ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



229

mf LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace;
Brook, by the traveller's way:

mf 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

mf 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day:
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

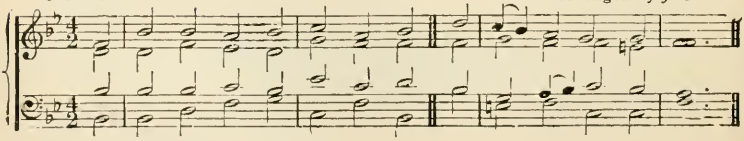
mf 4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son,
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won!

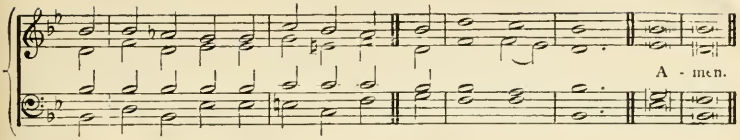
mp 5 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth.
Thy volume must unseal.

mf 6 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts. Amen.

B. BARTON.

OLMUTZ. 8 6.8 4. Arranged by J. Goss.





230

f TO Thee, O God, we render thanks,
That Thou to us hast given
A light that shineth on our path,—
A light from heaven :—

mf 2 That Thou into the hearts of men
Didst breathe Thy Breath Divine,
And mad'st their lips the source from whence
Flowed words of Thine :—

3 The words that speak of lives that live,
And life beyond the grave,
Of Him Who came that life to give,—
Those lives to save :—

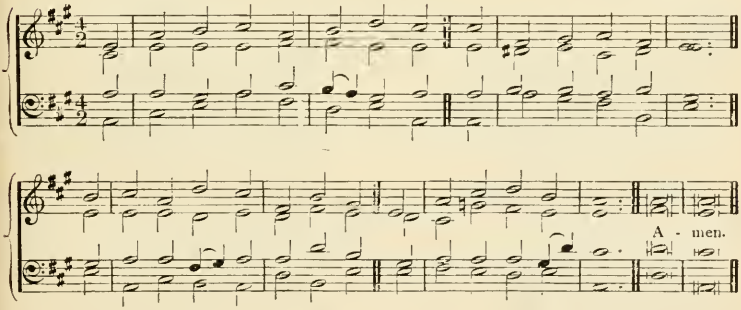
p 4 Of Him Who lowly came as man,—
cr To come as man again
f On clouds of glory throned on high,
As Judge of men.

mf 5 Who lived on earth, on earth Who died,
To set His servants free,
And left this message as their guide,—
p "Remember Me."

mp 6 Then teach us humbly so to tread
The path that Saviour trod,
cr Till by His quickening spirit led,
f We meet our God. Amen.

G. THRING.

ST. JAMES. C. M. R. COURTEVILLE.



231

mf THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight :
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

mf 2 A glory gilds the sacred page
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

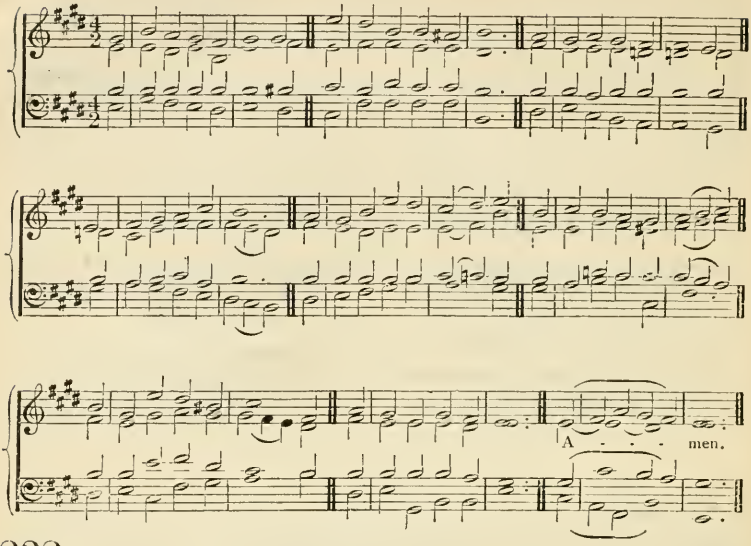
mf 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
cr His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.

f 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

mf 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
cr Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above. Amen.

W. COWPER.

AYOT ST. PETER. 7 6.7 6. D. R. Brown-Borthwick.



232

f O WORD of God incarnate!
O Wisdom from on high!
O Truth unchanged, unchanging!
O Light of our dark sky!
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

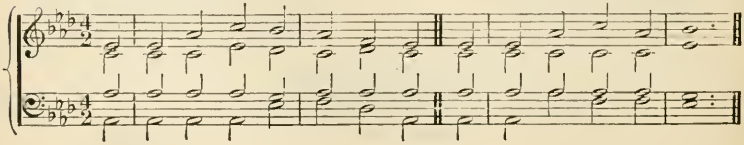
mf 2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truths are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

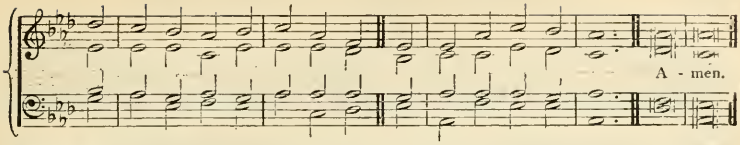
mf 3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world:
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

mp 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
cr Till clouds and darkness ended
f They see Thee face to face! Amen.

W. W. How.

EVAN. C.M. W. H. Havergal.





233

mf LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
cr There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

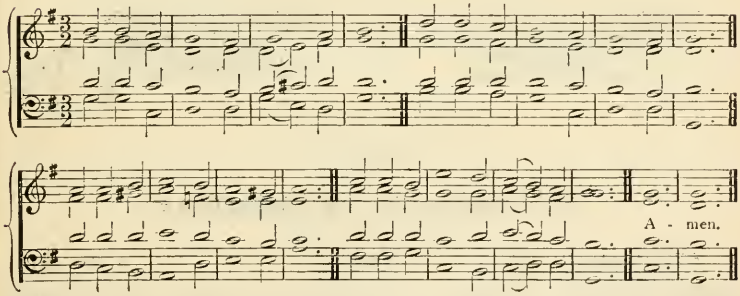
mf 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
cr With ever fresh delight.

f 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

p 4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest;
cr Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
p And our eternal rest. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. POLYCARP. L.M.



234

mf O God! Who didst Thy will unfold
In wondrous ways to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle, or seer,
Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear?

mf 2 What though no answering voice is heard?
Thine oracles, the written word,
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.

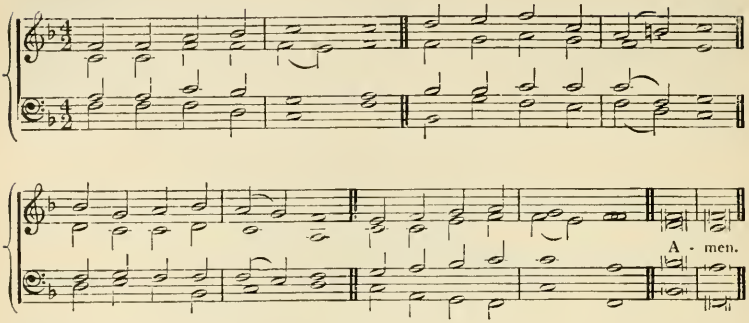
mf 3 What though no more by dreams is shown
That future things to God are known?
Enough the promises reveal;
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

mf 4 Faith asks no signal from the skies
To show that prayers accepted rise;
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.

mf 5 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire;
Answer our sacrifice by fire;
f And by Thy mighty acts declare
Thou art the God Who heareth prayer
Amen.

J. CONDER.

RAVENSHAW. 6 6. 6 6., Trochaic. German.



235

mf LORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

p 2 When our foes are near us,
cr Then Thy Word will cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

p 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
cr Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

mf 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
p Comfort to the dying!

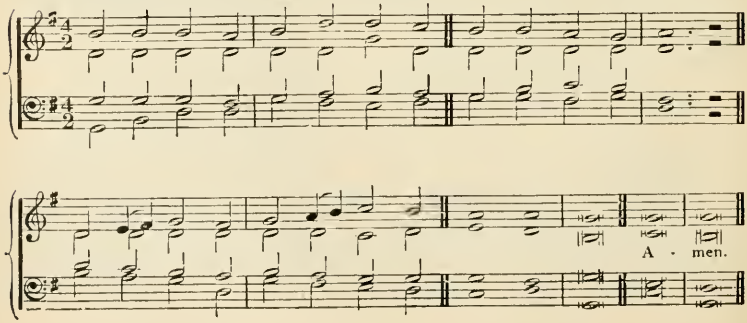
mf 6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

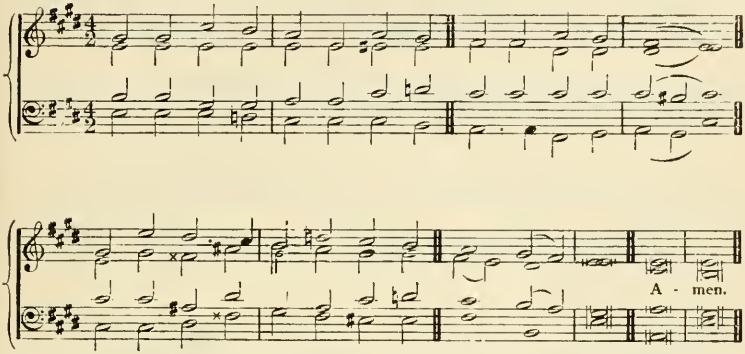
VI.

The Gospel and its Invitations.

STEPHANOS. (*1st Tune.*) 8 5. 8 3. H. W. BAKER.



ALLESLEY. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 5.8 3. J. BOOTH.



236

p ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
cr "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
p Be at rest."

mf 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
dim "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
p And His side."

mf 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
cr "Yea, a crown, in very surety:
p But of thorns."

mf 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

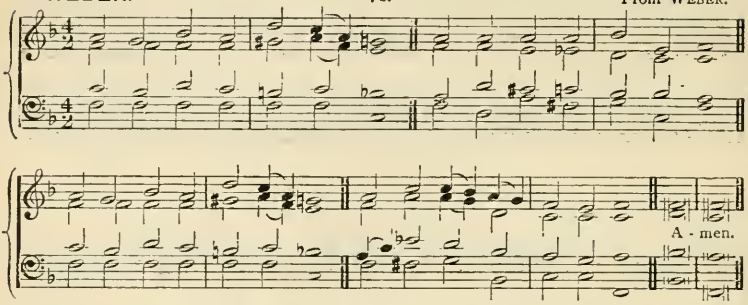
f 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
cr Jordan past."

mf 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f "Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

mf 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
f Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
ff Answer, "Yes." Amen.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, tr. J. M. NEALE, *v.* 7, *l.* 3 altd.

WEBER. 7s. From WEBER.



237

f WELCOME, welcome! sinner, hear;
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

mf 2 Welcome to the offered peace:
Welcome, prisoner, to release:
Burst thy bonds; be saved; be free;
Rise and come; He calleth thee.

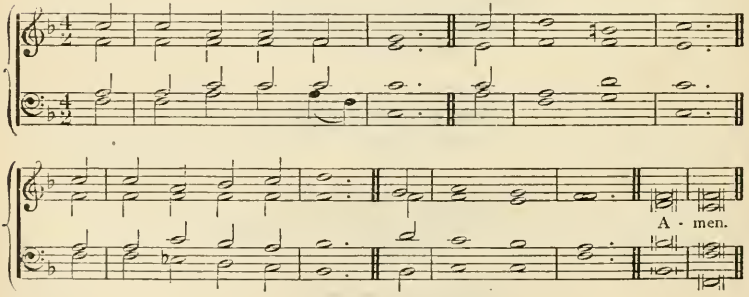
mp 3 Welcome, weeping penitent,
Grace has made thy heart relent;
Welcome, long-estrangèd child:
God in Christ is reconciled.

mf 4 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.

mp 5 All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest.
cr All is ready; hear the call,
f There is ample room for all. Amen.

J. CONDER

NAIN. 6 4. 6 4. L. MASON.



238

mf TO-DAY, the Saviour calls;
Ye, wanderers, come!
cr O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

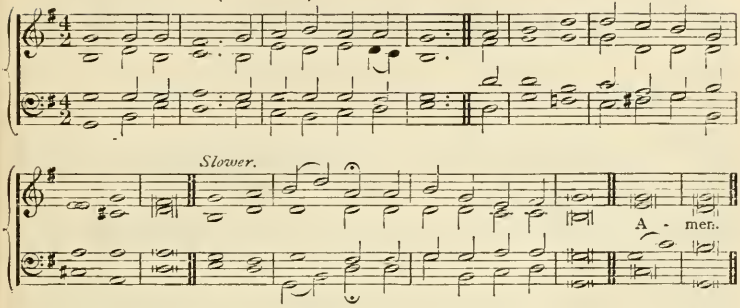
mf 2 To-day, the Saviour calls;
cr O listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

mf 3 To-day, the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
p The storm of vengeance falls,
pp Ruin is nigh.

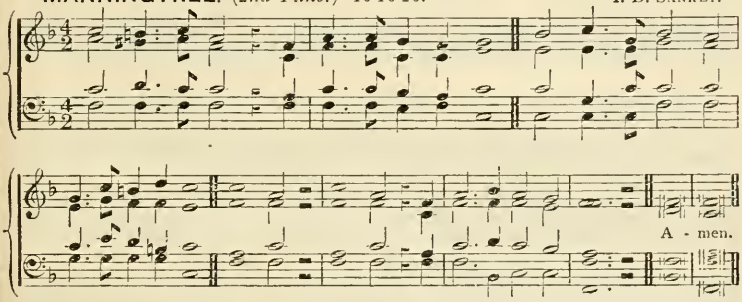
mf 4 The Spirit calls to-day;
cr Yield to His power;
p O grieve Him not away,
cr 'Tis mercy's hour. Amen.

S. SMITH AND T. HASTINGS.

ST. REGULUS. (*1st Tune.*) 10 10 10. A. C. FALCONER.



MANNINGTREE. (*2nd Tune.*) 10 10 10. I. D. SANKEY.



239

mf "YET there is room!"—The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
p Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!

p 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen,—light makes haste to go; [enter now!
Room! room! still room!—O enter,

f 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest; [enter now!
Room! room! still room!—O enter,

f [4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste! make haste!—'tis not too full for thee; [enter now!
Room! room! still room!—O enter,

mf 5 "Yet there is room!" Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love,—it is not yet too late;
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!]

f 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee,
That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!

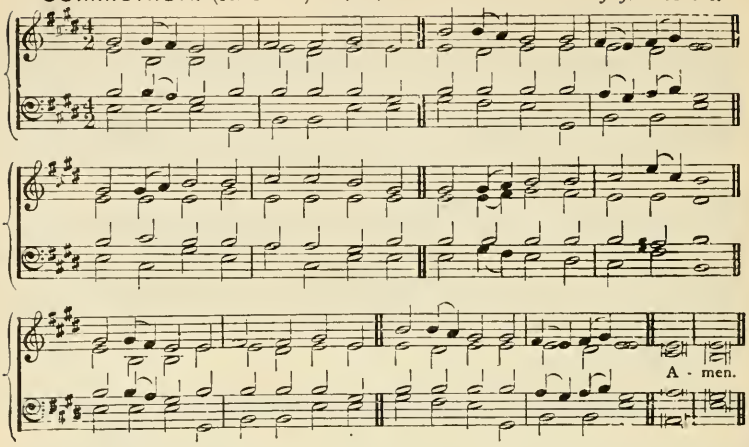
f 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win;
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!

ff 8 Louder and louder sounds the loving call!
Come, lingerer, come!—enter that festal hall!
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!

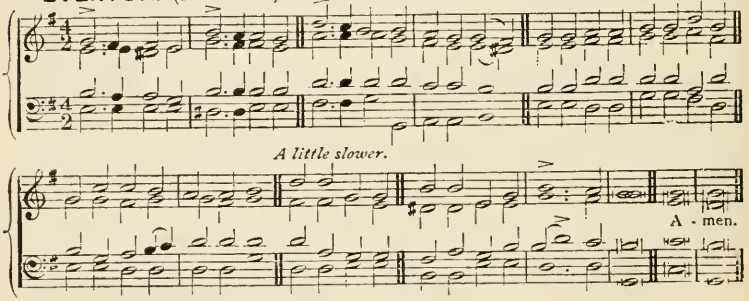
p 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry—"No room, no room!"
pp No room! no room!—O woeful cry—"No room!" Amen.

H. BONAR.

COMMUNION. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87.47. J. J. ROUSSEAU.



EVERTON. (*2nd Tune.*) 87.87.47. W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.



240

p COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
mf Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able;
He is willing: doubt no more.

mf 2 Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
cr Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

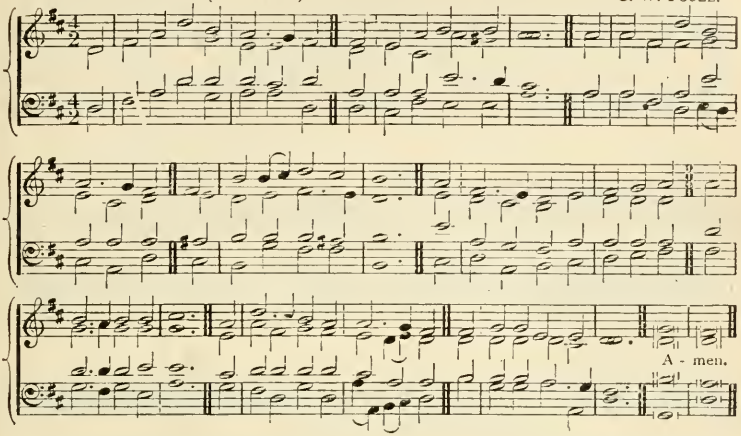
mf 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he reqnireth
cr Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

mp [4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.]

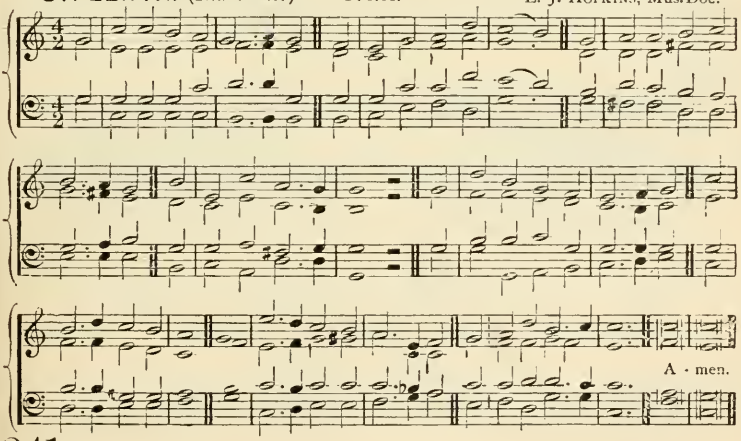
mf 5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood.
Venture on Him, venture wholly
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

f 6 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
ff Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.
Amen. J. HART.

PETERSHAM. (*1st Tune.*) D.C.M. C. W. POOLE.



ST. ELWYN. (*2nd Tune.*) D.C.M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



241

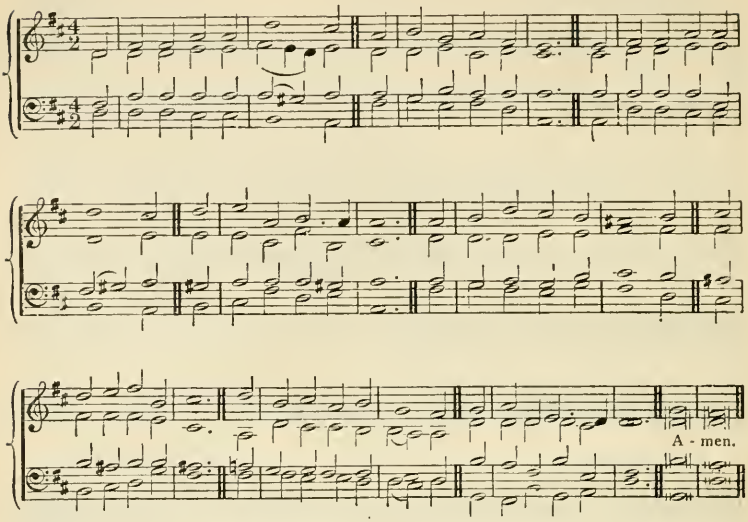
f THE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
Oh, come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
mp His comforts, they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
cr And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

f 2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
Oh, trust in Him. trust now in Him,
And have security
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

f 3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
Oh, learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive. Amen.

T. T. LYNCH.

ST. CATHERINE. 7 6.7 6. D. R. F. DALE, Mus.Bac.



242

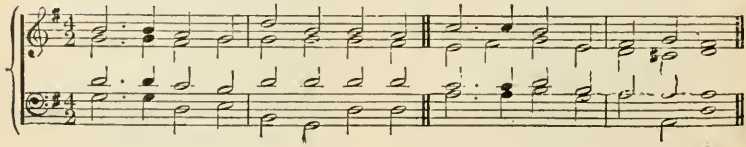
p O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er ;
f Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,
p To keep Him standing there.

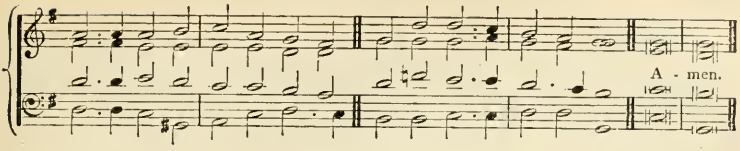
2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
And lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred ;
cr Oh love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait !
dim Oh sin that hath no equal
p So fast to bar the gate !

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
cr And will ye treat Me so ?"
mf O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door ;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen.

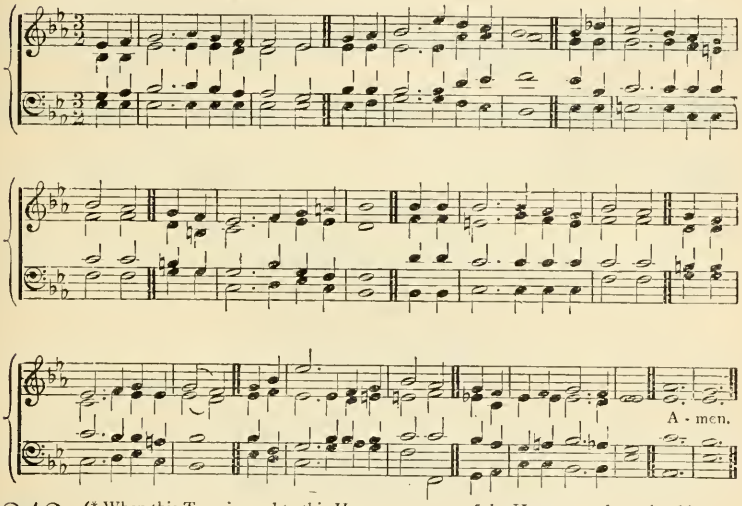
W. W. HOW.

ST. MABYN. (*1st Tune.*) 8 7.8 7. A. H. BROWN.





* **CHAMOUNI.** (*2nd Tune.*) 87.87. D. G. LOMAS.



243 (* When this Tune is used to this Hymn, one verse of the Hymn must be omitted.)

mp WAS there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour Who would have us
Come and gather at His feet?

mf 2 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems:
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

mf 3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

f 4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

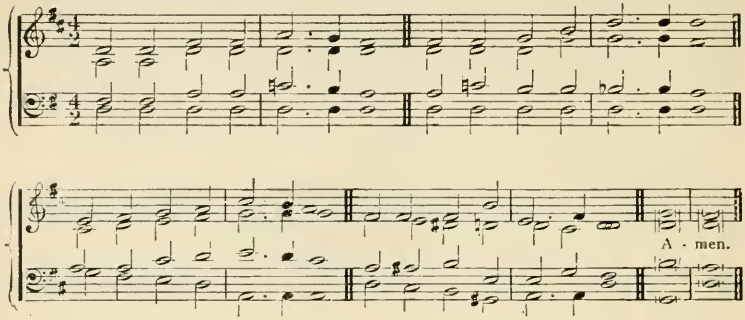
dim 5 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

mf 6 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all its members
In the sorrows of the Head.

mp 7 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
cr And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

CYPRUS. 7s. Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



244

mf TIME is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh:
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

mf 2 Life is earnest: when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest nevermore;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

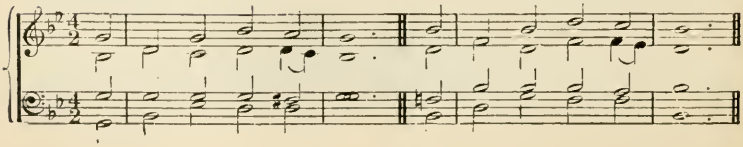
p 3 God is earnest: kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere He set His judgment throne;
Ere the day of grace be gone.

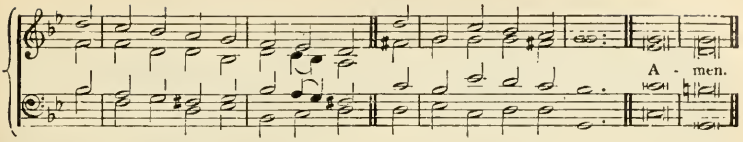
mf 4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come;
Paid, thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

mf 5 O be earnest, do not stay;
dim Thou mayest perish e'en to-day.
cr Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee. Amen.

S. DYER.

ST. BRIDE. S.M. S. HOWARD. Mus. Doc.





245

mf TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

mf 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

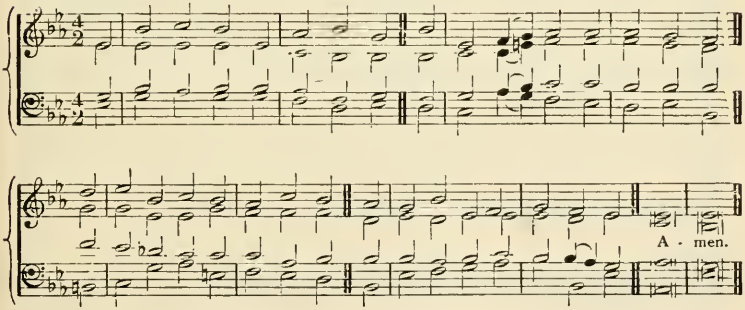
mf 3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The agèd and the young.

mf 4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
dim Lest, slighted once, the season fail
p Should never be renewed.

mf 5 To Jesus may we fly,
cr Swift as the morning light,
dim Lest life's young golden beams should die
p In sudden, endless night. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

SEPULCHRE. L.M. G. COOPER



246

mp RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

mp 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

mp 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep, repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

mp 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
cr Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
f How freely Jesus can forgive. Amen.

W. B. COLLYER.

COME UNTO ME. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

Org. *p*

A - men.

NOTE.—*It is suggested that the first two lines of each verse should be sung by Tenors and Basses only, but if necessary they may be sung in Octaves by all the voices.*

BENTLEY. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. J. HULLAH.

A - men.

247

mf "COME unto Me, ye weary,
p And I will give you rest."
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to hearts oppressed!
mf It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
f Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

mf 2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you Light."
p O loving voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to cheer the night!
p Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
f But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

mf 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you Life."
p O peaceful voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to end our strife!
mf The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

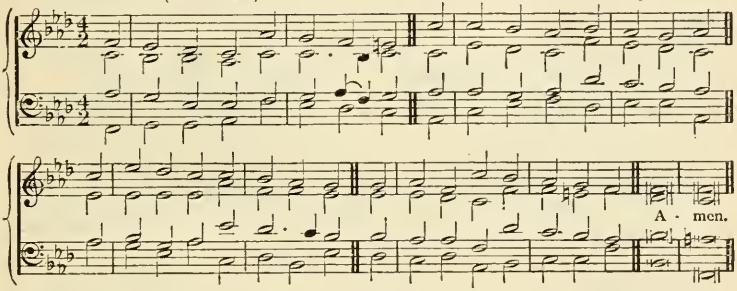
mf 4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus
cr Which drives away our doubt;
mf Which calls us very sinners,
p Unworthy though we be
cr Of love so free and boundless,
rall To come, dear Lord, to Thee!
Amen. W. C. DIX.

VII.

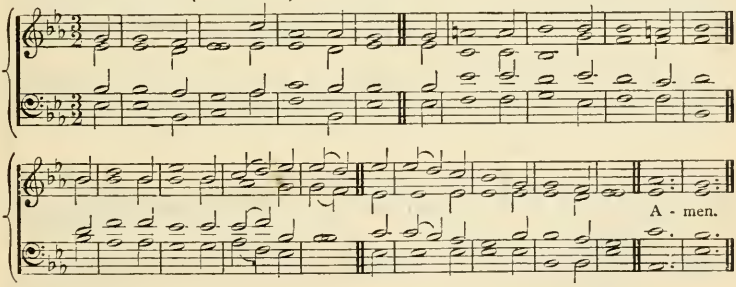
The Christian Life.

I.—*REPENTANCE AND CONFESSION.*

ST. LUKE. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. J. LAMPE.



GIBRALTAR. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. C. W. POOLE.



248

p SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
cr Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

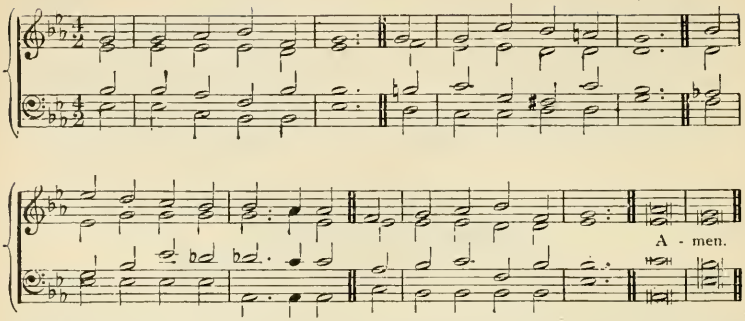
mp 2 My sins, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace:
cr Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

p 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

p 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

mf 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
cr Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
Amen. I. WATTS, *v.* 2, *l.* 1 altd.

ST. ANDREW. S.M. J. BARNBY.



249

mf HELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day;
Real let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.

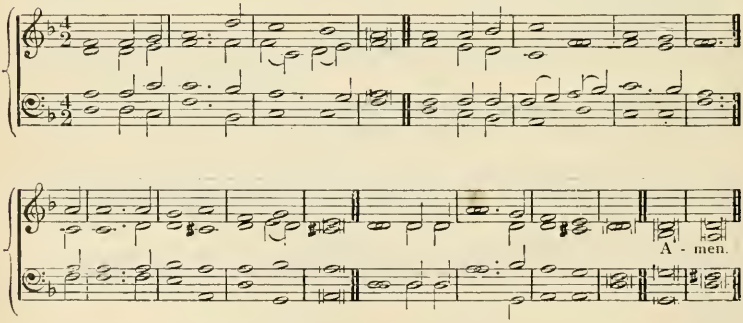
mf 2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true;
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

mp 3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.

mf 4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief;
cr Lord, I believe, oh hear my cry,
dim Help, Thou my unbelief. Amen.

H. BONAR.

ST. CROSS. L.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



250

p WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
cr "Thy pardoning grace is rich and free,
p O God, be merciful to me."

mp 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed:
Christ and His cross my only plea,
p "O God, be merciful to me."

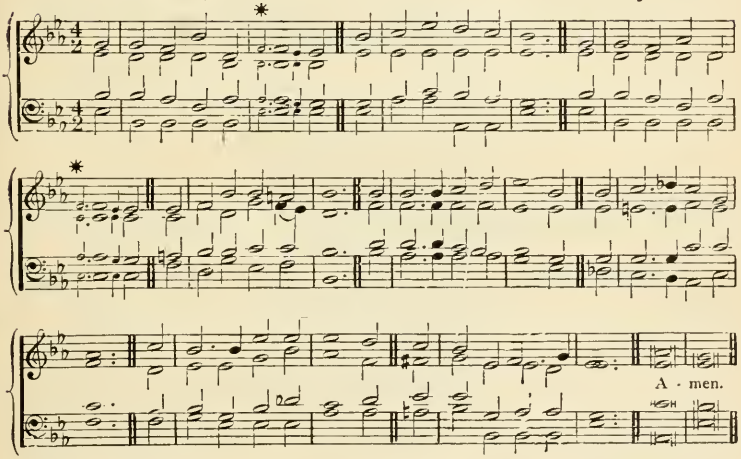
p 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
cr But Thou dost all my anguish see,
p "O God, be merciful to me."

mp 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
cr To Calvary alone I flee,
p "O God, be merciful to me."

mf 5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
cr My raptured song shall ever be,
ff "God has been merciful to me." Amen.

C. ELVEN.

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON. 7 6.7 6. D. J. WALCH.



(* Small notes for 1st verse.)

251

p O JESU, Lord, most merciful,
Low at Thy Cross we lie;
O sinner's Friend most pitiful,
Hear our bewailing cry.
We come to Thee with mourning,
We come to Thee in woe;
With contrite hearts returning,
And tears that overflow.

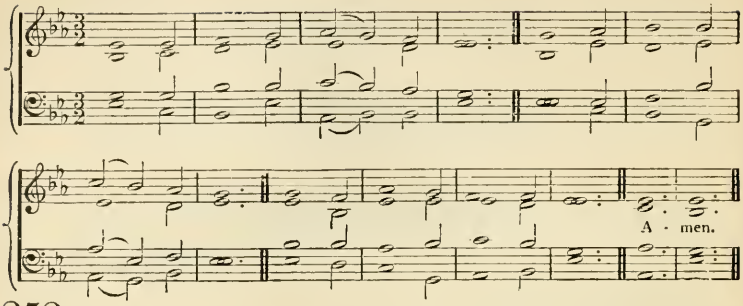
mf 2 O gracious Intercessor!
O Priest within the Veil!
Plead, for each lost transgressor,
The Blood that cannot fail.
dim We spread our sins before Thee,
We tell them one by one;
cr O, for Thy Name's great glory,
Forgive all we have done.

p 3 O by Thy Cross and Passion,
Thy Tears and Agony,
And Crown of cruel fashion,
And Death on Calvary,
By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone;
cr O Priest! O Spotless Offering!
f Plead, for Thou didst atone.

f 4 And in these hearts now broken
Re-enter Thou and reign;
And say, by that dear token,
We are absolved again.
And build us up, and guide us,
And guard us day by day;
And in Thy presence hide us,
And keep our souls alway. Amen

J. HAMILTON.

ST. PHILIP. 777. W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



252

p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray;

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

mf 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

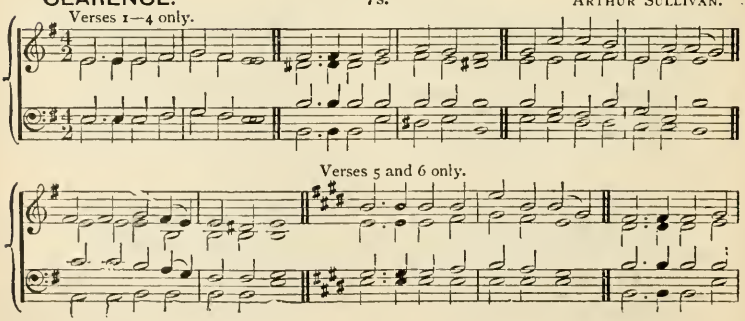
pp 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

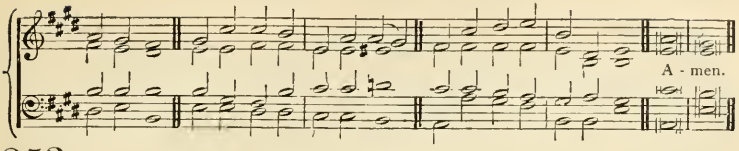
5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

p 6 'Neath Thy wings let us have place,
cr Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.

I. WILLIAMS, *v.* 3, *ll.* 1, 2 altd.

CLARENCE. 7s. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.





253

mp SINFUL, sighing to be blest,
Bound, and longing to be free,
Weary, waiting for my rest,
"God be merciful to me!"

mp 2 Goodness, I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see;
I can only bring my need:
"God be merciful to me!"

p 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
cr Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
"God be merciful to me!"

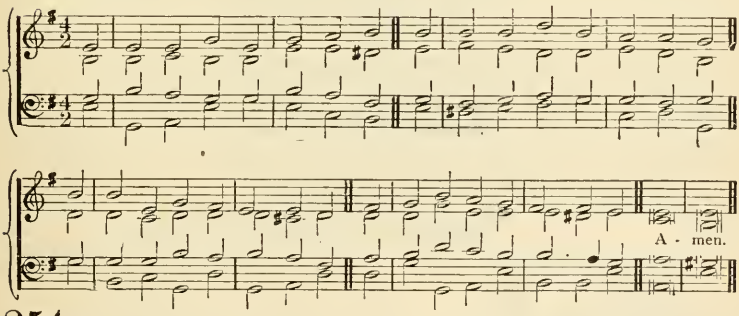
mp 4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine:
"God be merciful to me!"

f 5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
"God be merciful to me!"

f 6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all, and for His sake,
"God be merciful to me!" Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL

SAXONY. L. M. Old German.



254

mp HEAR, gracious God! a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
My hope, my only hope's in Thee:
O God, be merciful to me!

mp 2 To Thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at Thy door;
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

p 3 To Thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;
From fear and weakness set me free:
O God, be merciful to me!

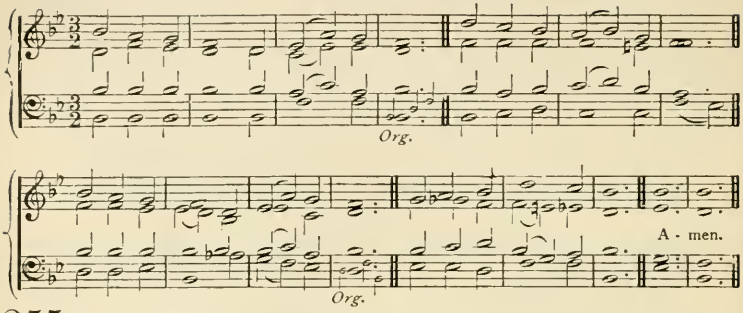
p 4 To Thee I come, a sinner vile;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile;
Mercy alone I make my plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

p 5 To Thee I come, a sinner great,
And well Thou knowest all my state;
cr Yet full forgiveness is with Thee:
O God, be merciful to me!

p 6 To Thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust;
cr But where Thou art, Lord, I would be;
dim O God, be merciful to me! Amen.

S. MEDLEY.

SAWLEY. C.M. J. WALCH.



255

mp LOVE me, O Lord, forgivingly,
O ever be my Friend;
And still, when Thou reprovest me,
Reproof with pity blend.

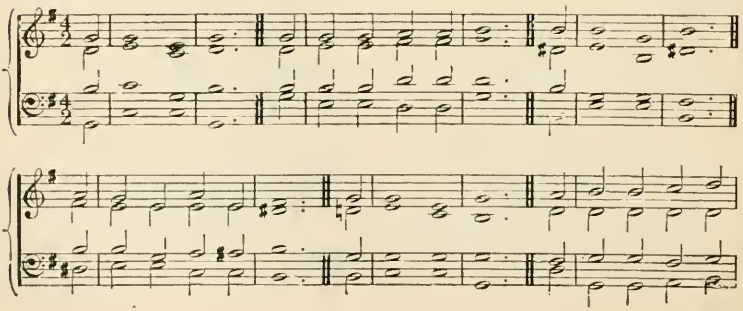
mp 2 O pity me when weak I fall;
And as, with saddened eyes,
I upwards look, O let Thy call
Come, strengthening me to rise.

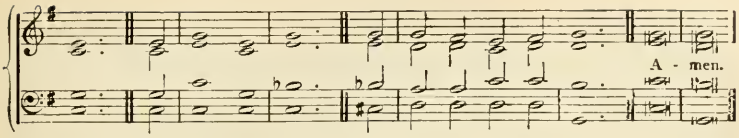
mp 3 My sins, dispersed by mercy bright,
Like clouds again grow black;
O change the winds that bring such night,
And drive the darkness back.

mp 4 This striving weather, let it cease;
or Then fervent, fruitful days
Shall yield both promise and increase,
And make my growth Thy praise. Amen.

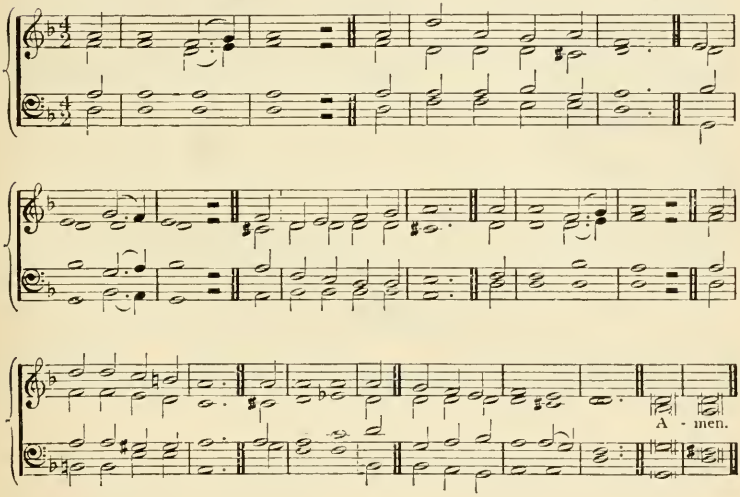
T. T. LYNCH.

AUCKLAND. (*1st Tune.*) 4 6.4 6. D. F. C. MAKER.





WROXALL. (*2nd Tune.*) 4 6. 4 6. D. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



256

mp SHOW pity, Lord,
For we are frail and faint;
We fade away,
O list to our complaint!
We fade away
Like flowers in the sun;
cr We just begin,
dim And then our work is done.

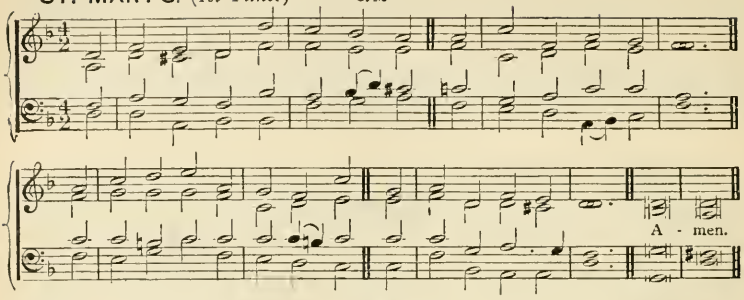
mp 2 Show pity, Lord,
Our souls are sore distressed;
As troubled seas,
Our natures have no rest;
cr As troubled seas
That surging, beat the shore,
We throb and heave,
Ever and evermore.

mp 3 Show pity, Lord,
Our grief is in our sin;
We would be cleansed;
O make us pure within!
We would be cleansed,
For this we cry to Thee,
cr Thy word of love
Can make the conscience free.

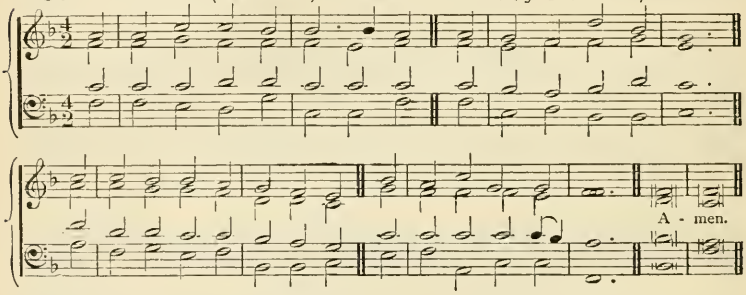
mf 4 Show pity, Lord,
Inspire our hearts with love;
That holy love
Which draws the soul above;
cr That holy love
Which makes us one with Thee,
And with Thy saints,
Through all eternity. Amen.

D. THOMAS

ST. MARY'S. (*1st Tune.*) C.M



SOUTHWELL. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



257

p O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

mf 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
cr O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

p 3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well;

mf 4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
cr As children that have done amiss
p Fall at their father's knee.

mf 5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

mf 6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
cr O let Thy mercy come! Amen.

Variation by R. HEBER from J. MARCKANT.

258

p HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

cr 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

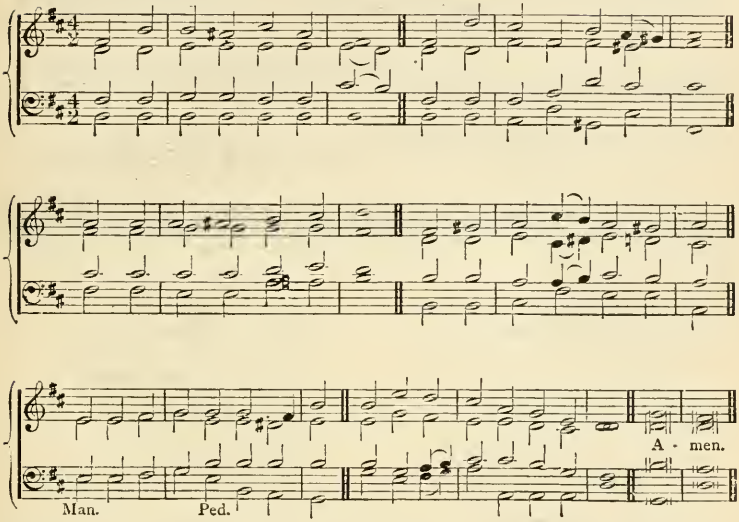
p 3 My soul obeys the Almighty call
And runs to this relief:
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

mp 4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

mp 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
cr Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All. Amen.

I. WATTS, *v.* 4, *l.* 2 altd.

DE PROFUNDIS. 7 7. 7 7. 8 8. J. W. ELLIOTT.



259

mp FROM the deeps of grief and fear,
Lord, to Thee my soul repairs:
From Thy heaven bow down Thine ear;
Let Thy mercy meet my prayers.
O if Thou mark'st what's done amiss,
What soul so pure, can see Thy bliss?

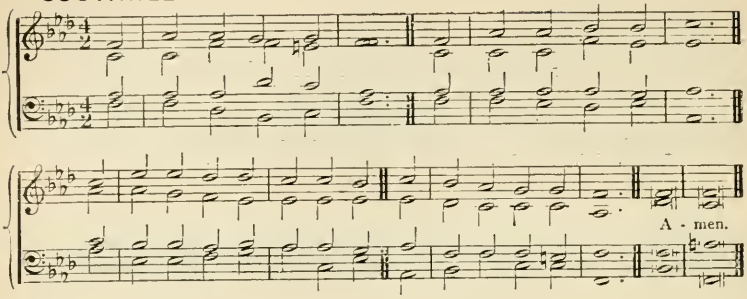
mf 2 But with Thee sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear:
Wait, my soul, wait on His hands;
Wait, mine eye, O wait, mine ear:
If He His eye or tongue affords,
Watch all His looks, catch all His words.

mp 3 As a watchman waits for day,
Looks for light, and looks again;
When the night grows old and grey,
For relief he calls amain:
So look, so wait, so long mine eyes,
To see my Lord, my Sun, arise.

mf 4 Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord;
From His tongue sweet mercy flows:
Trust His cross, wait on His word;
On that tree redemption grows.
f He will redeem His Israel
From sin and wrath, from death and hell. Amen.

P. FLETCHER, *v.* 3, *l.* 4, *v.* 4, *l.* 3 altd.

SOUTHWELL. S.M. DENHAM'S *Psalter.*



260

mp OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
But I will not despair.

mp 2 With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,—
Holy and mighty as Thou art,—
For Thou wilt pardon me.

mp 3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin; [seek,
cr But Thou Who giv'st to those who
Wilt give me strength within.

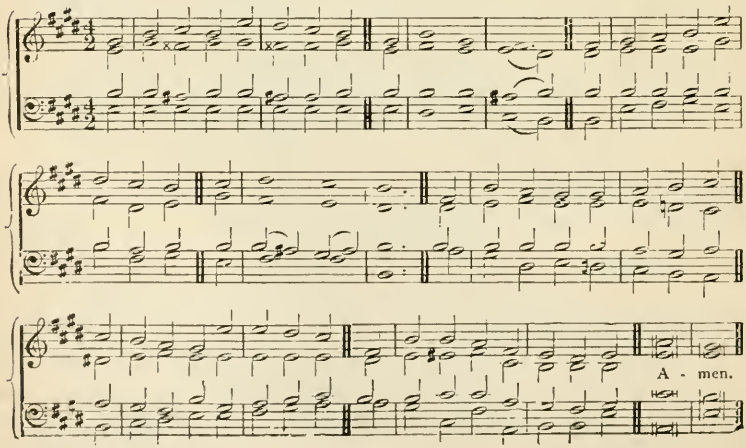
p 4 Far as the earth may be
From yonder starry skies;
Remoter still I am from Thee:
cr Yet Thou wilt not despise.

mf 5 I need not fear my foes;
I need not yield to care;
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

mf 6 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me. Amen.

ANNE BRONTE

SHIPLEY. 8 4.8 4.8 8 8. E. MOSS.



261

mf MY Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene,
Be Thou my stay; [path,
Guide me, through each perplexing
To perfect day;
dim In weakness and in sin I stand,
cr Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,
And follow at Thy dear command.

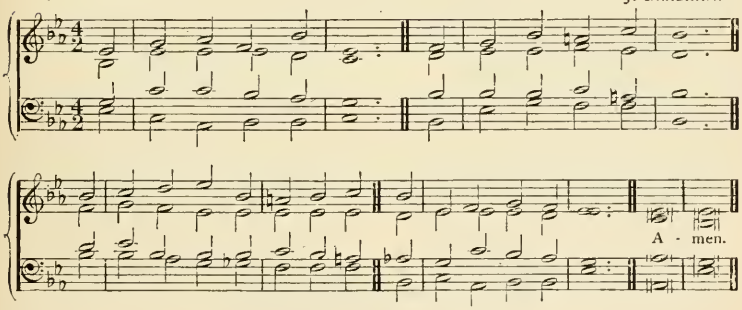
mp 2 My Saviour, I have nought to bring
Worthy of Thee;
dim A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn,
Accept of me.
I need Thy righteousness divine,
cr I plead Thy promises as mine,
dim I perish if I am not Thine.

mp 3 My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away
From such a cry?
My Refuge, wilt Thou me forget,
And must I die?
Faith trembles; but her glance of light
Has pierced through regions dark as
night,
And entered into realms of light.

mf 4 My Saviour, 'mid heaven's glorious
Isee Thee there, [throng,
Pleading with all Thy matchless love
And tender care:
Not for the angel forms around,
But for lost souls in fetters bound,
That they may hear salvation's sound.

mf 5 My Saviour, thus I find my rest
Alone with Thee;
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear
Of what may be. [might,
cr Strengthened with Thy all-glorious
I shall be conqueror in the fight,
f Then give to Thee my crown of light.
Amen. ELIZABETH A. GODWIN.

CLIFTON. S.M. J. BRABHAM.



262

p AND wilt Thou pardon, Lord,
A sinner such as I?
Although Thy book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye?

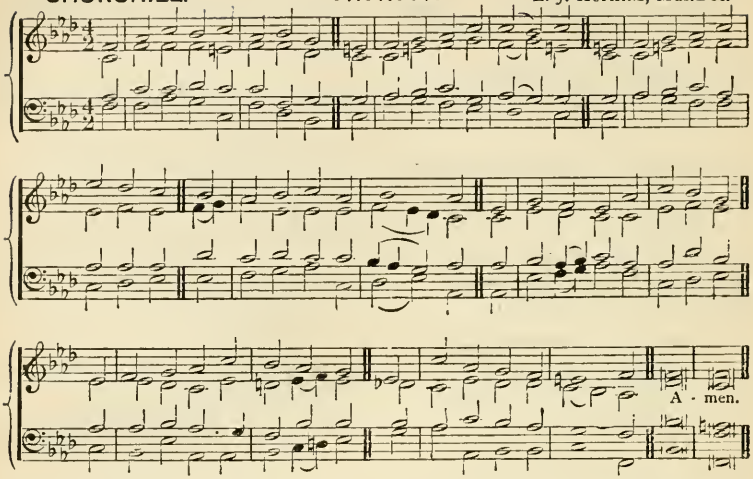
2 So deep are they engraved,—
So terrible their fear,
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear?

cr 3 My soul, make all things known
To Him Who all things sees;
That so the Lamb may yet atone
For thine iniquities.

mf 4 O Thou Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul!
dim And me, by many a sin oppressed,
cr Restore, and keep me whole!

f 5 I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love:
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above! Amen.
JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, tr. J. M. NEALE

CHURCHILL. 87.87.887. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.



263

mf OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God, O hear my wailing!
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing!
dim On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
p Or who can stand before Thee?

mf 2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living:
None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
p And humbly trust Thy mercy.

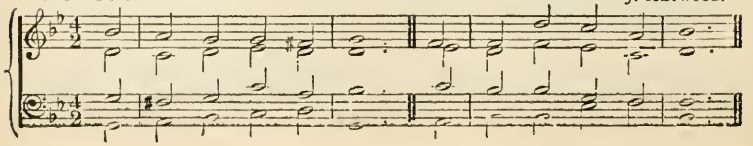
mf 3 Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation;
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, Thy salvation.
cr Shielded by Thee I stand secure,
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
And I rely upon Thee.

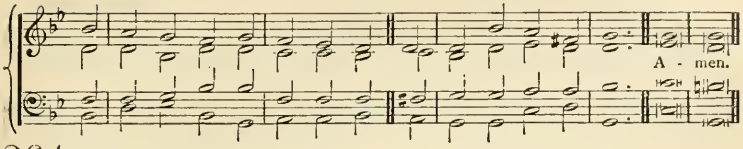
mp 4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour
To hail the dawning morrow,
cr I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
And He shall find Thy mercy free,
And Thy redemption plenteous.

mf 5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
By grace they are exceeded;
Thy helping hand is always found
cr With aid, where aid is needed:
Thy hand, the only hand to save,
Will rescue Israel from the grave,
And pardon his transgression. Amen.

M. LUTHER, tr. NEW CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK, 1859.

ASTON. S.M. J. Heywood.





264

p OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.

p 2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

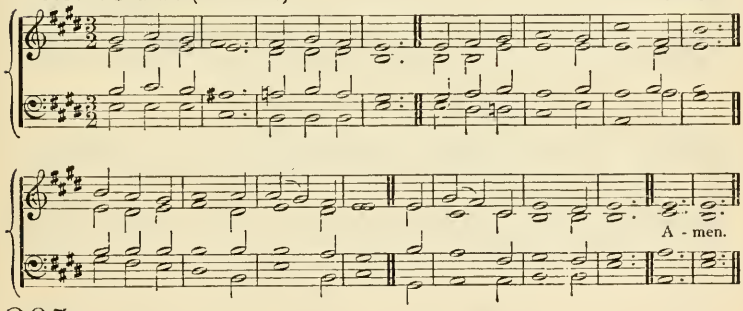
p 3 Out of the deep of fear
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
cr I plead the Precious Name.

mf 4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

2.—*FAITH IN JESUS: PARDON AND JUSTIFICATION.*

AGNUS DEI. (*1st Tune.*) 888.6. W. BLOW.



265

p JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
cr And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot; [spot,
cr To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
cr Fightings and fears within, without,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p [4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
cr Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
p O Lamb of God, I come.]

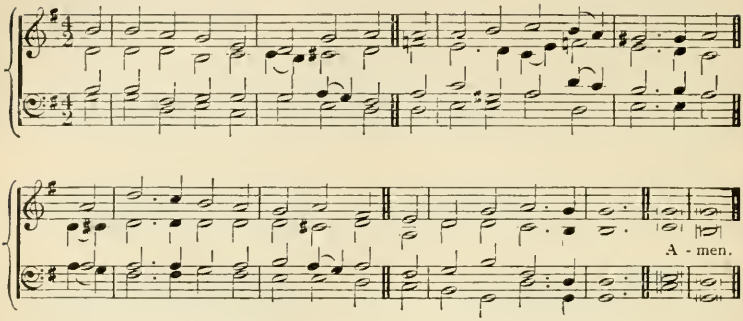
p 5 Just as I am—(*cr*) Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
mf Because Thy promise, I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

p 6 Just as I am—(*cr*) Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
mf Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

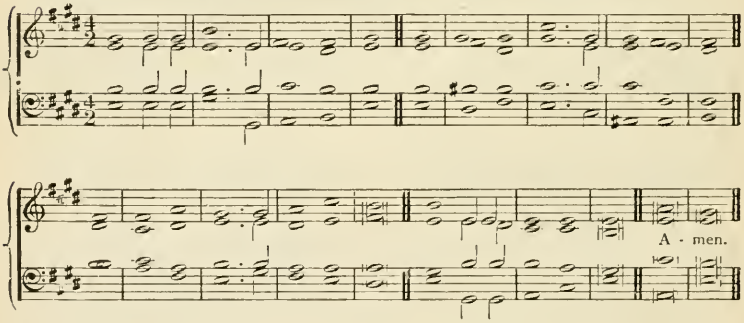
p [7 Just as I am, (*cr*) of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
cr Here for a season, (*f*) then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.] Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ST. BARNABAS. (*2nd Tune.*) 888.6. J. B. Dykes, Mus.Doc.



PASCAL. (*3rd Tune.*) 888.6. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.



265

p JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
cr And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot; [spot,
cr To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
cr Fightings and fears within, without,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p [4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
cr Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
p O Lamb of God, I come.]

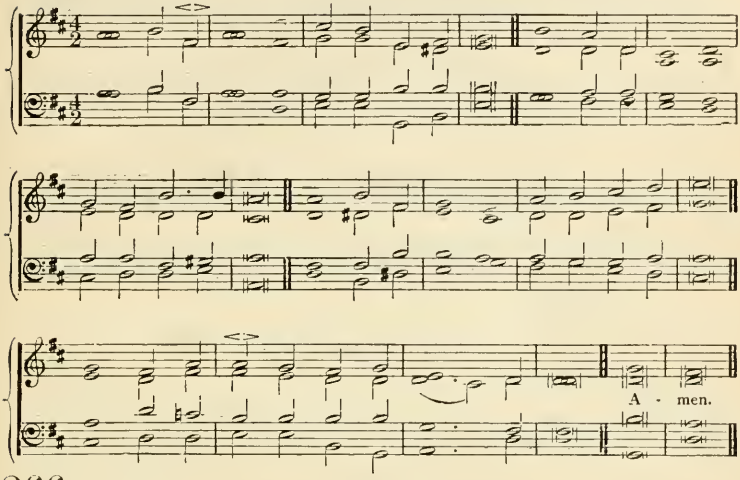
p 5 Just as I am—(*cr*) Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
mf Because Thy promise, I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

p 6 Just as I am—(*cr*) Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
mf Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

p [7 Just as I am, (*cr*) of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
cr Here for a season, (*f*) then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.] Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WESTERHAM. (*1st Tune.*) 10 10. 10 10. W. C. FILBY.



266

p WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
cr But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice, that bids me "come."

p 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of the promised land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
cr Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

p 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Seems evil ever with me day by day;
cr Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
f "Repent, confess, and thou art loosed from all."

f 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands outstretched to draw me near.
And His the Blood, that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

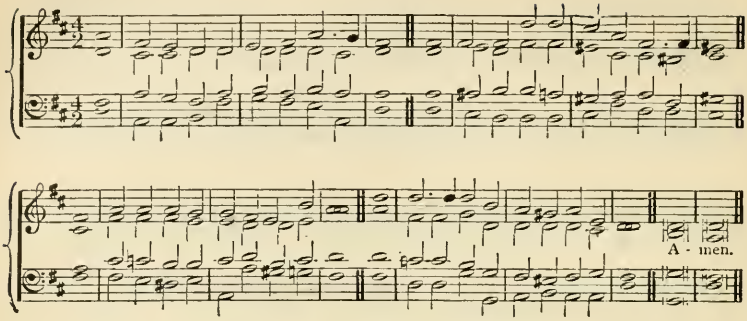
mf [5 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
cr That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
f May be the garment of Thy righteousness.]

mf 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
p Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
f Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

mf 7 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like that sweet word let my devotion prove,
cr Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. Amen.

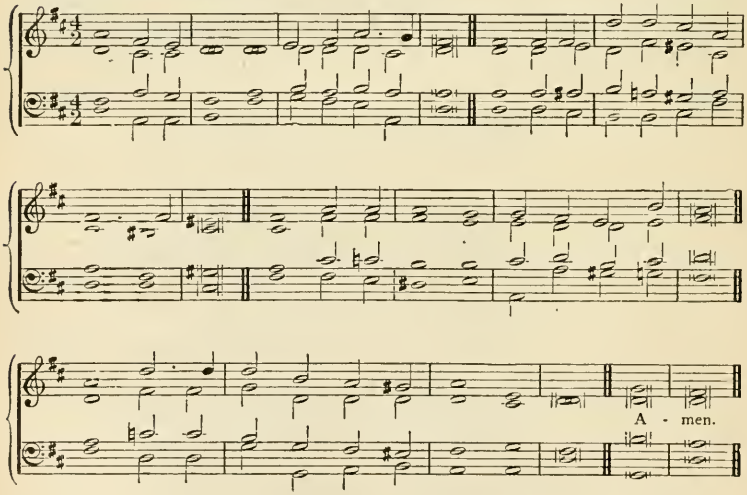
S. J. STONE.

DALKEITH. (*2nd Tune.* 1.) 10 10.10 10. T. HEWLETT.



Or this Form may be used:

DALKEITH. (*2nd Tune.* 2.) 10 10.10 10. T. HEWLETT.



266

p WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
cr But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice, that bids me "come."

p 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of the promised land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
cr Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

p 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Seems evil ever with me day by day;
cr Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
f "Repent, confess, and thou art loosed from all."

f 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands outstretched to draw me near,
And His the Blood, that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

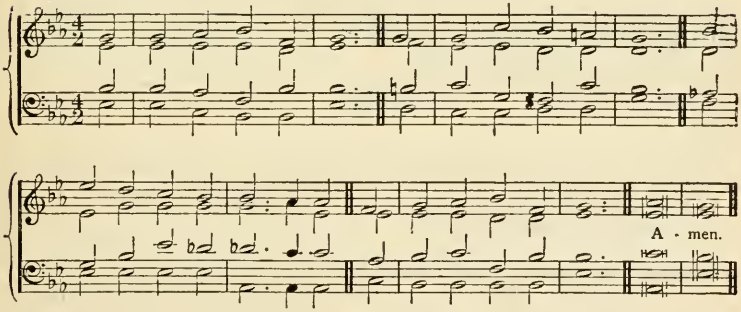
mf [5 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
cr That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
f May be the garment of Thy righteousness.]

mf 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
p Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
f Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

mf 7 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like that sweet word let my devotion prove,
cr Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. Amen.

S. J. STONE.

ST. ANDREW. S.M. J. BARNBY.



267

p NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

p 2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
dim Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
pp Can bear my awful load.

mf 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

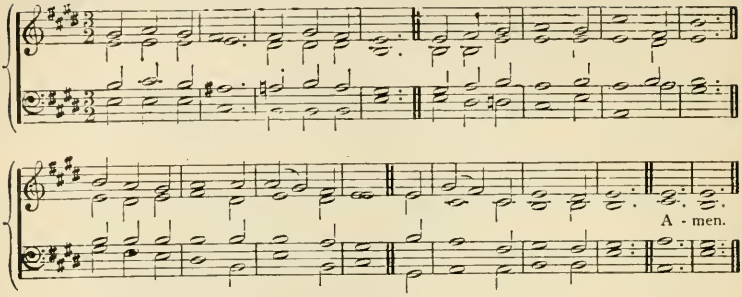
mf 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
p Can rid me of this dark unrest,
cr And set my spirit free.

mf 5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

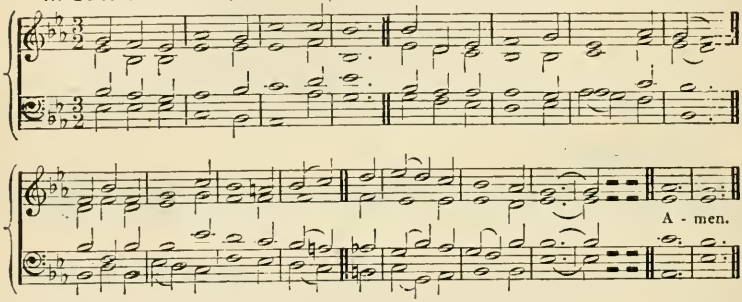
mf 6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine;
cr And with unfaltering lip and heart,
f I call this Saviour mine. Amen.

H. BONAR.

AGNUS DEI. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8 8. 6. W. Blow.



MISERICORDIA. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8 8. 6. H. Smart.



268

mp DRAWN to the Cross which Thou hast blessed
With healing gifts for souls distressed,
cr To find in Thee my Life, my Rest,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp 2 Stained with the sins which I have wrought
In word and deed and secret thought,
cr For pardon which Thy Blood hath bought,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp 3 Weary of selfishness and pride,
False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied,
Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp 4 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
Thy grace abused, my misspent years;
Yet now to Thee, for cleansing tears,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp 5 I would not, if I could, conceal
The ills which only Thou canst heal;
cr So to the Cross, where sinners kneel,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp 6 Wash me, and take away each stain,
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp [7 And then for work to do for Thee,
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels well might envy me,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

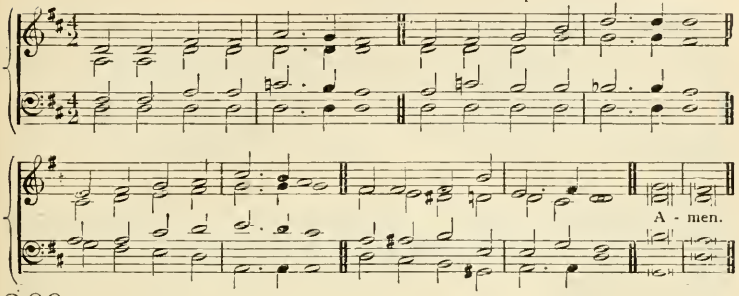
mp 8 A life of labour, prayers, and love,
Which shall my heart's conversion prove,
Till to a glorious Rest above,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mf 9 To share with Thee Thy Life Divine,
Thy Righteousness, Thy Likeness mine,
Since Thou hast made my nature Thine,
p Christ Crucified, I come.]

mf 10 To be what Thou wouldst have me be,
Accepted, sanctified in Thee,
cr Through what Thy grace shall work in me,
dim Christ Crucified, I come. Amen.

GENEVIÈVE IRONS.

CYPRUS. 7s. Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



269

mp NEVER further than Thy Cross;
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

mp 2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus—
Sin, which laid the Cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the Cross for us.

mf 3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

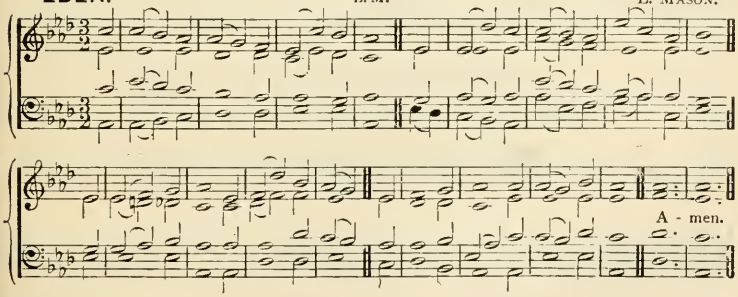
mf 4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives by Thy Cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy Cross, we fight.

mf 5 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend—
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end,

mf 6 Till amid the Hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
f Through Thy Cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet. Amen.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

EDEN. L. M. L. MASON.



270

mf NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

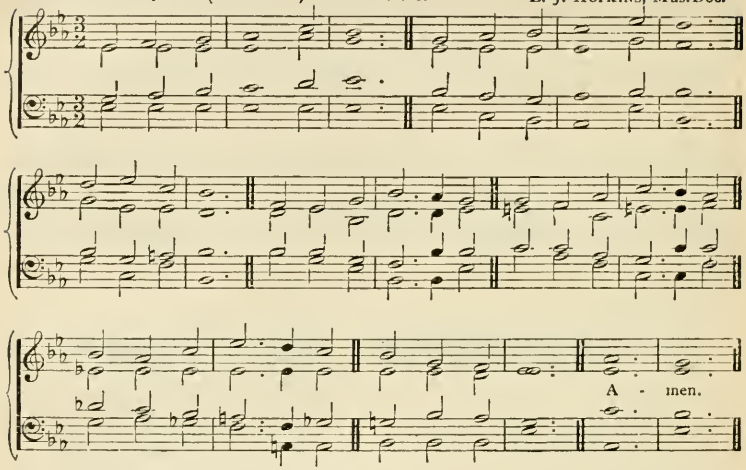
mf 2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

mf 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

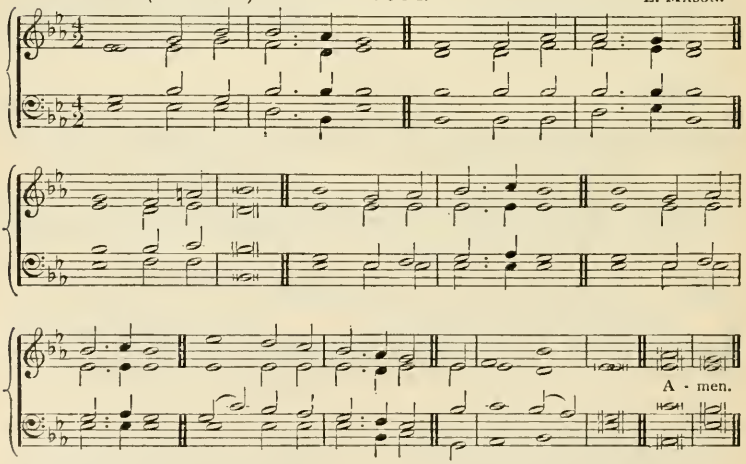
mf 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.
Amen.

I. WATTS.

HAZELWOOD (*1st Tune.*) 664.6664. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



OLIVET. (*2nd Tune.*) 664.6664. L. MASON.



271

mf MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine:
p Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
cr O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

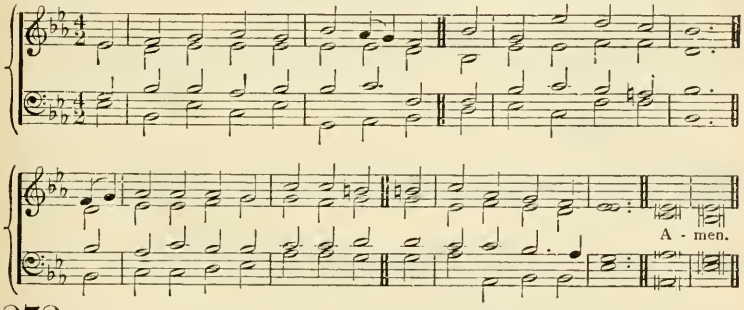
mf 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
p As Thou hast died for me,
cr O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be
f A living fire.

p 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
cr Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
dim Nor let me ever stray
p From Thee aside.

p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
cr Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
f A ransomed soul. Amen.

RAY PALMER.

HORSLEY. C.M. W. HORSLEY, Mus.Doc.



272

mf THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

mf 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
p And there have I, as vile as he,
cr Washed all my sins away.

p 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
cr Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

mf 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
cr Redeeming love has been my theme,
f And shall be till I die.

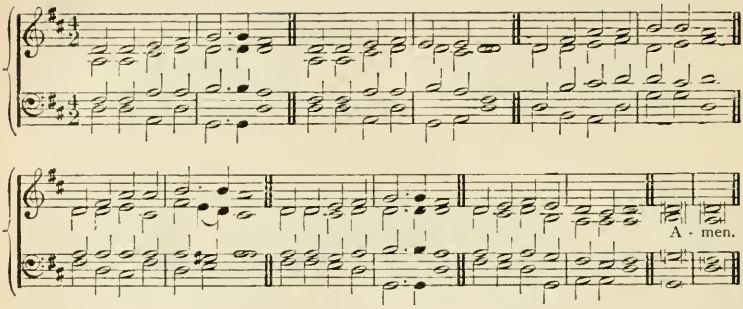
f 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
dim When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
p Lies silent in the grave.

mf [6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
cr For me a blood-bought free reward,
f A golden harp for me.

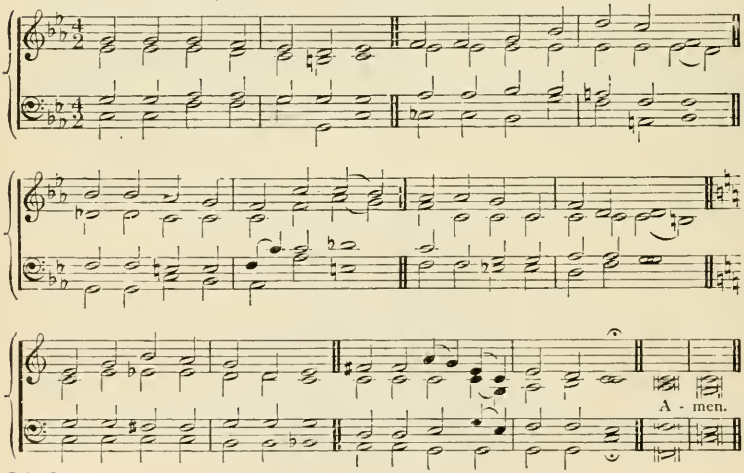
f 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.] Amen.

W. COWPER.

AJALON. (*1st Tune.*) 7s., 6 lines. R. REDHEAD.



HURSTLEIGH. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s., 6 lines. H. LESLIE.



273

mf ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
cr Be of sin the double cure,—
dim Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

p 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
cr All for sin could not atone;
f Thou must save, and Thou alone.

p 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
cr Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
f Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

mf 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
pp When mine eyes shall close in death,
cr When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
pp Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
pp Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY, *v.* 4, *l.* 2 altd

274

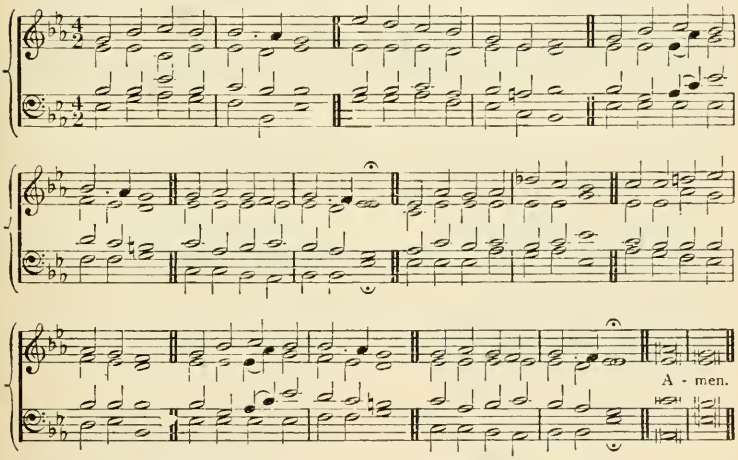
mp WEARY with my load of sin,
All diseased and faint within,
See me, Lord, Thy grace entreat,
See me prostrate at Thy feet:
Here before Thy Cross I lie,
dim Here I live or here I die.

mp 2 I have tried and tried in vain
Many ways to ease my pain;
Now all other hope is past.
Only this is left at last:
Here before Thy Cross I lie,
dim Here I live or here I die,

mp 3 If I perish, be it here
With the Friend of sinners near;
Lord, it is enough—I know
Never sinner perished so:
dim Here before Thy Cross I lie,
cr Here I cannot, cannot die. Amen.

W. ROBINSON.

HOLLINGSIDE. (*1st Tune.*) 7s., 8 lines. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



275

mp JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
cr While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
p Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
cr Safe into the haven guide;
dim O receive my soul at last!

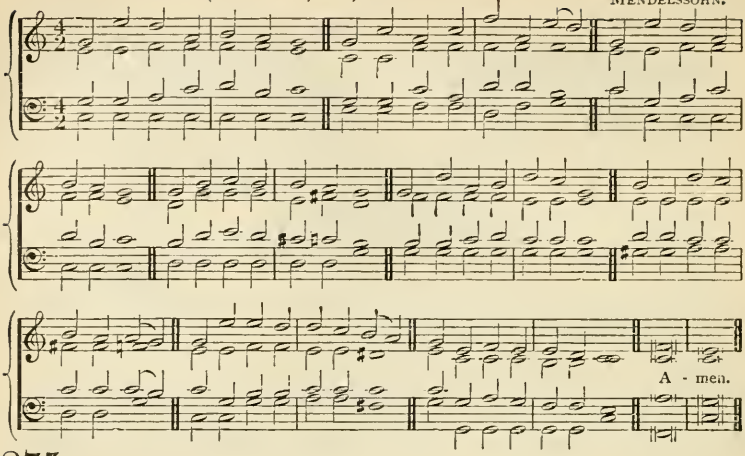
mf 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
p Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
cr All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
dim Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

mf 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
p Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
cr Thou art full of truth and grace.

mf 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
cr Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity! Amen.

C. WESLEY

FRANKFORT. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s., 8 lines. MENDELSSOHN.



275

mp JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
cr While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
p Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
cr Safe into the haven guide;
dim O receive my soul at last!

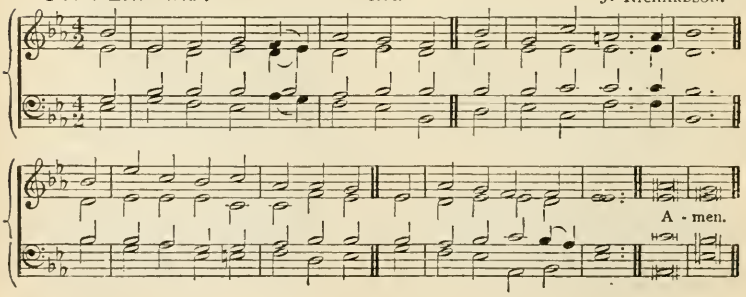
mf 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
p Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
cr All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
dim Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

mf 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
p Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
cr Thou art full of truth and grace.

mf 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
cr Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ST. BERNARD. C.M. J. RICHARDSON.



276

p WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
cr One only hand, a piercèd hand,
mf Can salve the sinner's wound.

p 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
cr One only heart, a broken heart,
mf Can feel the sinner's woe.

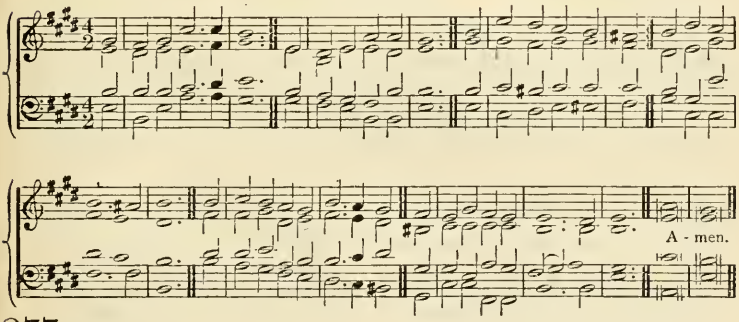
p 3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
cr One only stream, a stream of blood,
mf Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
cr His heart that's touched with all our joys,
p And feeleth for our grief.

mf 5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
p But in Thy wounded side. Amen.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

RALEIGH. 6 6. 6 6. 8 8. E. PROUT.



277

mp I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy once opened Fount.
cr I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

mp 2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot rend;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

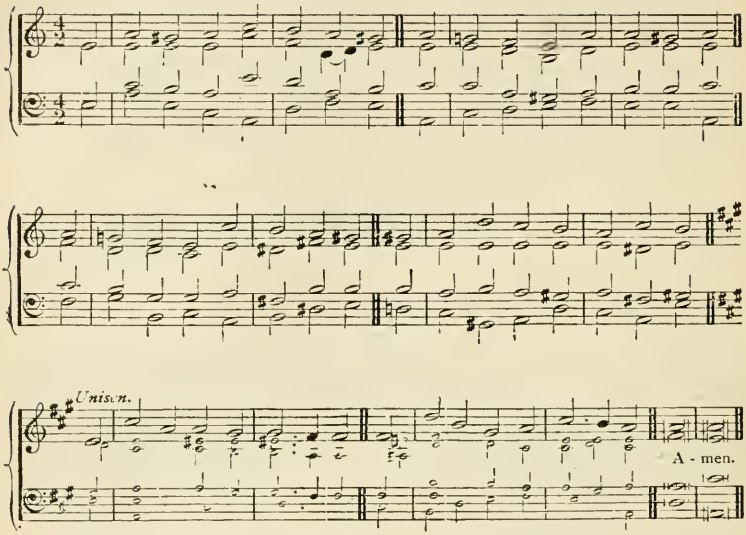
p 3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

p 4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

f 5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

mf 6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
f My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!
Amen. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

ST. MARK. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. W. ELLIOTT.



278

mf WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
f But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

mf 2 We did not see Thee lifted high,
Amid that wild and savage crew;
dim Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
f "Forgive, they know not what they do!"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
dim Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

mf 3 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where late Thy sacred body lay;
cr Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
f But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

mf 4 We did not mark the chosen few
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First, lift to heaven their wondering view,
p Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
f Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
mf No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
ff But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

3.—JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

VOX DILECTI. D.C.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.

Org.

A - men.

279

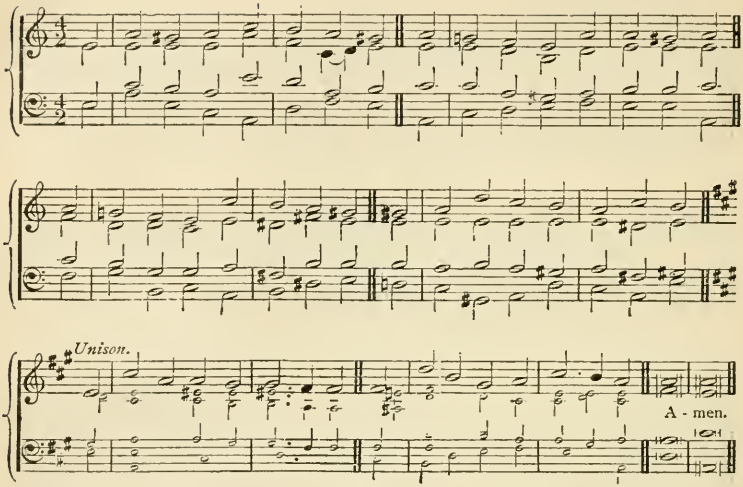
p I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
cr Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
p I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
cr I found in Him a resting-place,
ff And He has made me glad.

p 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
mf "Behold, I freely give
cr The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
p I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; [revived,
cr My thirst was quenched, my soul
ff And now I live in Him

p 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
mf "I am this dark world's Light;
cr Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright."
p I looked to Jesus, and I found
cr In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
dim Till travelling days are done. Amen.

H. BONAR.

ST. MARK. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. W. ELLIOTT.



280

mf AND can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
f Amazing love! how can it be [me?
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for

mf 2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
f 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

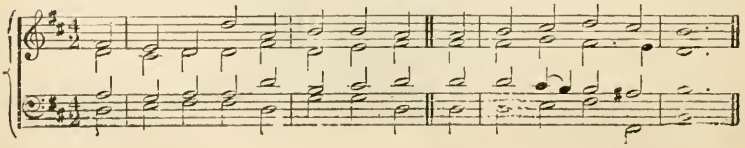
mf 3 He left His Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite His grace!)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
f 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

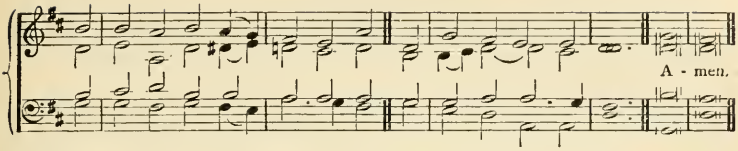
mf 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
cr Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
f My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

mf 5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
f Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

WAVENEY. C.M. R. REDHEAD.





281

p ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death was all mine own;
cr All that I am I owe to Thee
My gracious God, alone.

p 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
cr The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

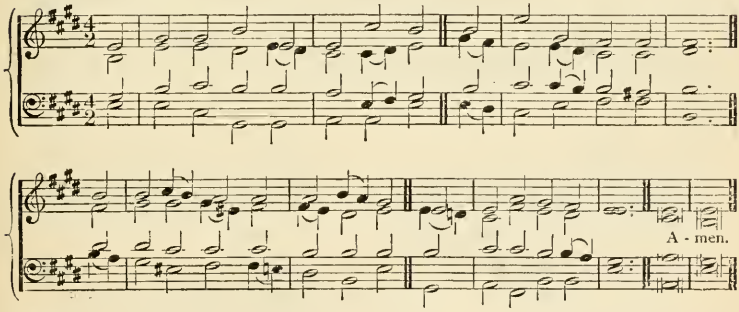
p 3 The darkness of my former night,
The bondage—all was mine;
cr The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.

mp 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
cr Then, in believing, peace I found,
f And now I live, I live.

mf 5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
cr When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee. Amen.

H. BONAR.

SOUTHWELL. C.M H. S. IRONS.



282

mf WE praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,
Our Saviour kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.

p 2 The old security is gone
In which so long we lay;
cr The sleep of death Thou hast dispelled,
The darkness rolled away.

f 3 New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys, Thy grace has given;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ones attach to heaven.

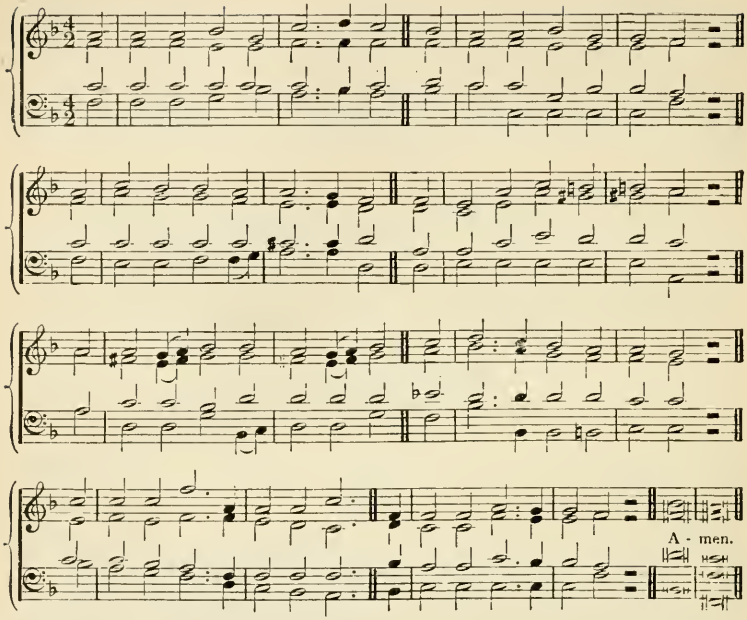
p 4 But yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!

mf 5 Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun;
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,
In Thine own ways to run.

f 6 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before Thy Father's throne,
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own! Amen.

C. J. P. SPITTA, tr. H. L. I.

CONSTANCE. 8 7. 8 7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



283

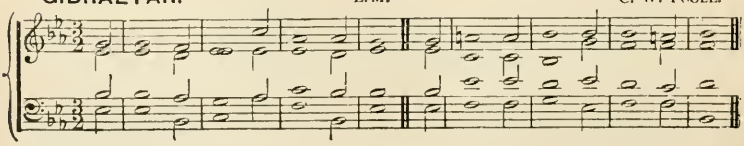
f I'VE found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him!
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him:
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever;
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

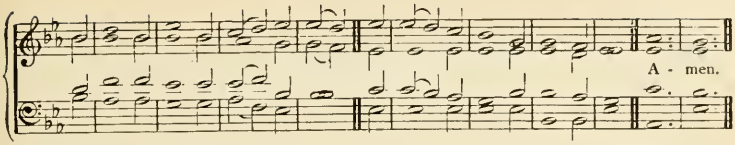
f 2 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
dim He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
cr My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

f 3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender.
mf From Him, Who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
cr Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or hell?
f No! I am His for ever! Amen.

REV. J. G. SMALL.

GIBRALTAR. L. M. C. W. POOLE.





284

mp LORD, I was blind: I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
cr But now the beauty of Thy face
f In radiant vision dawns on me.

mp 2 Lord, I was deaf: I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
cr But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
f And all Thy uttered words are dear.

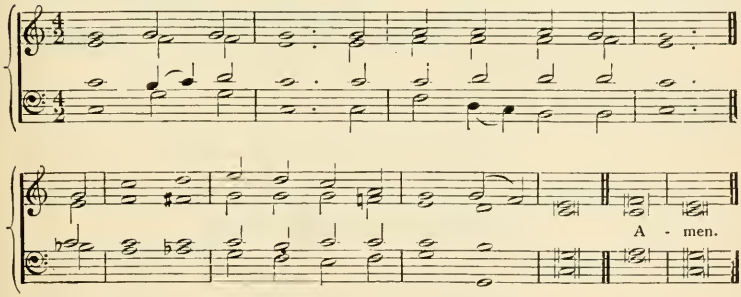
mp 3 Lord, I was dumb: I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy Name;
cr But now, as touched with living flame,
f My lips Thine eager praises wake.

p 4 Lord, I was dead: I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee; [me,
cr But now, since Thou hast quickened
f I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

f 5 Lord, Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
ff The dead to live; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity. Amen.

W. T. MATSON.

PAX TECUM. 10 10. G. T. CALDBECK.



285

mf PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
p The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

mf 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
p To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

mf 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
p On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

mf 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
cr In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

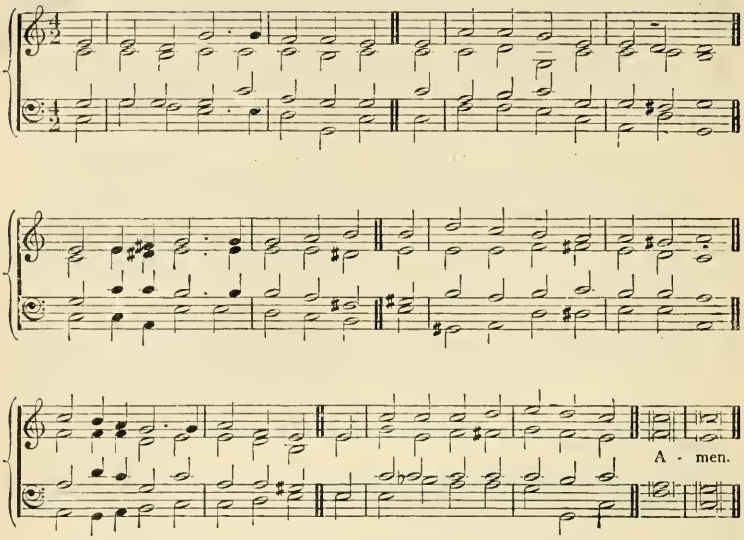
mf 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
cr Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

p 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

p 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
cr And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

PENIEL. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. Booth.



286

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

mf [2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
dim Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
cr Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.]

mf 3 O Love! Thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in Thee:
cr Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' Blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries!

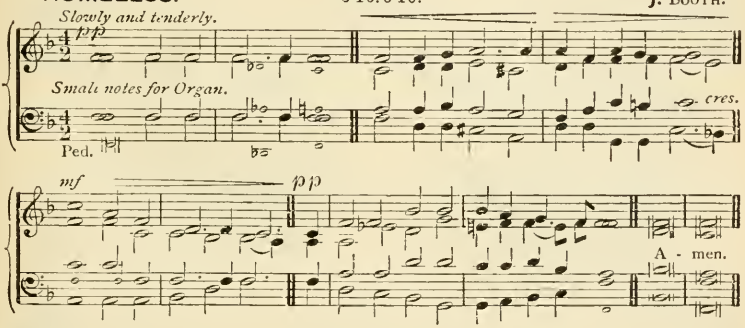
mf 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast:
cr Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there!

p 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head;
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
cr On this my steadfast soul relies;
mf Father! Thy mercy never dies.

mf 6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
dim Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
cr This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
mf Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
f Loved with an everlasting love. Amen.

J. WESLEY, from J. A. ROTHE.

HOMELESS. 6 10. 6 10. J. BOOTH.



287

mf BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest,
dim But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

mp 2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest;
cr To bid the sinner live,
dim And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

p 3 I, who once made Him grieve;
I, who once bade His gentle spirit mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn!

mp 4 What then, am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread?
Peace purchased by the blood
Of Him Who had not where to lay His head.

mp 5 O why should I have peace?
cr Why, but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
f Until it made me heir of joys above.

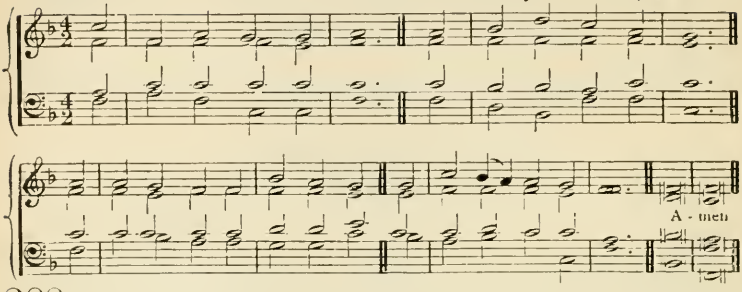
mf [6 Yes, but for pardoning grace
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face
dim That once was pale and agonised for me.

mp 7 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
cr Come, Saviour, in my breast
dim Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.]

mp 8 Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lovest,—within
A heart, that for Thy sake
p Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.
Amen. J. S. B. MONSELL.

4.—*THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.*

NEWLAND. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



288

f BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

mf 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
cr But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

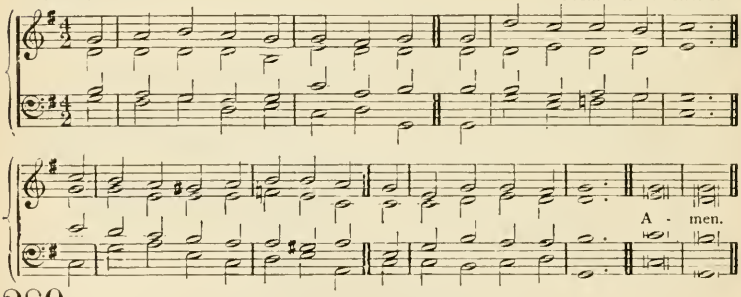
mf 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

mp 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

mp 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
cr My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own. Amen.

I. WATTS.

LINCOLN. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT.



289

mf MY God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

mf 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly.
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

mp 3 Whate'er Thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to Thine.

mp 4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

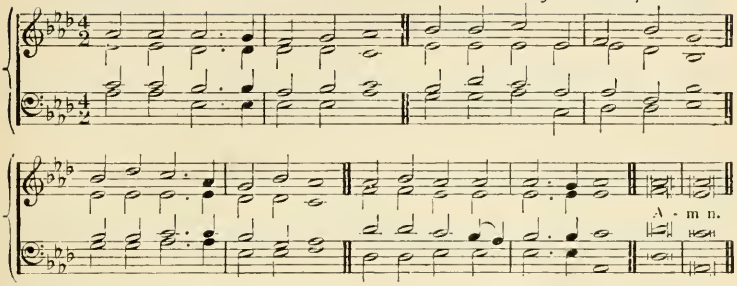
mp 5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
cr Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

mf 6 My God, my Father, be Thy name
My solace and my stay.
f O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away? Amen.

ANN E. STEELE.

5.—*LOVE TO GOD.*

ST. BEES. 7s. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



290

mf HARK, my soul, it is the Lord:
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word.
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
p Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

mf 2 I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
cr Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

mf 3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
p Yes, she may forgetful be,
cr Yet will I remember thee.

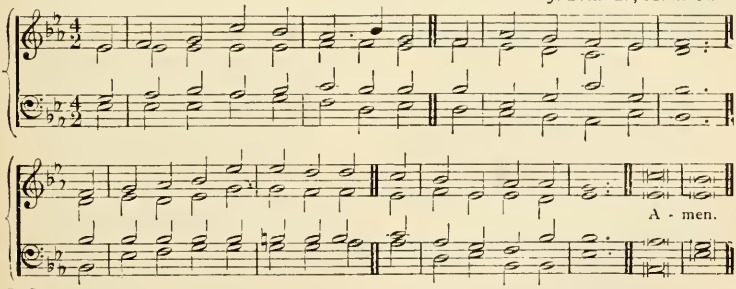
mf 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
cr Free and faithful, strong as death.

f 5 Thou shalt see My glory soon,
p When the work of grace is done;
cr Partner of My throne shalt be;
pp Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

mf 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
cr Yet I love Thee, and adore;
f O for grace to love Thee more. Amen.

W. COWPER.

XAVIER. C.M. J. STAINER, Mus. Doc.



291

mf MY God, I love Thee,—not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor because they who love Thee not
p Are lost eternally.

mf 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
dim And manifold disgrace,

mp 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
dim And death itself—and all for one.
Who was Thine enemy.

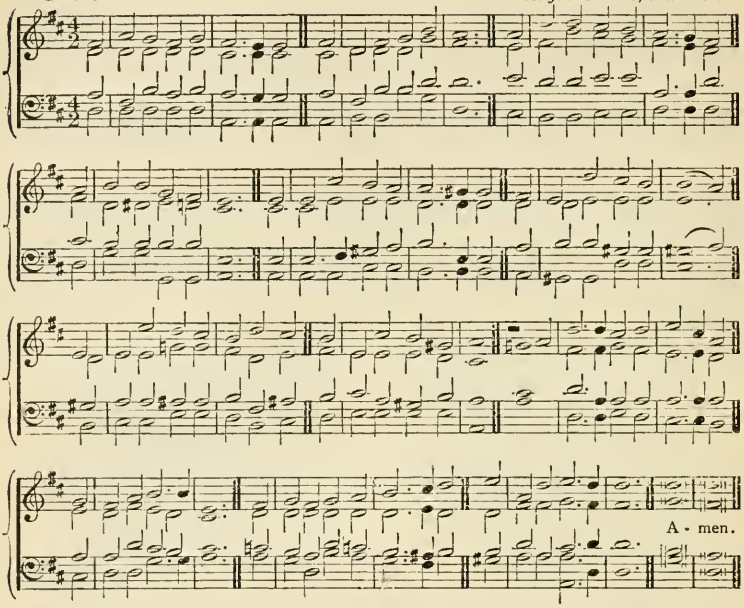
cr 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

mp 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord.

mf 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
cr And in Thy praise will sing:
f Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King. Amen.

F. XAVIER, tr. E. CASWALL, *v.* 1, *l.* 4 alt.

ST. JUST. C.M.T. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus Doc.



292

mf WHEN I had wandered from His fold
His love the wand'rer sought;
When slave-like into bondage sold,
His blood my freedom bought:
cr Therefore that life by Him redeemed,
Is His through all its days,
And as with blessings it hath teemed,
So let it teem with praise:
f For I am His, and He is mine,
The God Whom I adore!
cr My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
ff Now and for evermore!

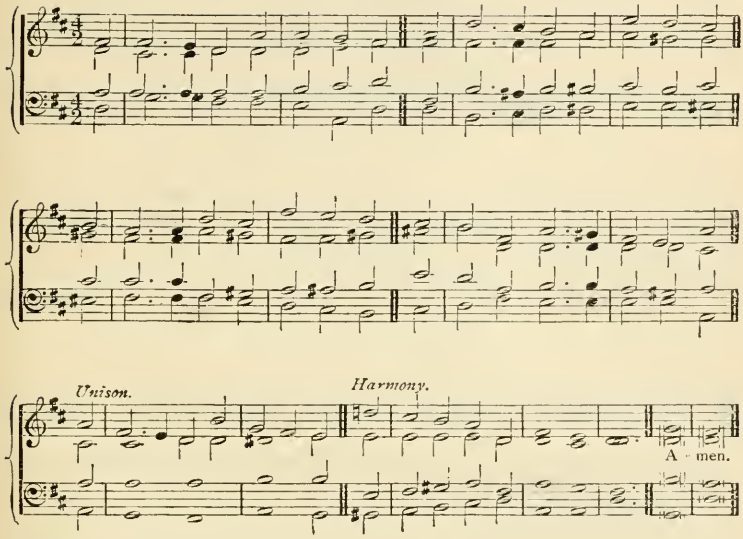
mf 2 When I forgat His tender love,
And my affections set
Not upon holy things above,
He did not me forget,
dim But gently chastening, gently tried
To draw me back to bliss,
And hide me in His wounded side:
cr Therefore I'm tenfold His:
f For I am His, and He is mine, etc.

p 3 When, sunk in sorrow, I despaired
And changed my hopes for fears,
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
And wiped away my tears;
cr Therefore the joy by Him restored
To him by right belongs,
And to my gracious loving Lord
mf I'll sing through life my songs:
f For I am His, and He is mine, etc.

mp 4 When I beneath my cross lay down,
And could no further move,
cr He raised me up, He showed the crown,
p And whispered, "I am Love;"
cr Therefore that Love my song shall be,
And to my glorious King,
mf Through time and through eternity,
cr My life His praise shall sing:
f For I am His, and He is mine,
The God whom I adore!
cr My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
ff Now and for evermore! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

MAGDALEN. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. STAINER, Mus. Doc.



293

mf THOU hidden Love of God, Whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
dim Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
p My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

mf 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
p O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

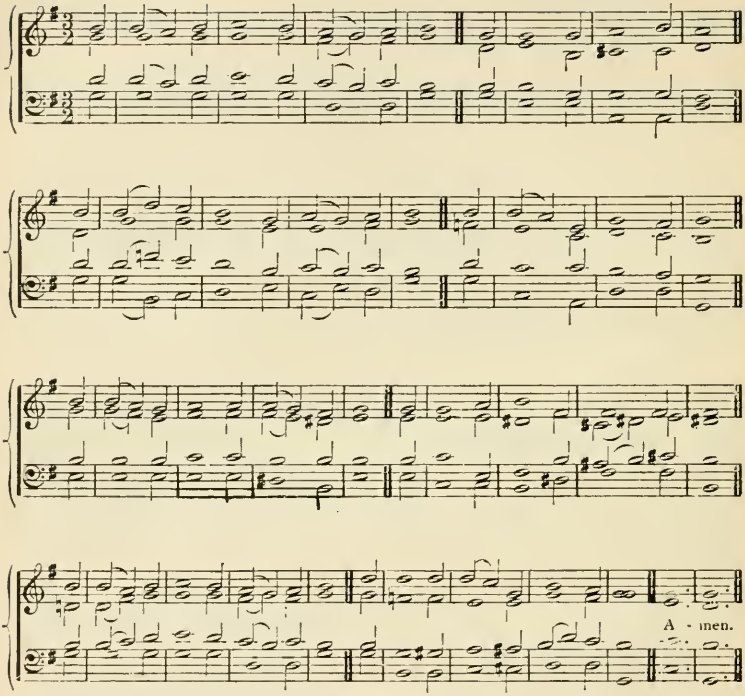
mf 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
cr Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
p Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

mf 4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father" cry!

mf 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice. Amen.

G. TERSTEEGEN, tr. J. WESLEY.

MAIDSTONE. 8 6.8 6.8 8.8 8. H. A. RICHINGS.



294

mf MY heart to Thee I give for aye,
O Jesu, sweetest, best;
Thy heart to me give Thou, I pray,
O Jesu, loveliest.
Our hearts alone Thou dost require,
Our hearts alone Thou dost desire:
cr Make me love Thee as Thou dost me,
O Jesu, Fount of Charity.

mp 2 What for Thy grace can I repay,
God, Who for me wast born?
What for Thy love before Thee lay,
Man, Who didst suffer scorn?
"Thy heart," Thou sayest, "give Me here:"
Take Thou my heart, O Jesu dear.
cr Make me love Thee as Thou dost me,
O Jesu, Fount of Charity.

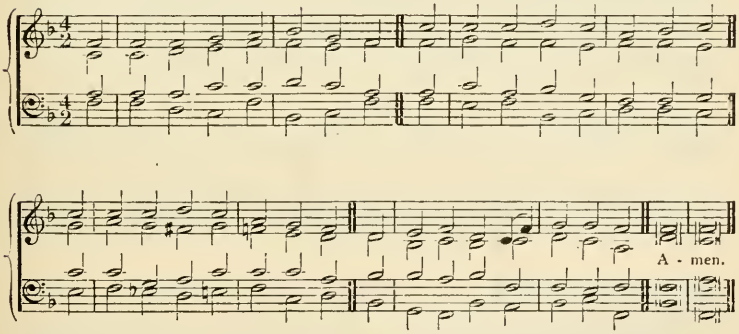
mf 3 For me Thy heart is opened wide,
That I may entrance find,
And there my own within it hide,
And close in union bind.
Thou, Jesu blest, by love possest,
Thyself didst give, that I might live:
cr Make me love Thee as Thou dost me,
O Jesu, Fount of Charity.

mf 4 Here is the heart's true bulwark found,
And here is rest secure,
And here is love's most certain ground,
And here salvation sure.
In this cleft Rock, once rent for all,
And in this heart's protecting wall,
cr May I confide, may I abide,
O Jesu, Saviour glorified. Amen.

LATIN, 9th CENTURY, tr. R. F. LITTLEDALE.

JESU REDEMPTOR. L.M.

Ancient Plain Song. Harmonized by W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.



295

mf O THOU Who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

mf 2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling, to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

mp 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

mf 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

SAVOY CHAPEL. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

A - men.

RUTHERFORD. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. D'URHAN. Arranged from *Chants Chrêtiens.*

A - men.

296

mf TO Thee, O dear, dear Saviour!
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast;
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessèd Saviour mine.

mf 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou Whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou Whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

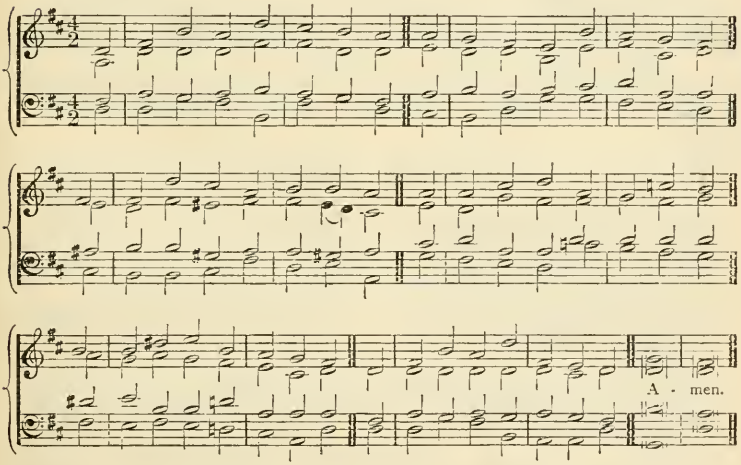
mp 3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
cr My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life to Thine.

mp [4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only one Who never
Forgot or slighted me!
cr O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.]

f 5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
mf O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
dim The holy calm and quiet
p Of faith's serene repose. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

EPWORTH. 888.888. W. BALY.



297

mf O GOD, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee? [might?
Who would not love Thee with his
O Jesu, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

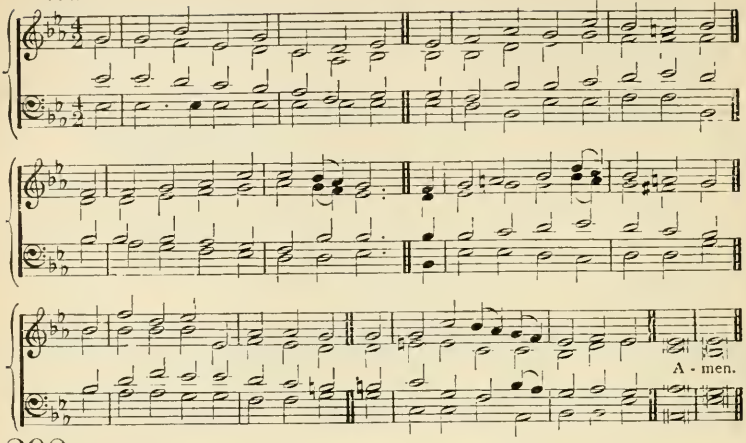
f [2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the insufferable blaze
dim Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
cr Yet free as air Thy bounty streams
On all Thy works; Thy mercy's beams
Diffusive as Thy sun's arise.

mf 3 Astonished at Thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow;
f Terrible majesty is Thine!
Who then can that vast love express
Which bows Thee down to me, who less
dim Than nothing am, till Thou art mine?]

mf 4 Fountain of good! all blessing flows
From Thee; no want Thy fulness knows;
What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, dost Thou require.

f 5 O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesu, Lover of mankind,
ff Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?
Amen. J. SCHEFFLER, tr. J. WESLEY.

VALETE. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



298

f THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

p [2 In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.]

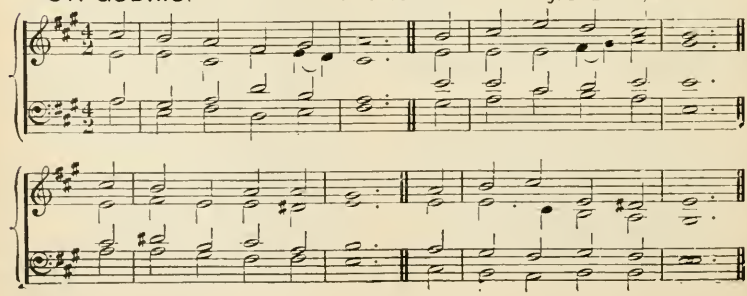
f 3 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun, [shined;
That Thy bright beams or me have
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

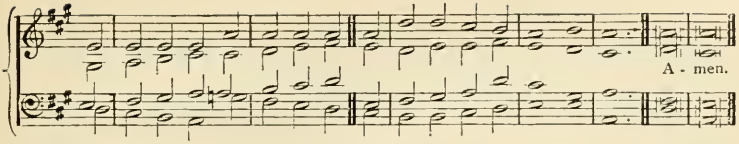
f 4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires.
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

f 5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
mf Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile, Thy sceptre, or Thy rod;
p What though my flesh and heart decay?
cr Thee shall I love in endless day. Amen.

J. SCHEFFLER, tr. J. WESLEY.

ST. GODRIC. 6 6 6 6. 8 8. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.





299

f WHOM should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?
ff O for a thousand tongues to show
The mercies which to Thee we owe.

mf 2 The storm upon us fell,
The floods around us rose;
The depths of death and hell
Seemed on our souls to close.
dim To God we cried in strong despair,
cr He heard, and came to help our prayer.

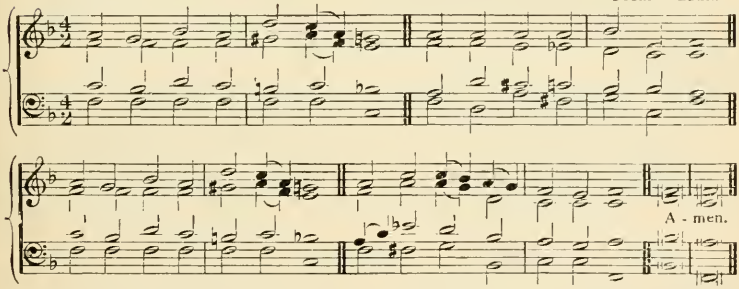
mf 3 He came, the King of kings,
He bowed the sable sky;
And on the tempest's wings
Walked down serene from high.
The earth beneath His footsteps shook,
The mountains quaked at His rebuke.

mf 4 Above the storm He stood,
And awed it to repose;
dim He drew us from the flood,
And scattered all our foes.
cr He set us in a spacious place,
mf And there upholds us by His grace.

f 5 Whom should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?
ff O for a thousand tongues to show
The mercies which to Thee we owe.
Amen. H. F. LYTE.

6.—*LOVE TO MAN.*

WEBER. 7s. From WEBER.



300

mf FATHER, to Thy sinful child
Though Thy law is reconciled,
dim By Thy pardoning grace I live;
Daily still I cry,—Forgive.

mf [2 Though my ransom-price He paid
Upon Whom my guilt was laid,
dim Humbly at Thy mercy seat,
Full remission I entreat.]

mp 3 Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay;
Duties I have left undone;
Evils I have failed to shun;

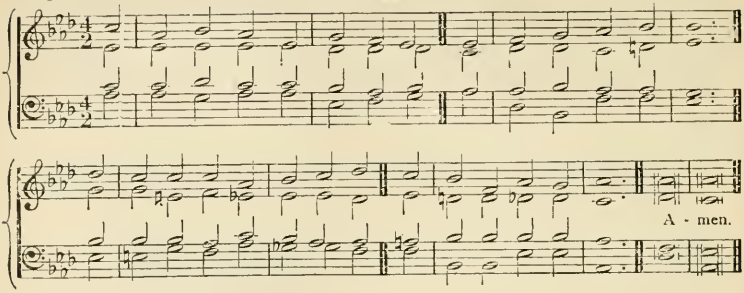
mp 4 Trespasses in word or thought;
Deeds from evil motive wrought;
Cold ingratitude, distrust;
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust.

mp 5 Pardon, Lord! and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their tresspasses forgive.

mp [6 May I feel beneath my wrongs
Vengeance unto God belongs,
Nor a worse requital dare
Than the meek revenge of prayer.]

mp 7 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
cr Then assured my heart shall be,
f Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.
Amen. J. CONDER.

ST. MARGUERITE. C.M. E. C. WALKER.



301

mf O GOD! Whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To Whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!

mp 2 Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

mp 3 Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
dim And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

mf 4 But they have caught the way of God,
To Whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.

mf 5 All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee;
O God! for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me! Amen.

F. W. FABER, *v.* 5, *l.* 3 altd.

302

mp BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessèd word of love.

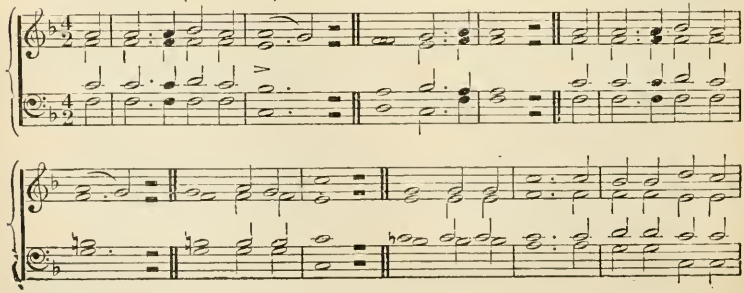
mf 2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

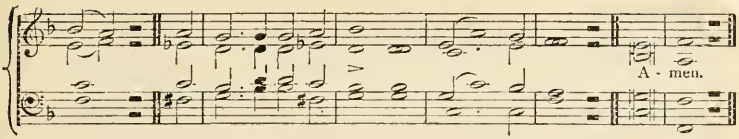
mf 3 Then, Jesus, be Thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
dim To deeds of pure self-sacrifice
And the sweet tasks of love. Amen.

S. LONGFELLOW.

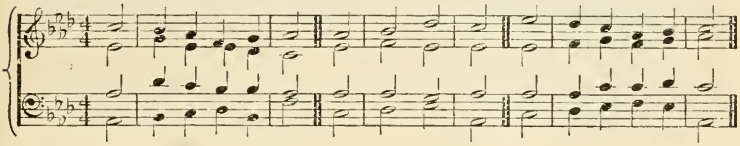
7.—*CONSECRATION AND HOLINESS.*

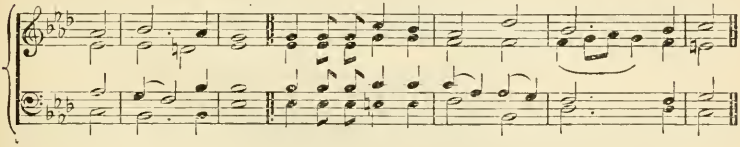
BUDLEIGH. (*1st Tune.*) 6 4.6 4.10 10. T. M. MUDIE.

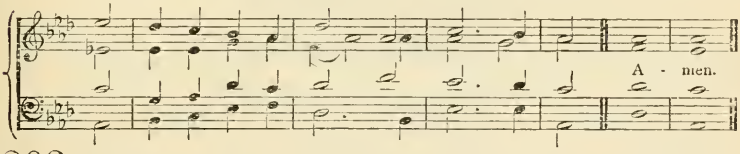




JESU DILECTISSIME. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 4.6 4.10 10. W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.







303

mf I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine!
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His"?

mf 2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

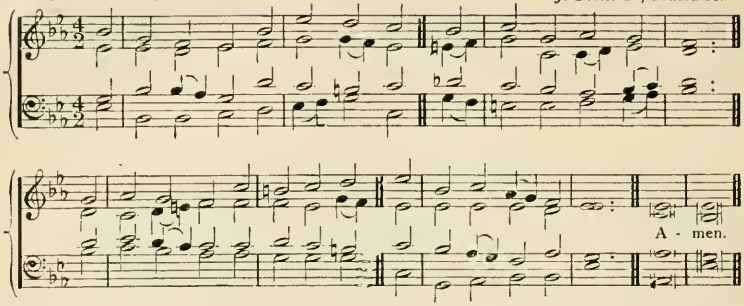
mp 3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

mf 4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power? [from Thee,
Why should I keep one precious thing
When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?

mp 5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
pp Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
cr To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
f Thou and Thine own are One for evermore. Amen.

C. E. MUDIE.

SUDELEY. C.M. J. STAINER, Mus.Doc.



304

f O FOR a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
dim So freely spilt for me.

mf 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone.

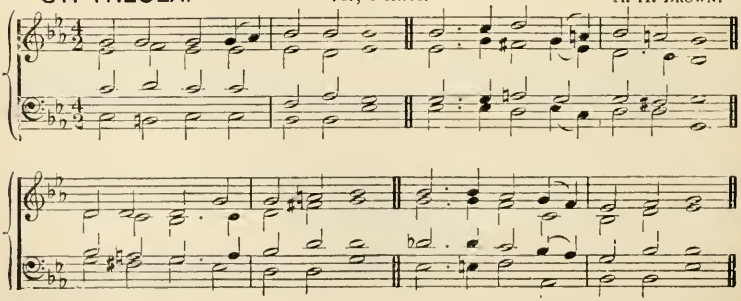
mp 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

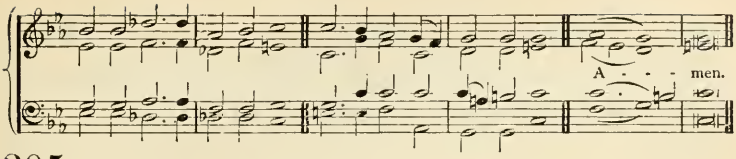
mp 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

mf 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
cr Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ST. THECLA. 7s., 6 lines. A. H. BROWN.





305

mf WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history,
p Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
cr Not till then, how much I owe.

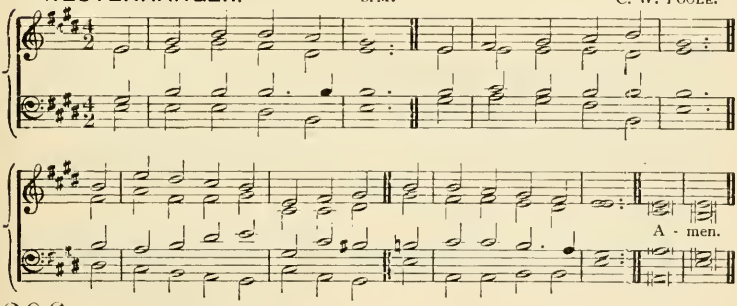
mf 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
p Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
cr Not till then, how much I owe.

mf 3 When the praise of heaven I near,
cr Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
p Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
cr Not till then, how much I owe.

mf 4 E'en on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
p E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
cr Something of how much I owe.

R. M. M'CHEYNE, *v.* 1, *ll.* 3, 4 altd.

WESTENHANGER. S.M. C. W. POOLE.



306

f DEAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see;
My Conqueror, with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee!

mf 2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands—
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.

mf 3 No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind:
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

mf 4 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

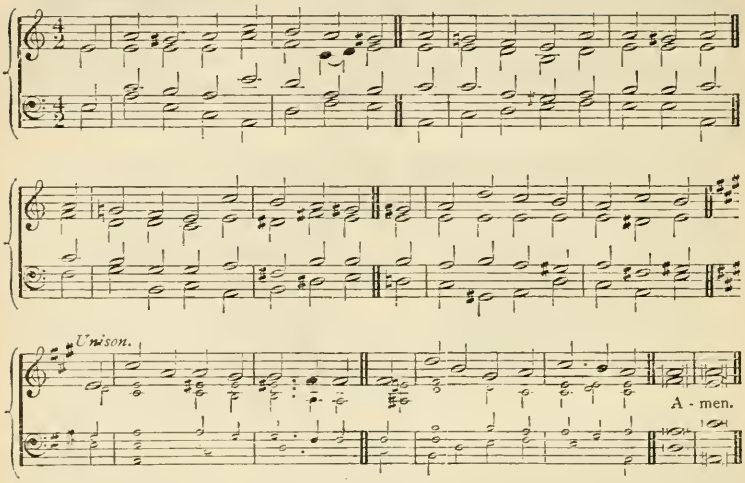
mp 5 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
cr The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

mp 6 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true!
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
cr Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through!

mf 7 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train,
f And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
When Thou return'st to reign! Amen.

T. H. GILL.

ST. MARK. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. W. ELLIOTT.



307

mf O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wand'rings wild and drear;
cr O Love, I give myself to Thee,
f Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf 2 O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
cr O Love, I give myself to Thee,
f Thine ever only Thine to be.

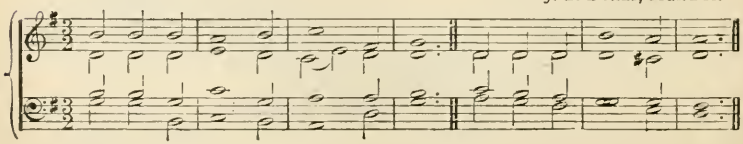
mf [3 O Love, of Whom is truth and light,
The Word and Spirit, life and power;
Whose heart was bared to them that smite,
To shield us in our trial hour;
cr O Love, I give myself to Thee,
f Thine ever, only Thine to be.]

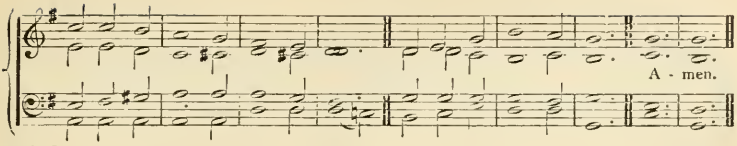
mf 4 O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
cr O Love, I give myself to Thee,
f Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf 5 O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, Who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
cr O Love, I give myself to Thee,
f Thine ever, Thine alone to be. Amen.

J. SCHEFFLER, tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

ST. AGNES. C.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.





308

mf O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

mf 2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

mf 3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

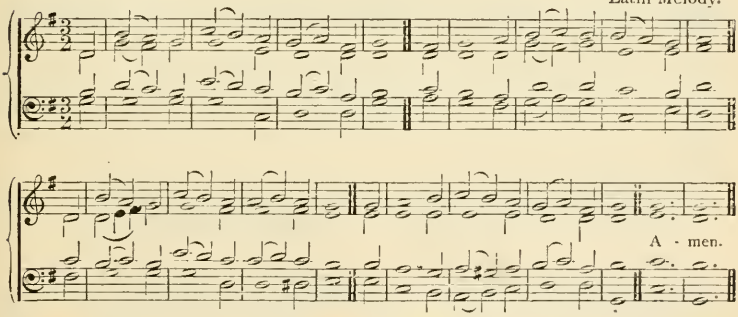
mp 4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
O make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy Name.

mp 5 Daily more filled with Thee my heart,
Daily from self more free;
Thou, to Whom prayer did strength impart,
Of my prayer Hearer be.

mf 6 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move,
f Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love. Amen.

J. C. LAVATER, tr. H. B. SMITH.

ST. LUKE. L. M. Latin Melody.



309

mf MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

mf 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?

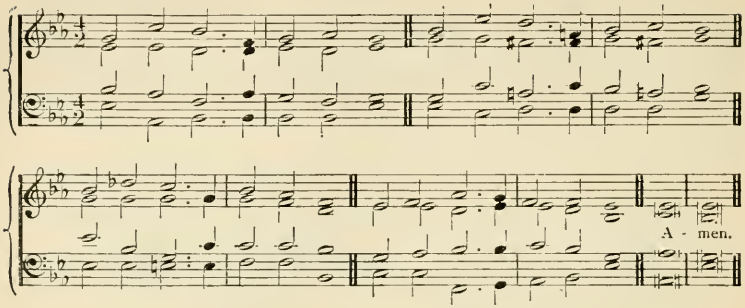
mp 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad:

mf 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him Who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

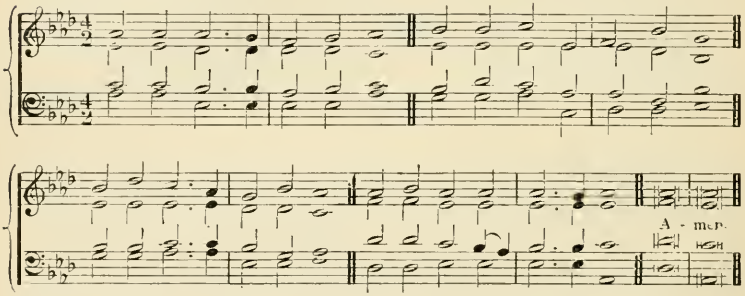
mf 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more,
dim. And my last hour of life confess
c. His love hath animating power. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

CONSECRATION. (*1st Tune.*) 7s. G. M. GARRETT, Mus. Doc.



ST. BEES. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



310

mf TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

mf 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

mf 3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

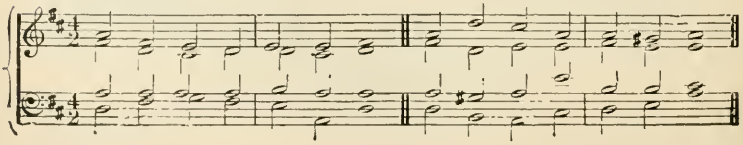
mf 4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

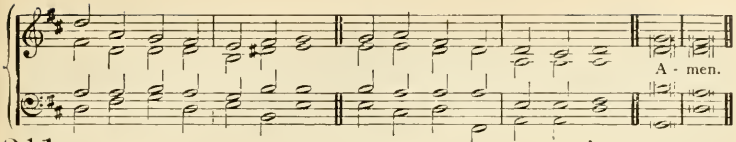
mf 5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
p It shall be no longer mine;
cr Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

mf 6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
cr Take myself, and I will be
f Ever, only, all for Thee. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

BUCKLAND. 7s. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.





311

mf HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,—
As Thou art, so let us be.

mp 2 Jesu, see my panting breast!
See, I pant in Thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin.

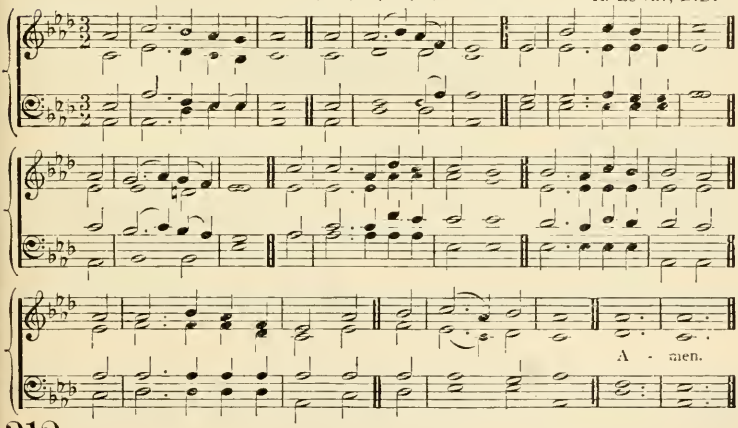
mp 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind!
To Thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

p 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
cr Thine we are, Thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of Thy blood!

mp 5 Jesu, when Thy light we see,
All our soul's athirst for Thee:
When Thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

mf 6 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine:
f Praise by all to Thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!
Amen. A. DOBER, tr. J. WESLEY.

NEED. 6 4.6 4.7 6.7 4. R. LOWRY, D.D.



312

mf I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
cr I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
f O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!

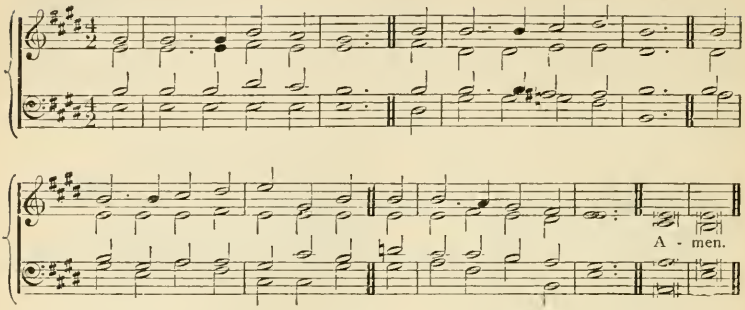
mf 2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, etc.

mp 3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, etc.

mf 4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, etc.

mf 5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
cr O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!
cr I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
f O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee! Amen.
ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ALDERSGATE. S.M. G. P. MERRICK, Mus.Bac.



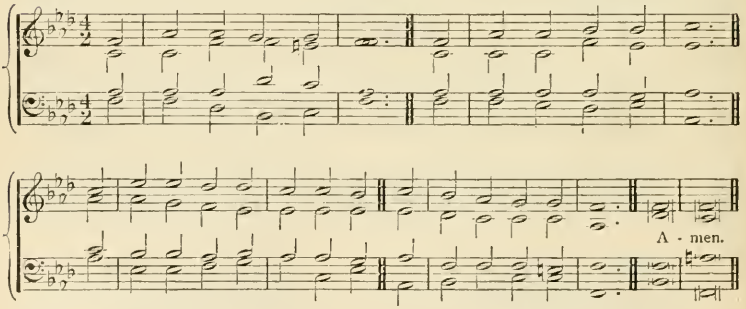
313

mf LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

f 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thine own,
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

SOUTHWELL. S.M. DENHAM'S *Psalter.*



314

mf A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

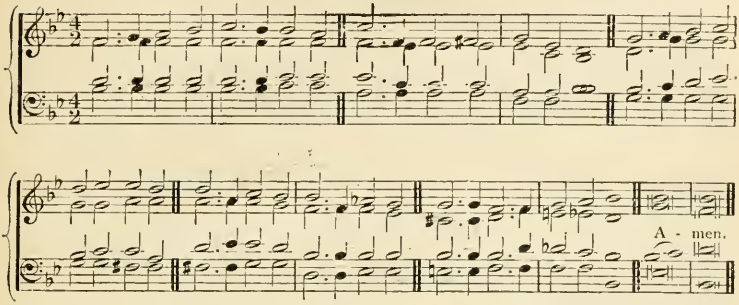
mf 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

mf 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:

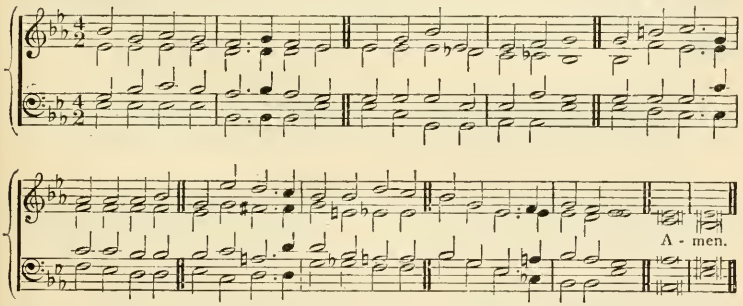
mf 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
dim Assured, if I my trust betray,
p I shall for ever die. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ST. JUDE. (*1st Tune.*) 87.887. C. VINCENT, Mus. Doc.



VIADUCT. (*2nd Tune.*) 87.887. E. MINSHALL.



315

p OH the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered:
mf "All of self, and none of Thee!"

p 2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree:
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
dim And my wistful heart said faintly,
pp "Some of self, and some of Thee!"

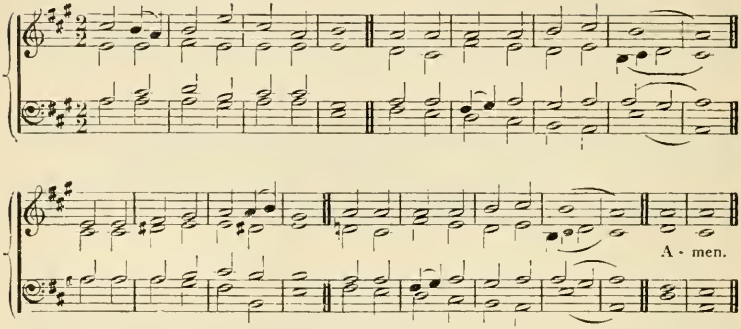
mf 3 Day by day, His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full, and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
p "Less of self, and more of Thee!"

f 4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
cr Grant me now my soul's desire,
ff "None of self, and all of Thee!" Amen.

T. MONOD.

8.—*CHARACTER AND VIRTUES.*

MÜLHAUSEN. 7s. J. R. AHLE.



316

mf JESUS, cast a look on me;
Give me sweet simplicity,
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know;

mf 2 Weanèd from my lordly self,
Weanèd from the miser's pelf,
Weanèd from the scorner's ways,
Weanèd from the lust of praise.

mf 3 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit;
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

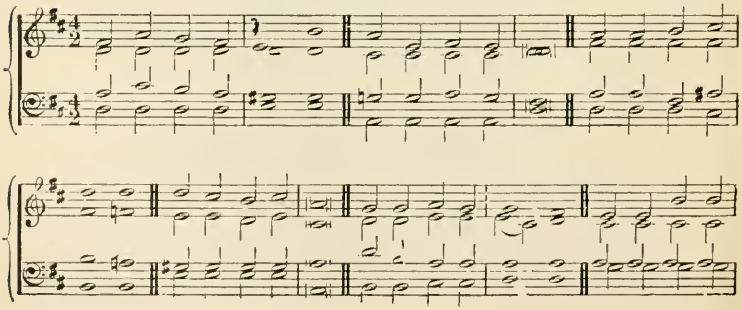
mp 4 Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,
cr Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might,

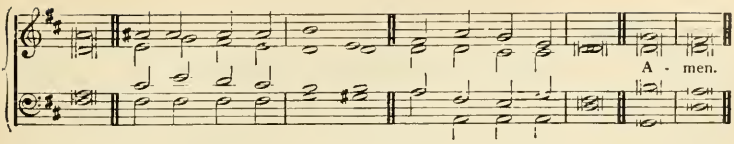
mp 5 Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious Blood.

mf 6 In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
cr In this temper let me die,
f And hosannas ever cry! Amen.

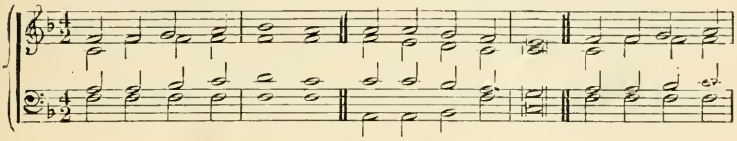
J. BERRIDGE

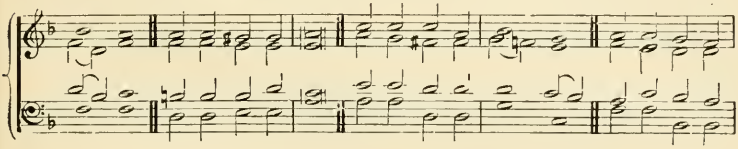
VESPERS. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5. 6 5. D. H. A. PROTHERO.

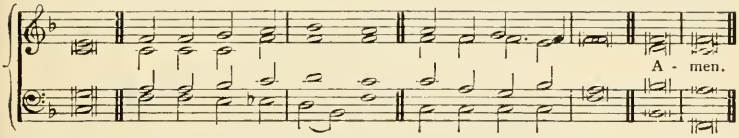




ST. MARY MAGDALENE. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5. 6 5 D. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.







317

mf PURER yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

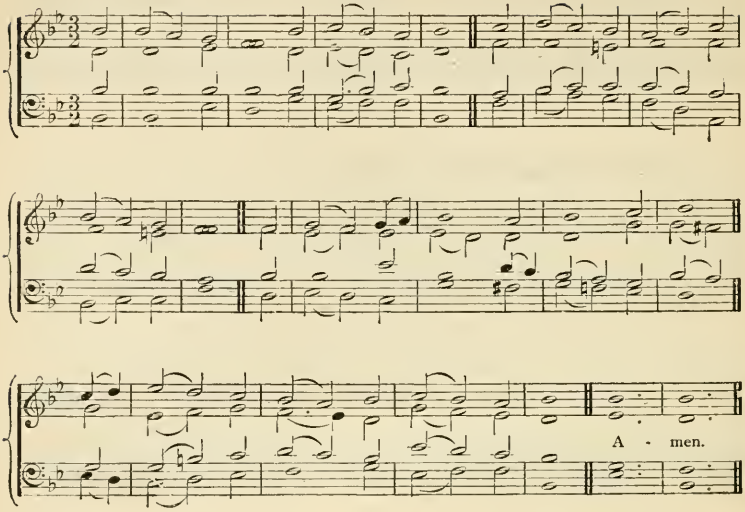
mp 2 Calmer yet and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

mf 3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
cr Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
dim Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

mf 4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
cr Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed. Amen.

J. W. VON GOETHE, tr. ANON.

WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP.



318

f SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

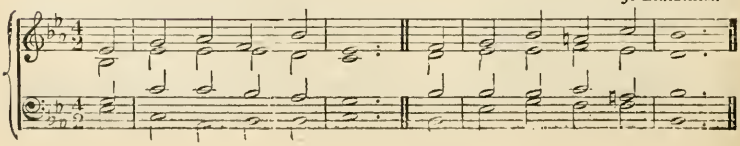
2 *f* Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

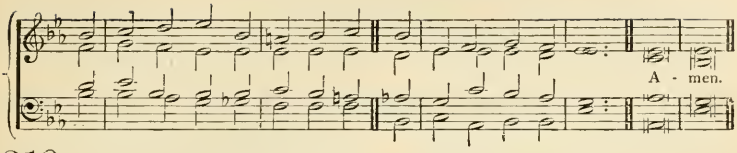
mf 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

mf 4 Religion bears our spirits up
While we expect that blessèd hope—
cr The bright appearing of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word. Amen.

I. WATTS.

CLIFTON. S.M. J. BRABHAM.





319

mf BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

mf 2 The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
dim To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

mf 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

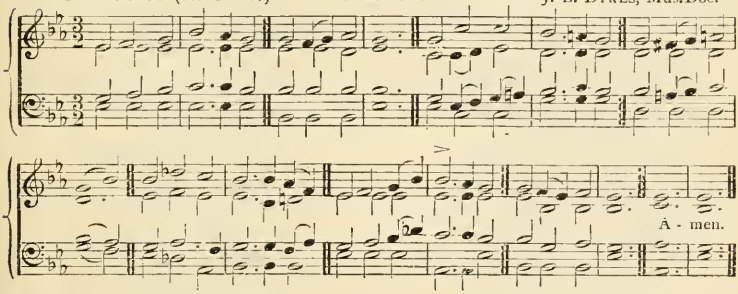
p 4 Lord we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

J. KEBLE and W. J. HALL.

[See also Section VII. 16.]

9.—*DISCIPLINE AND COMFORT.*

HORBURY. (*1st Tune.*) 6 4.6 4.6 6 4. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



320

mf NEARER, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee,
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
cr Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

p 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
cr Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

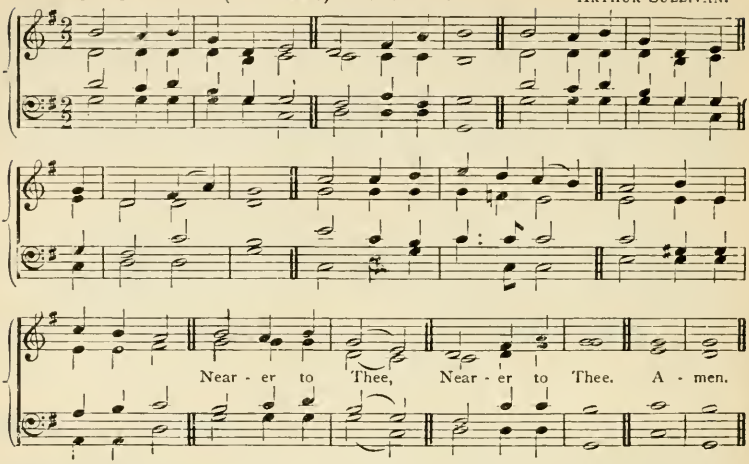
mf 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
cr Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

f 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
p So by my woes to be
cr Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

f 5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
cr Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee. Amen.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

PROPIOR DEO. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 4. 6 4 6 6 4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



320

mf NEARER, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee,
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
cr Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

p 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
cr Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

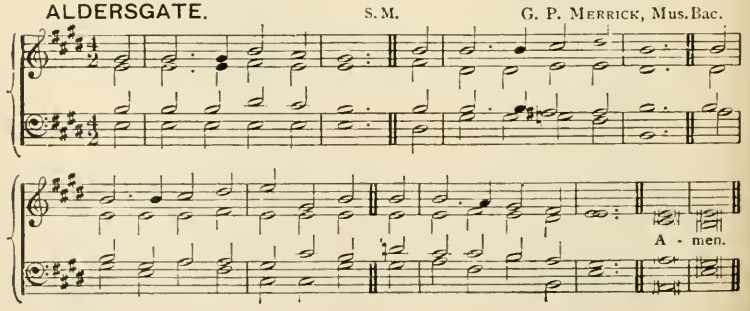
mf 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
cr Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

f 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
p So by my woes to be
cr Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

f 5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
cr Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee. Amen.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

ALDERSGATE. S. M. G. P. MERRICK, Mus. Bac.



321

mf THOU say'st, "Take up thy cross,
O Man, and follow Me:"
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

mp 2 But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy Face could see!
Thy blessèd Face one moment's space;
Then might we follow Thee!

mp 3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can we follow Thee?

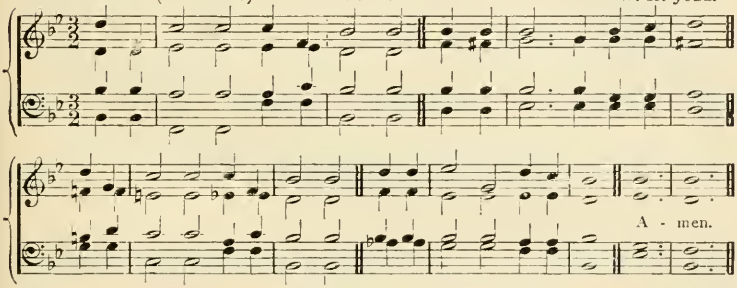
mp 4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

mp 5 Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is nought but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true?
Can we not follow Thee?

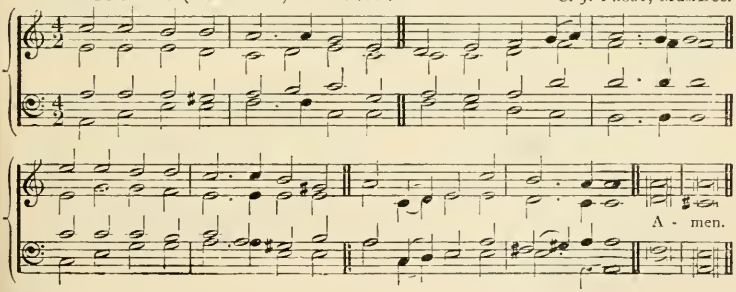
mf 6 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be: [own:—
cr Set up Thy Throne within Thine
f Go, Lord: we follow Thee. Amen.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

GALILEE. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87. W. H. JUDE.



DRYSDALE. (*2nd Tune.*) 87.87. C. J. FROST, Mus.Doc.



322

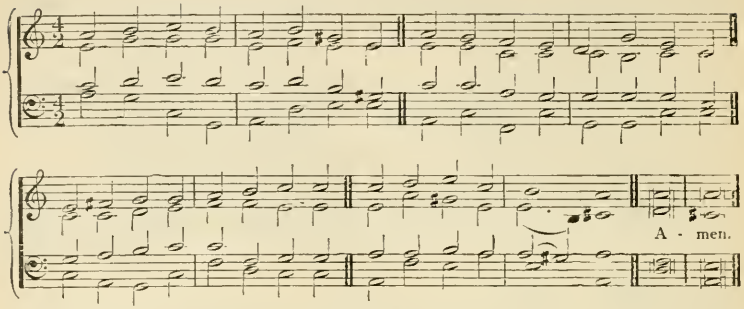
mf JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, (*p*) "Christian, follow Me."

p 2 Jesus calls us (*cr*) from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, (*p*) "Christian, love Me more."

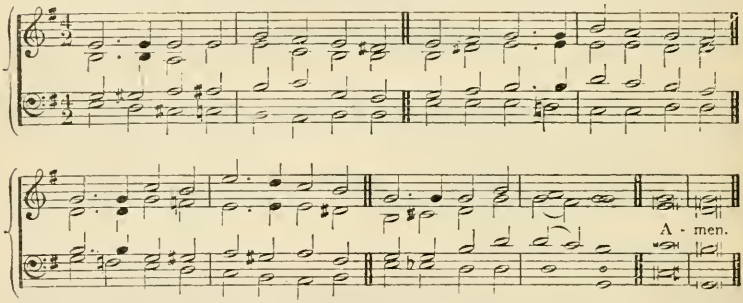
mf 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
cr "Christian, love Me more than these."

p 4 Jesus calls us! (*cr*) By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
f Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.
Amen. C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

BONIFACE. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8 8.6., Trochaic. *Darmstadt Gesangbuch.*



ALFORD. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8 8.6., Trochaic. J. Booth.



323

f LO! the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
For our succour undertaking,
dim Lord and Saviour, help us.

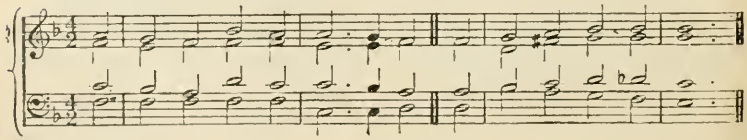
mp 2 Lo! the world from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy Church, in pride, is swelling;
With Thy word their madness quelling,
dim Lord and Saviour, help us.

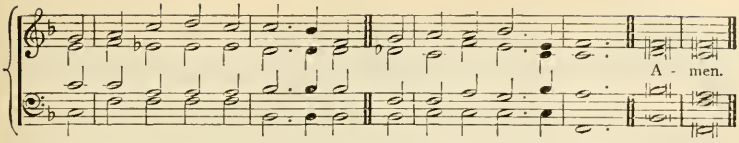
f 3 On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
dim Lord and Saviour, help us.

p 4 By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion,
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
cr By Thy mighty intercession,
dim Lord and Saviour, help us. Amen.

H. ALFORD.

DALEHURST. C.M. A. Cottman.





324

mf O THOU from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
dim In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
p Good Lord, remember me.

mp 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
cr Thy pardon speak, new peace impart;
p Good Lord, remember me.

mp 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
cr O let my strength be as my day;
p Good Lord, remember me.

mp 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
p Good Lord, remember me.

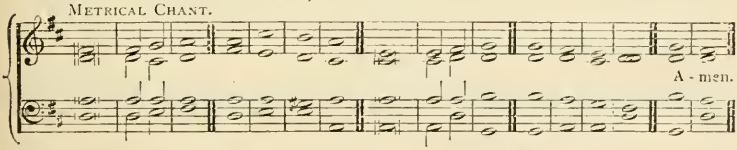
mp 5 If for Thy sake upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame;
p Good Lord, remember me.

pp 6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
p Good Lord, remember me.

mf 7 And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
cr Then with the saints at Thy right hand,
p Good Lord, remember me. Amen.

T. HAWEIS and T. COTTERILL.

HEMINGFORD. (*1st Tune.*) 10 4.10 4.
METRICAL CHANT.



325

mf I DO not ask, O Lord, that | life may be
A pleasant road; [
I do not ask that Thou wouldst | take from me
Aught of its load:

mf 2 I do not ask that flowers should | always spring
Beneath my feet; [
I know too well the poison | and the sting
Of things too sweet.

mf 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear | Lord, I plead;
Lead me aright,
dim Though strength should falter, and though | hearts should bleed
cr Through Peace to Light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that | Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here; [
p Give but a ray of peace, that | I may tread
Without a fear.

mp 5 I do not ask my cross to | understand,
My way to see; [
cr Better in darkness just to | feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day, but | peace divine
p Like quiet night:
cr Lead me, O Lord, till perfect | day shall shine,
f Through Peace to Light. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

MAGDALEN. (*2nd Tune.*) 10 4.10 4. J. Baptiste Calkin.

A - men.

AD LUCEM. (*3rd Tune.*) 10 4.10 4. J. Barnby.

A - men.

325

mf I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load:

mf 2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

mf 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead;
Lead me aright,
dim Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed
cr Through Peace to Light.

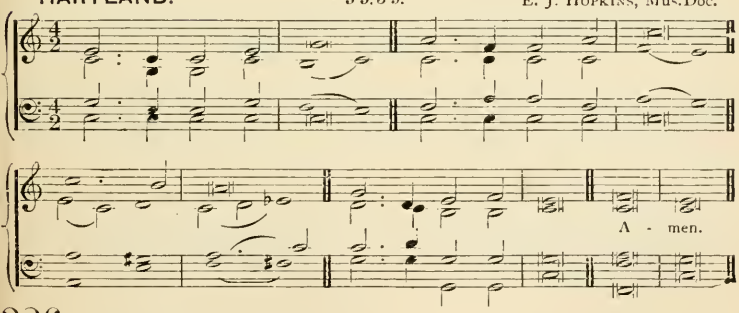
4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
p Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

mp 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
cr Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
p Like quiet night:
cr Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
f Through Peace to Light. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

HARTLAND. 5 5. 3 5. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



326

mp THROW away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath,
O my God;
Take the gentle path.

mp 2 For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent;
I aspire
To a full consent.

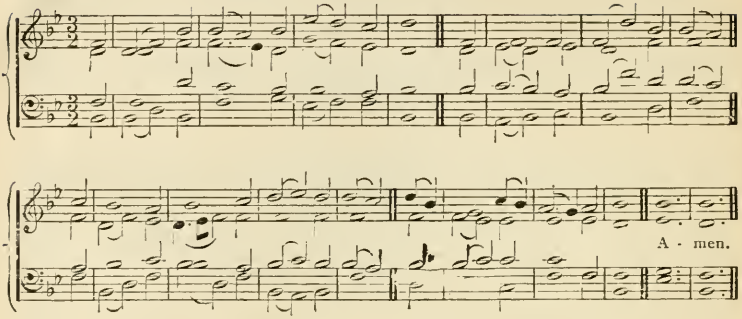
mp 3 Though I fail, I weep,
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

mp 4 Then let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed;
cr For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

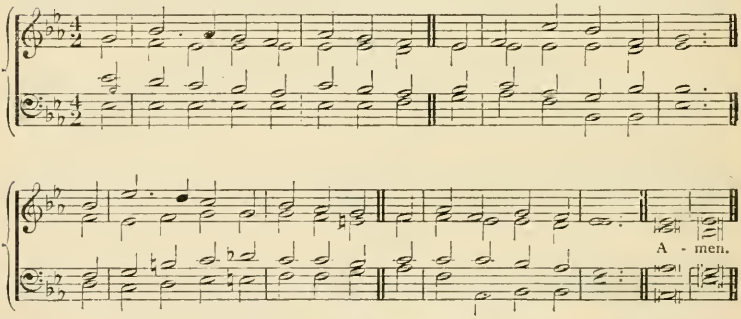
mp 5 Throw away Thy rod:
Though man frailties hath,
cr Thou art God;
Throw away Thy wrath. Amen.

G. HERBERT.

WILTSHIRE. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. G. SMART.



ST. LEONARD. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. R. JACKSON.



327

mf THOU, Lord, art Love, and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown;
Beneath, on earth—Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven—Thy throne.

mf 2 Thy ways are Love—though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind through darkness to their end
cr In everlasting light.

mp 3 Thy thoughts are Love, and Jesus is
The loving voice they find;
His Love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

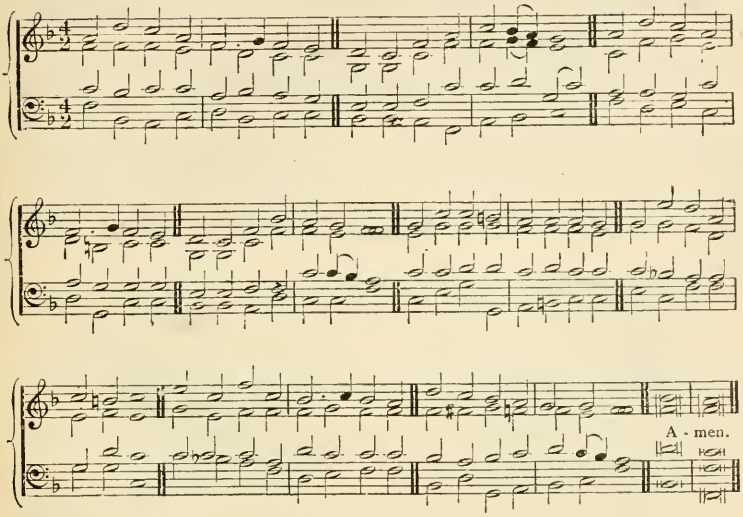
mp 4 Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

mp 5 Thy heaven is the abode of Love!
O blessèd Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee:

mf 6 Then with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy Throne,
cr When all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
f Shall in Thy love be one. Amen.

J. D. BURNS

BETHANY. 87.87. D. H. SMART.



328

mf JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
p Destitute, despised, forsaken,
cr Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
mf Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heaven are still my own!

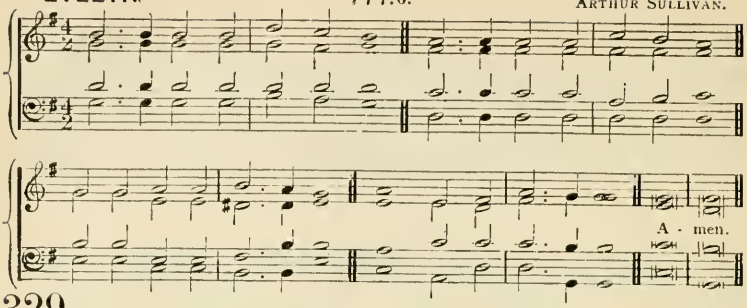
mf [2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
f Show Thy face, and all is bright!

p 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
cr O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!]

mf 4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
p Think what Spirit dwells within thee!
cr What a Father's smile is thine!
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine?

f 5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there!
p Soon shall close Thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
cr Hope soon change to glad fruition,
f Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!
Amen. H. F. LYTE.

EVELYN. 777.6. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



329

mf IN the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
p My Saviour, comfort me.

mp 2 When the hoard of many years
Like a fleet cloud disappears,
And the future's full of fears,
p My Saviour, comfort me.

mp 3 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,
dim Desolate, bereft, alone,
p My Saviour, comfort me.

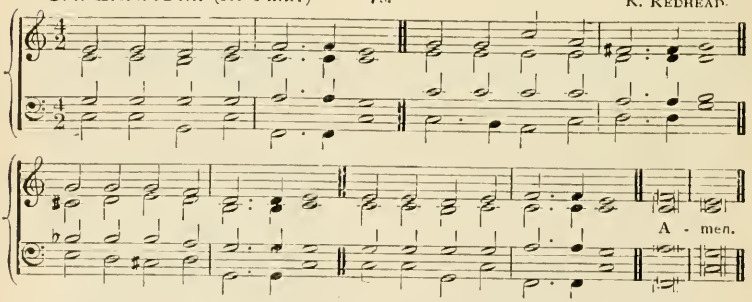
mp 4 Thou Who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
cr Bid me in Thy love confide:
p My Saviour, comfort me.

mp 5 Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly the kind stripes receive,
Let me humbly still believe:
p My Saviour, comfort me.

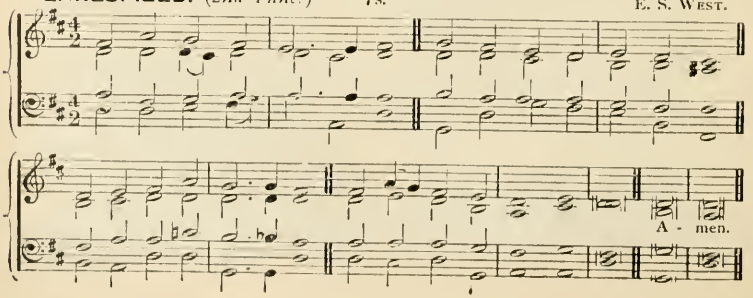
mf 6 So shall it be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
My Saviour, comfort me. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

CAPERNAUM. (*1st Tune.*) 7s. R. REDHEAD.



EARLSFIELD. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s. E. S. WEST.



330

p WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
dim Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

p 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
dim Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

p [3 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
dim Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!]

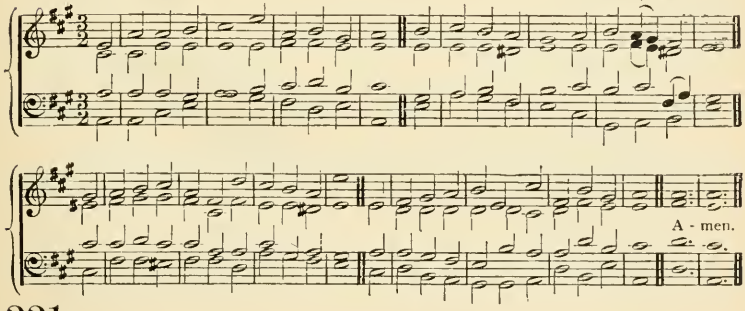
p 4 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
dim Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

p 5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
cr Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
dim Jesu, Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

10.—*TRUST IN GOD, RESIGNATION, SUBMISSION, PEACE.*

HANOVER. 10 10.11 11. W. CROFT, Mus.Doc.



331

f BEGONE, unbelief;
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

mp 2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.

mf [3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.]

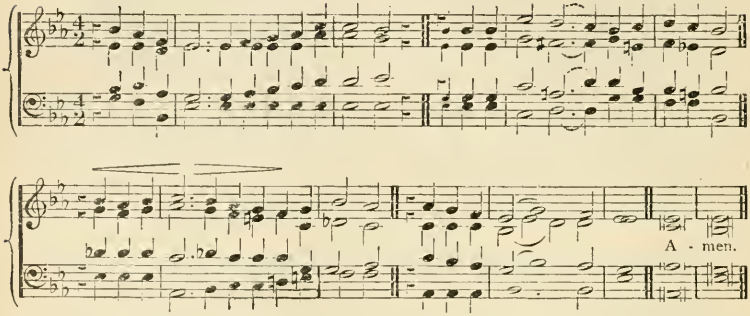
mf 4 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

mp 5 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

mf 6 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
f And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song! Amen.

9* J. NEWTON.

ST. AUGUSTINE. 11 10.11 6. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



332

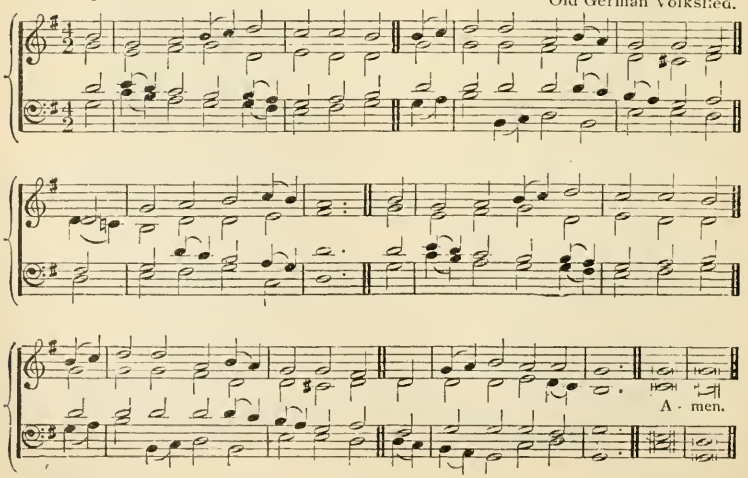
mf STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

mf 2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone Who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

mp 3 Choose for us, God! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed;
Choose for us, God! Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

mf 4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
f Our crown beyond the cross.
Amen. W. H. BURLEIGH.

INNSBRÜCK. 8 8 6. 8 8 6. R. H. ISAAK. Old German Volkslied.



333

f O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
dim If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
cr In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

mp 2 How far from this our daily life,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms!
cr Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

p 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God
cr Then rise with lightened cheer,
f Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear!

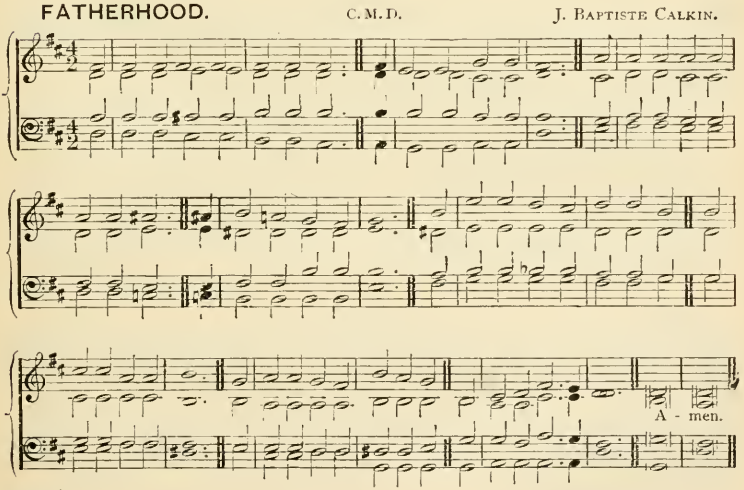
mp 4 We cannot trust Him as we should:
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
cr Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,
And all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

mp 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
cr Leave all things to a Father's will,
dim And taste, before Him lying still,
p E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

J. ANSTICE, *v.* 4, *l.* 2 altd.

FATHERHOOD.

C. M. D. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



334

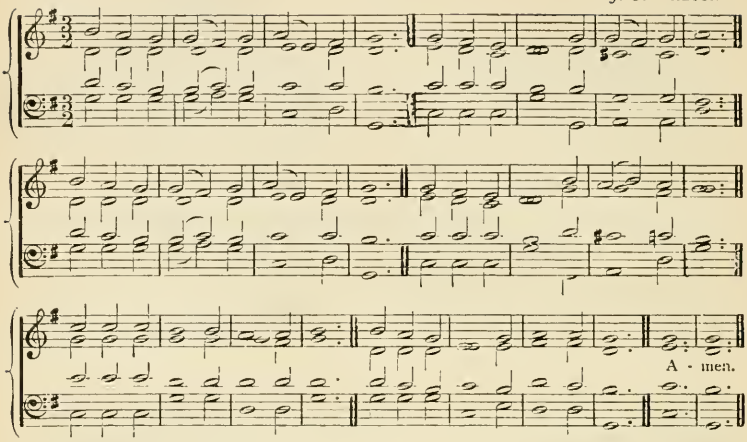
mp AS helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm,
cr So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine almighty power.

mf 2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace,
cr So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine,
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

mp 3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
That sweet society,
cr So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, [Lord,
f To love Thee more and more. Amen.

J. D. BURNS.

ST. CATHERINE. 88.88.88. J. G. WALTON



335

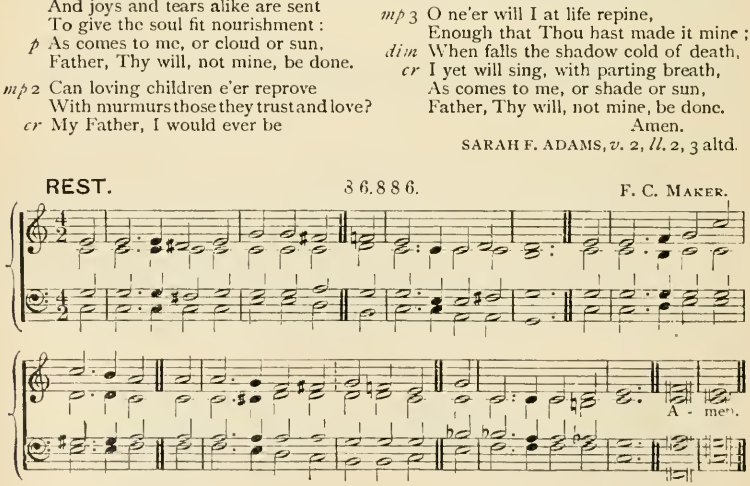
mp HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
p As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

mp 2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs those they trust and love?
cr My Father, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee:
p As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

mp 3 O ne'er will I at life repine,
Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
dim When falls the shadow cold of death,
cr I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me, or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.
Amen.

SARAH F. ADAMS, *v.* 2, *ll.* 2, 3 altd.

REST. 86.886. F. C. MAKER.



336

mf DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

mp 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
cr Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

mp 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

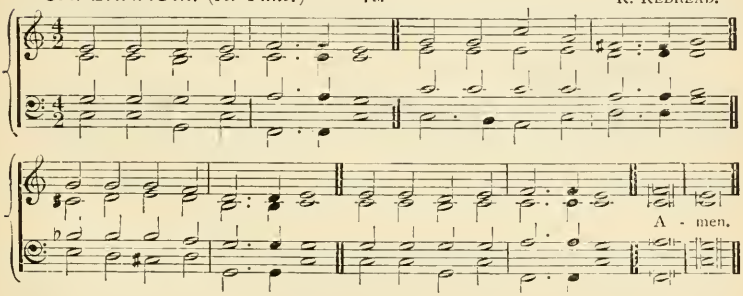
p 4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

p 5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
cr Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

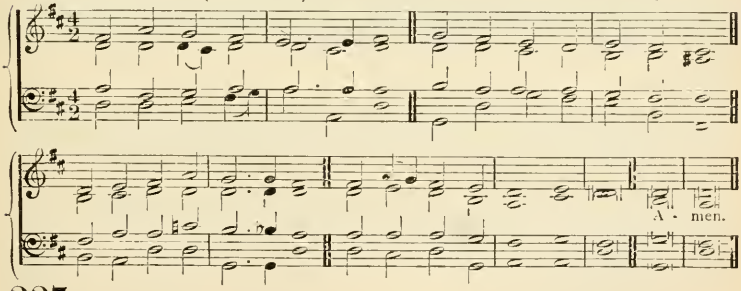
mp 6 Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm! Amen.

J. G. WHITTIER.

CAPERNAUM. (*1st Tune.*) 7s. R. REDHEAD.



EARLSFIELD. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s. E. S. WEST.



337

mf THOUGH Thou slay me, I will trust,
Thou art God, but I am dust;
Though Thou grieve, Thy grace I'll prove,
I am loveless, Thou art love.

mp 2 Though Thou seem to turn away,
cr I will nearer to Thee stay;
mp Though Thy silence wound me sore,
cr I will follow Thee the more.

mp 3 Though Thy face I cannot see,
cr Well I know 'tis turned to me;
mp Though the clouds exclude its light,
cr Well I know its beams are bright.

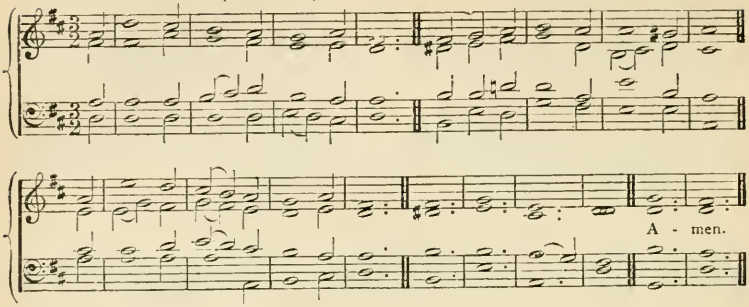
mp 4 Though the children's bread denied,
cr Still I linger by Thy side;
mp Though Thy fulness Thou refuse,
cr Still the crumbs I may not lose.

mf 5 Any sorrow I can bear,
Save the sorrow of despair;
Anything Thou ask'st resign,
Save the bliss of being Thine.

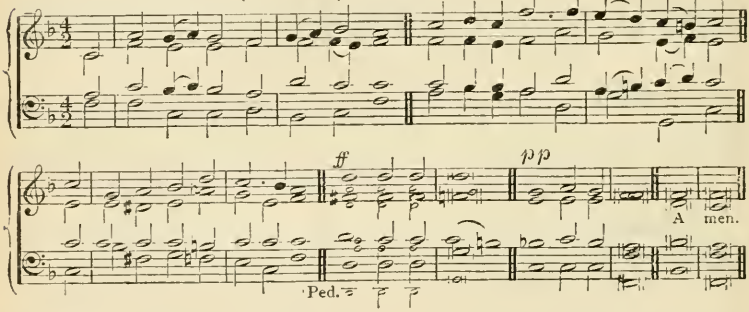
mf 6 Nothing that mine eyes can see
Shall disturb my faith in Thee;
Love to wait can well afford
For the leisure of the Lord. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

RESIGNATION. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8 8. 4. W. F. HURNDALL, M.A.



ST. AUGUSTINE. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8 8. 4.



338

mf MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
cr O teach me from my heart to say,
dim "Thy will be done!"

p 2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me "be still," and murmur not,
cr Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
dim "Thy will be done!"

p 3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prized,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
pp "Thy will be done!"

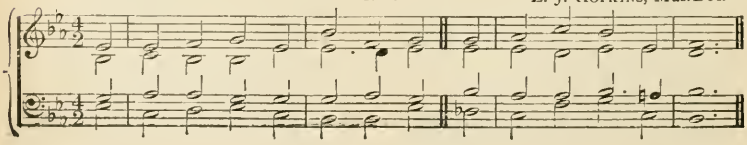
mf 4 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
p "Thy will be done!"

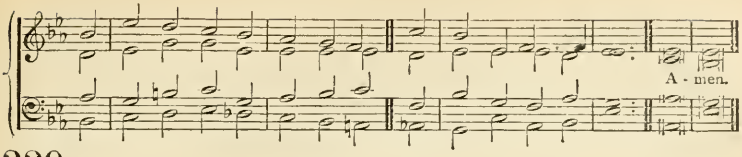
mf 5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
p "Thy will be done!"

mf 6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
cr I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
f "Thy will be done!" Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ST. HUGH. C.M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.





339

mf LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

mp 2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may still obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

mp 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door

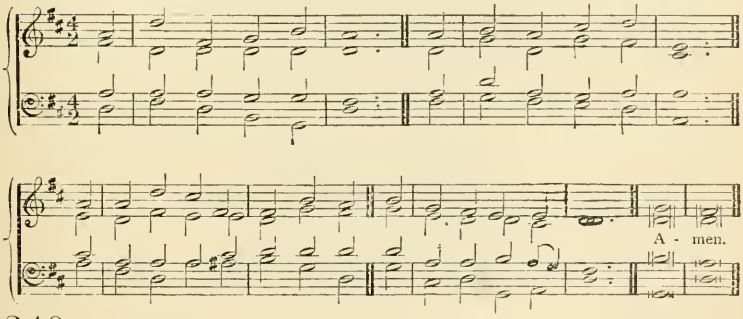
mp 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

mf 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
cr And join with the triumphant saints
f That sing Jehovah's praise.

mf 6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
cr But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
f And I shall be with Him. Amen.

R. BAXTER, *v.* 1, *l.* 1, *v.* 2, *l.* 4 altd.

BETHLEHEM. S. M. S. WESLEY.



340

PART I.

mf COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure Truth and tender care,
Who earth and Heaven commands.

mf [2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct Thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.]

mf 3 Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His Work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

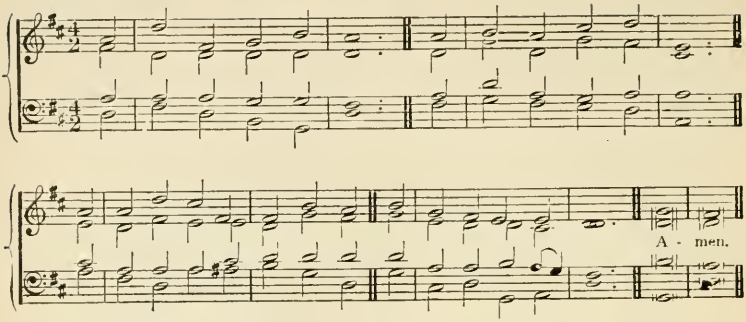
mf 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend Thy cause; His ear
dim Attends the softest prayer.

mf 5 Thy everlasting Truth,
Father! Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

mf 6 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light. Amen.

J. WESLEY, from P. GERHARDT

BETHLEHEM. S. M. S WESLEY.



340

PART II.

mf GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

mp 2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
cr Wait thou His time; so shall this night
f Soon end in joyous day.

mf [3 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
cr Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!]

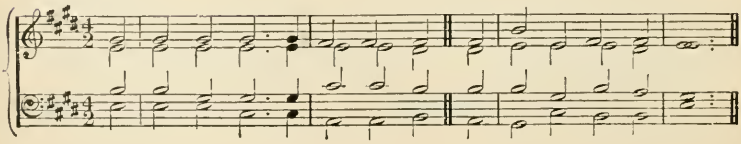
mf 4 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand!

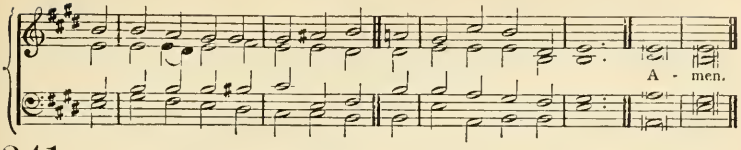
p 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee:
cr Oh! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

mf 6 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast Truth declare,
cr And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care! Amen.

J. WESLEY, from P. GERHARDT.

BURMAH. C. M.





341

mf MY Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace,
And wait with deep humility
For Thy revealing grace.

mp 2 Lord, when Thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
cr I love Thee in the mystery,
I trust Thy providence.

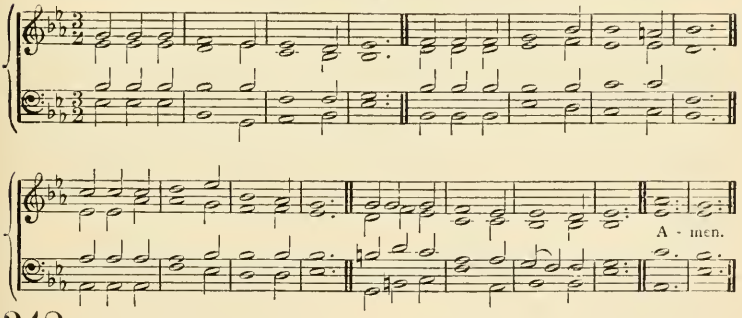
mp 3 I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

mf 4 So faith and patience! wait a while!
Not doubting, not in fear;
cr For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.

f 5 Then Thou shalt end Time's short eclipse,
Its dim uncertain night;
ff Bring in the grand apocalypse,
Reveal the perfect light. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

SAXBY. L. M. T. R. MATTHEWS.



342

mf O BLESSÈD life! the heart at rest
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.

mf 2 O blessèd life! the mind that sees
Whatever change the years may bring;
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

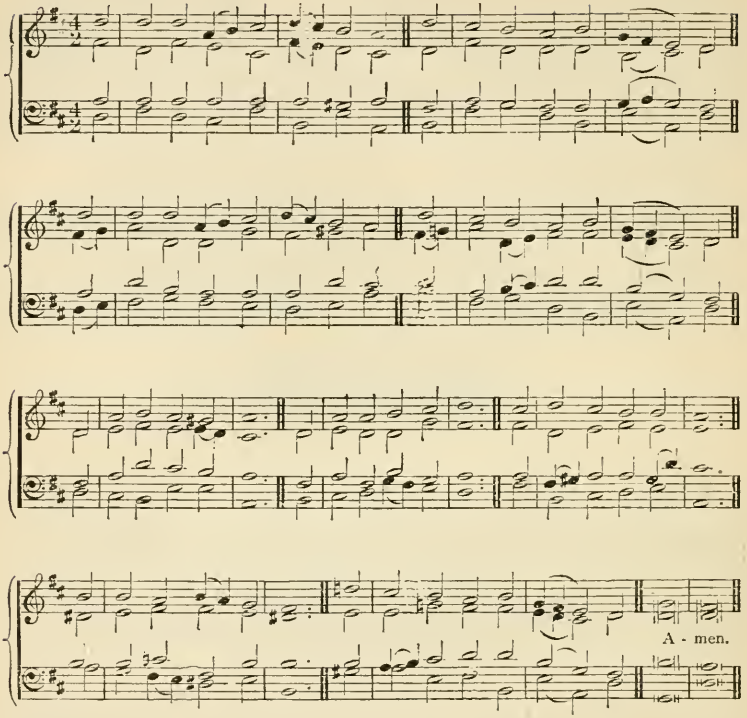
mf 3 O blessèd life! the soul that soars,
dim When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
cr Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

mf 4 O blessèd life! heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free
In all—at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

mf 5 O life! how blessèd, how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher!
cr Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
f And let this blessèd life be mine. Amen.

W. T. MATSON.

EIN' FESTE BURG. 87.87.66.667. Old German.



343

f A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
mf The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

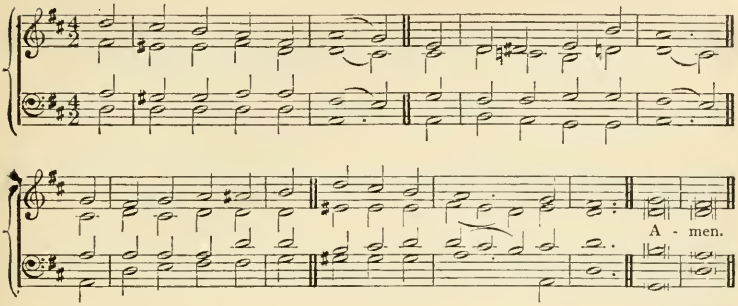
f 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
p Full soon were we down-ridden;
cr But for us fights the proper Man,
f Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
ff Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

f 3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ;
ff A word shall quickly slay him.

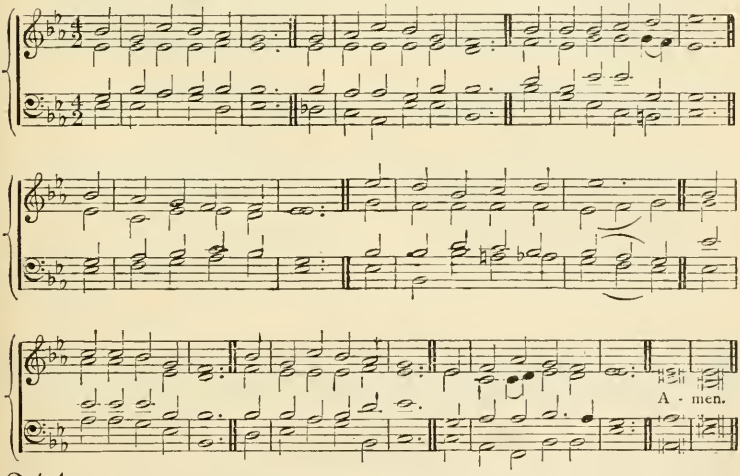
mf 4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment shall not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
p And, though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
cr Yet is their profit small;
f These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth. Amen.

M. LUTHER, tr. T. CARLYLE.

ST. DENYS. (*1st Tune.*) 6 6. 6 6. F. SPINNEY.



BROADLANDS. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 6. 6 6. D. Arranged by DR. RIMBAULT.



344

p THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

p 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
cr Right onward to Thy rest.

p 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
mf Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

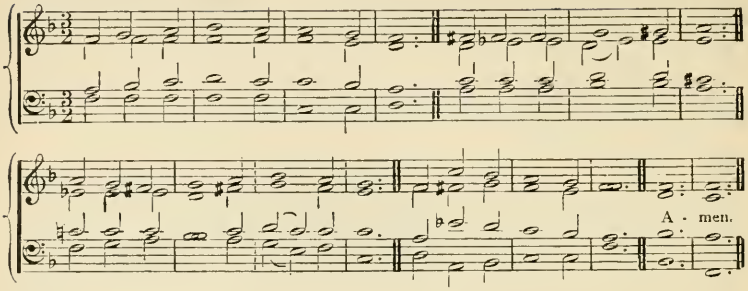
mf 4 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill;

mf 5 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
dim Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

mf 6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
cr Be thou my guide, my strength,
f My wisdom, and my all! Amen.

H. BONAR.

LYNDHURST. C.M. F. C. MAKER.



345

mp CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

mp 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

mp 3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

mp 4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

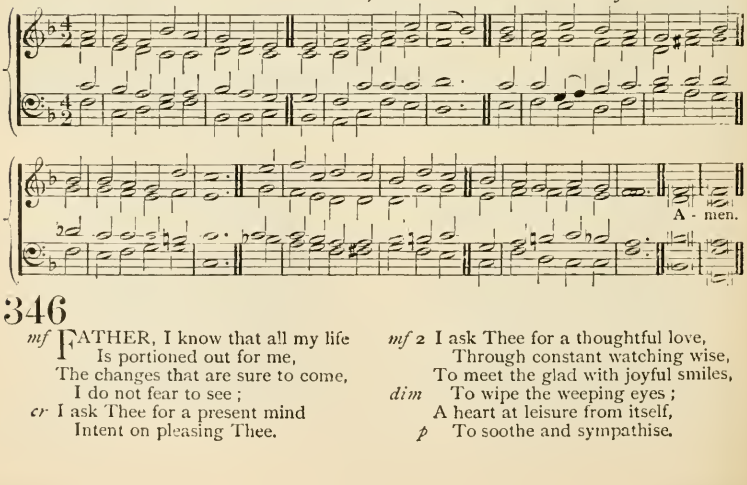
mp [5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him Who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy Name;

mf 6 Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.]

mp 7 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
cr Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain. Amen.

H. BONAR.

ST. SILAS. C.M., 6 lines. J. LANCASTER.



346

mf FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
The changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
cr I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

mf 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
dim To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
p To soothe and sympathise.

mf [3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
dim I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

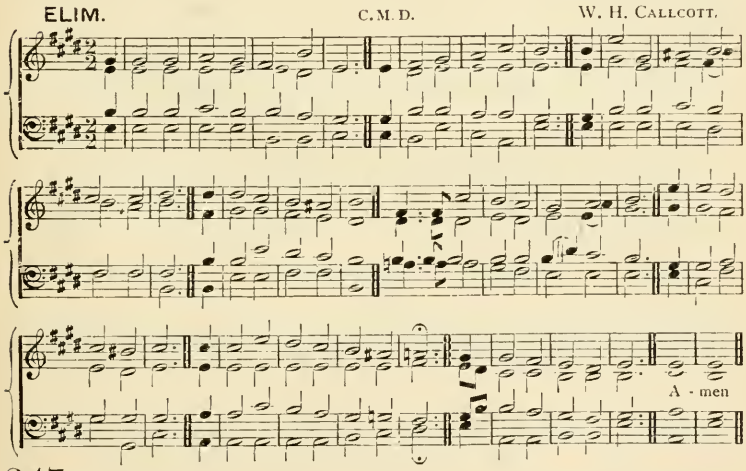
mf 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on Whom I wait.]

mf 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side:
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

p 6 Briers beset our daily path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer:
cr But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy anywhere.

mf 7 In service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free":
cr A life of self-renouncing love
f Is one of liberty. Amen.

ANNA L. WARING, altd.



347

mf MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing:
p Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
The waters of the earth have failed,
cr And I am thirsty still.

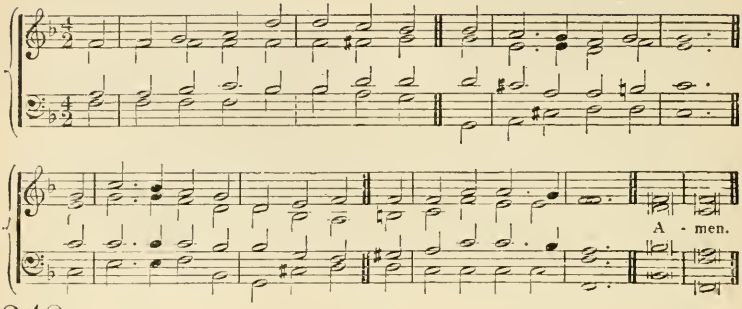
mf 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise—
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;
And a "new song" is in my mouth
To long-loved music set—
cr Glory to Thee for all the grace
dim I have not tasted yet.

cr 3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
dim For want and weakness known—
The fear that sends me to Thy breast,
For what is most my own.
mf I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
p The Hand that bled to make it mine
cr Is keeping it for me.

mf 4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care—
cr I hear the voice of joy and health
f Resounding everywhere.
mf "Thou art my portion," saith my soul
Ten thousand voices say;
cr The music of their glad Amen,
f Will never die away. Amen.

ANNA L. WARING.

NORTHREPPS. C.M. J. Booth.



348

mf WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

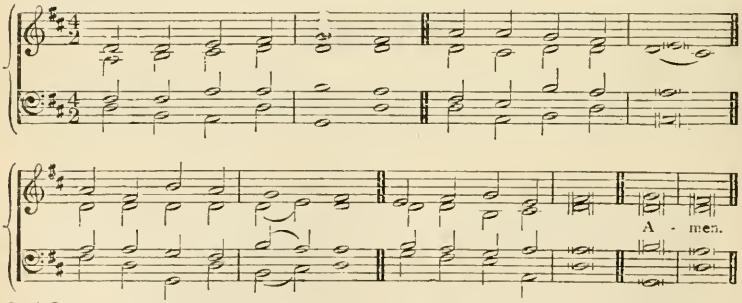
mp 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.

mf 3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.

mf 4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

mp 5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
cr Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee. Amen.

CLEWER. 6 5.6 5. German.



349

mf OH! let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
cr Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

p 2 When the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
mf God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

mf 3 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

f 4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

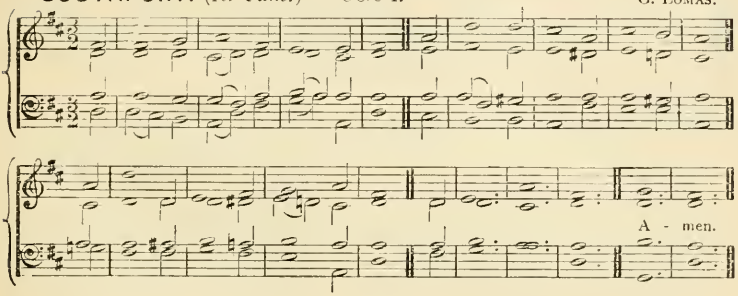
5 When in grief you languish
cr He will dry the tear,
mf Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

p 6 All thy woe and sadness,
In this world below,
cr Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know,—

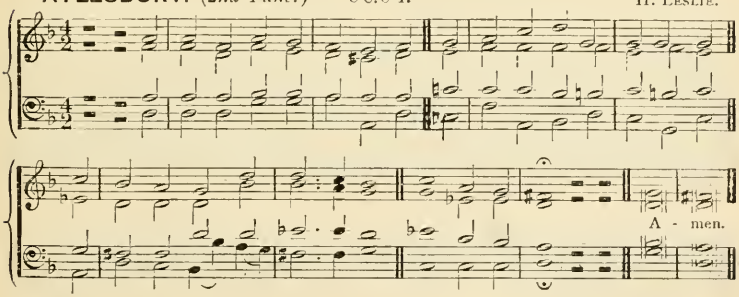
mf 7 When thy gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns thee with His favour,
f Fills thee with His love. Amen.

H. S. OSWALD, tr. FRANCES E. COX.

SOUTHPORT. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8. 8 4. G. LOMAS.



AYLESBURY. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8. 8 4. H. LESLIE.



350

mf O LAMB of God! that tak'st away
Our sin, and bidd'st our sorrow cease,
Turn Thou, oh, turn this night to day,
p Grant us Thy peace!

mf 2 The troubled world hath war without;
The restless wayward heart within
dim Hath fear and weariness and doubt,
And death and sin.

mp 3 And there are needs that none can know,
And tears no eyes but Thine can see;
Hopes nought can satisfy below;
We look to Thee.

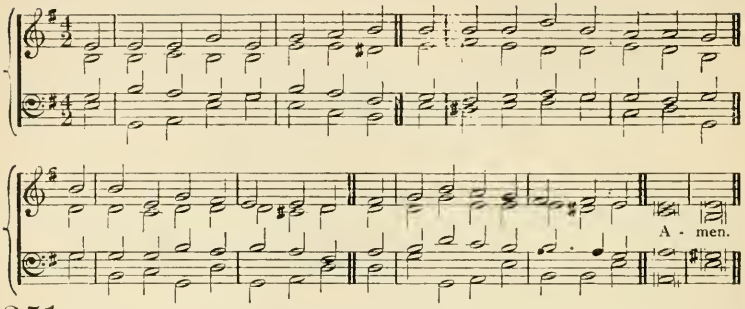
mp 4 Probe deep the wound if so Thou wilt,
If pain must wake us. Purge our dross:
Help us to lay our load of guilt
Beneath Thy cross;

mp 5 That we, amid the toil and strife,
And storms that never end below,
Through all the chance and change of life,
Thy peace may know:

m 6 The peace that is not ours, but Thine,—
cr O safe and true and deathless thus!—
f 'Gainst which all storms in vain combine,
p Grant, grant to us! Amen.

ALESSIE FAUSSETT.

SAXONY. L. M. Old German.



351

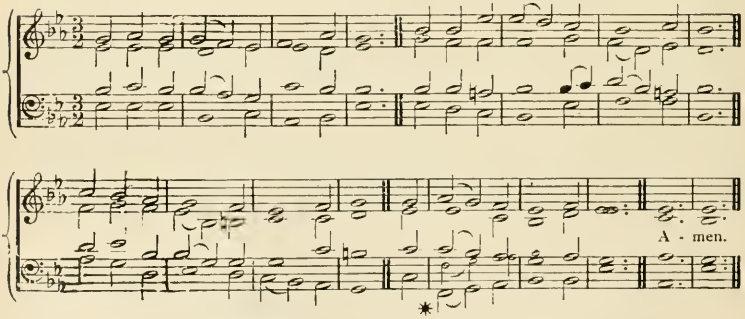
mf O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care:
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

mp 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year;
cr No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

mp 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
dim And trembling faith is changed to fear
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

mp 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear;
cr Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!
Amen. O. W. HOLMES.

TRUST. 8 8 8. 6. G. W. TORRANCE, Mus.Doc.



352

(* The small notes to be sung by the Bass, *ad lib.*)

mf O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean:
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

mf 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

mf 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
cr With patient uncomplaining love
dim Still would I cling to Thee!

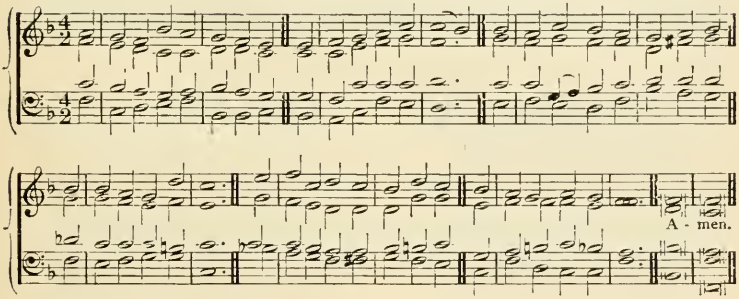
mp 4 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

mf 5 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave;
Because they cling to Thee!

mf 6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befal:
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour! I cling to Thee? Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ST. SILAS. C.M., 6 lines. J. LANCASTER.



353

mf GO not far from me, O my strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away,—
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

mp 2 On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
cr Oh! 'tis a blessèd thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

mf 3 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

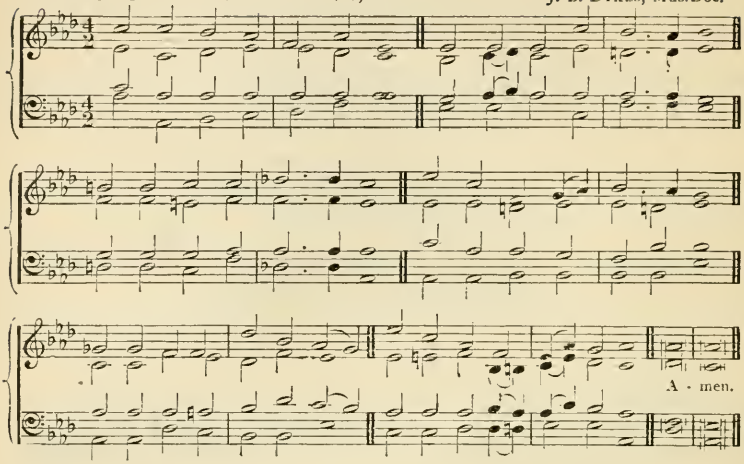
mp 4 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
cr Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
f And the rough wind becomes a song,
And darkness shines like day.

mf 5 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified;
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

mf 6 My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,—
My heart is strong to bear;
cr I will be joyful in Thy love,
dim And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer. Amen.

ANNA L. WARING.

GLASTONBURY. 7s., 6 lines. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



354

p QUIET, Lord, my froward heart:
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weanèd child:
From distrust and envy free,
mf Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

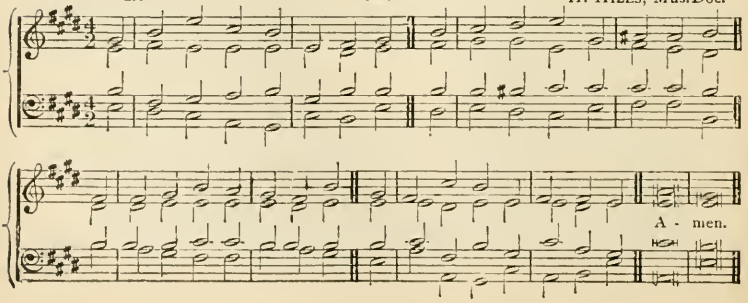
mf 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
dim Why should I the burden bear?

mf 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
cr Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

mf 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
cr When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.
Amen. J. NEWTON.

II.—*ASPIRATION AND HOPE.*

LINDFIELD. L.M. H. HILES, Mus.Doc.



355

p LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
cr Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

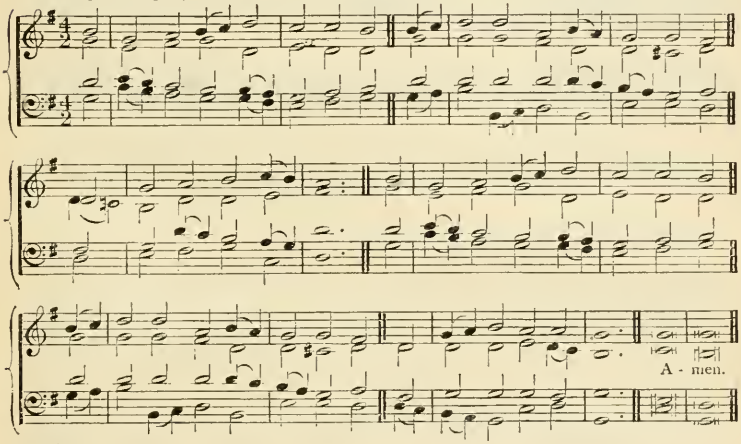
mf 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
dim Then only will this wayward heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

mf 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
dim Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

mf 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
p Where none can die, whence none remove;
cr There neither life nor death will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.
Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, *v.* 2, *l.* 3, *v.* 4, *ll.* 2, 3 altd.

INNSBRÜCK. 8 8 6. 8 8 6. R. H. ISAAK. Old German Volkslied.



356

mf COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your sorrows feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

mf 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
f On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

mp [3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

mf 4 Thrice blessèd, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up;
It brings to life the dead:
f Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And we in joy ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.]

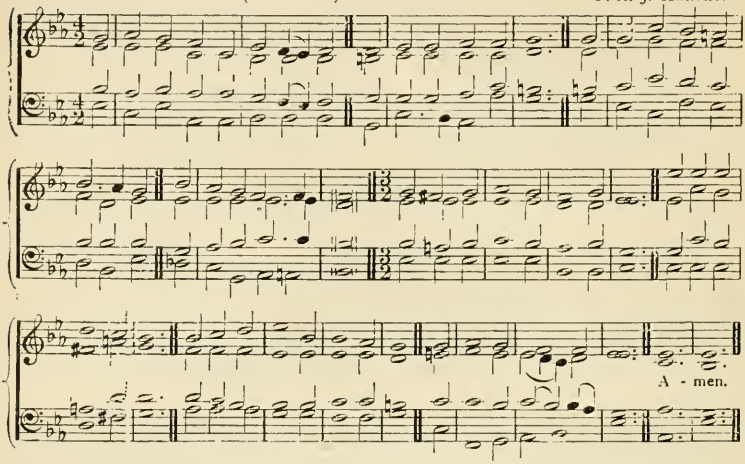
f 5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight [praise,
ff Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

f 6 The Father shining on His throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
dim And lo! we fall before His feet,
pp And silence heightens heaven.

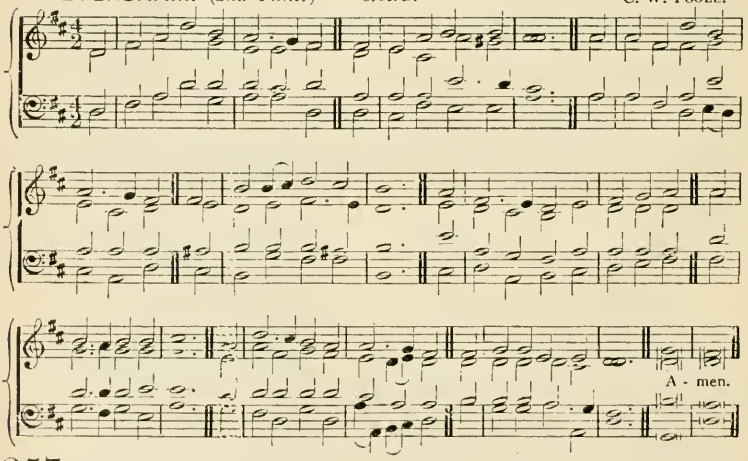
mp 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
dim And at Thy footstool fall;
cr Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
Till Thou our ravished spirits fill,
ff And God is all in all! Amen.

C. WESLEY, *v.* 1, *l.* 3, *v.* 3, *l.* 5 altd

CASTLE RISING. (*1st Tune.*) C.M.D. F. A. J. HERVEY.



PETERSHAM. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M.D. C. W. POOLE.



357

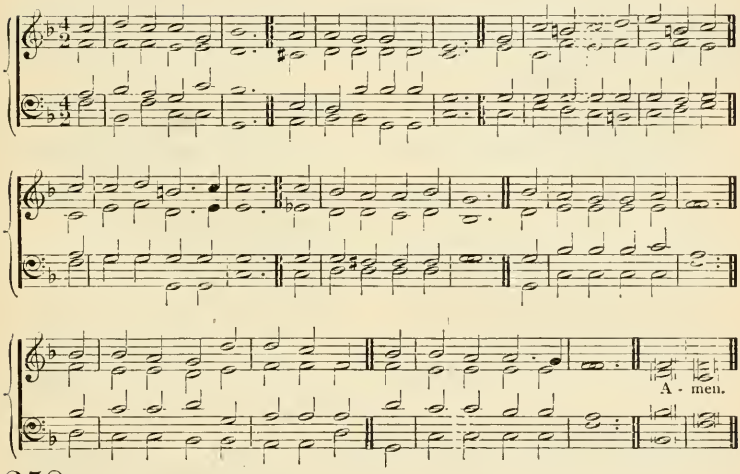
mf THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
p How fast they fade away!
cr O for the pearly gates of heaven,
O for the golden floor;
f O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

mp 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
cr O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
f O for a voice to praise our king,
Nor weary day or night!

af 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
cr But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
f O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
dim Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
pp Nor cast away our crown! Amen.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

CHALVEY. S. M. D. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.



358

mf JESU, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know, Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create!
Almighty to renew!

mp [2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

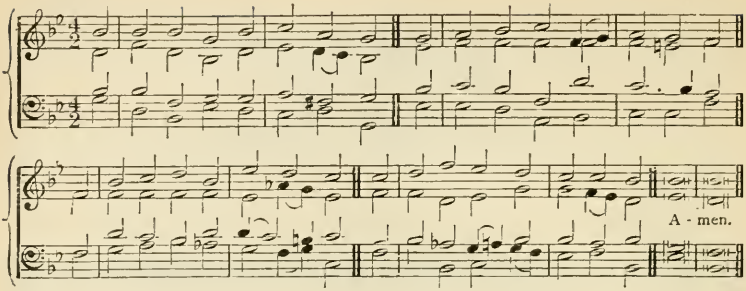
mp 3 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.]

mp 4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
cr A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
f A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

mf 5 I rest upon Thy word;
Thy promise is for me;
cr My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
mp But let me still abide,
cr Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love! Amen

C. WESLEY.

BRESLAU. L.M. I. CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia.*



359

mf O THOU, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O, burst these bands, and set it free!

mf 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

mp 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
cr No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

mp 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
p When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
cr Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

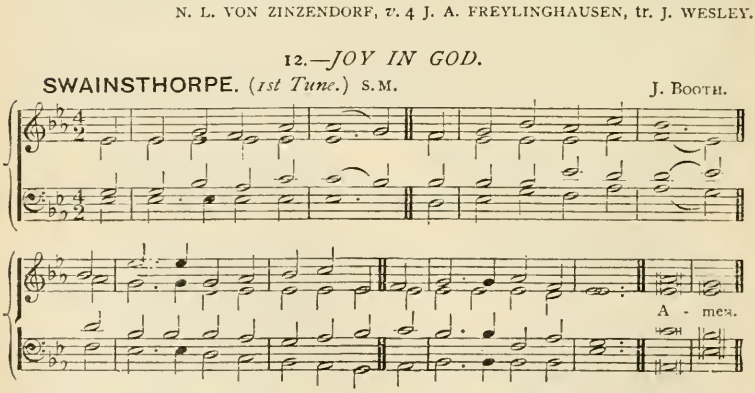
mf 5 Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see,
cr Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

mf 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
cr Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease
Where all is calm and joy and peace.
Amen.

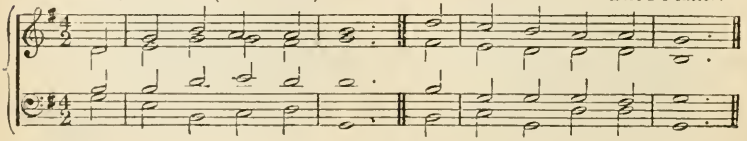
N. L. VON ZINZENDORF, *v.* 4 J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, tr. J. WESLEY.

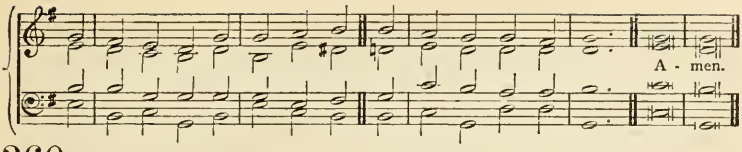
12.—*JOY IN GOD.*

SWAINSTHORPE. (*1st Tune.*) S.M. J. BOOTH.



ST. MICHAEL. (*2nd Tune.*) S.M. DAY'S *Psalter.*





360

f COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

mf [2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

mp 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
cr But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.]

mf 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

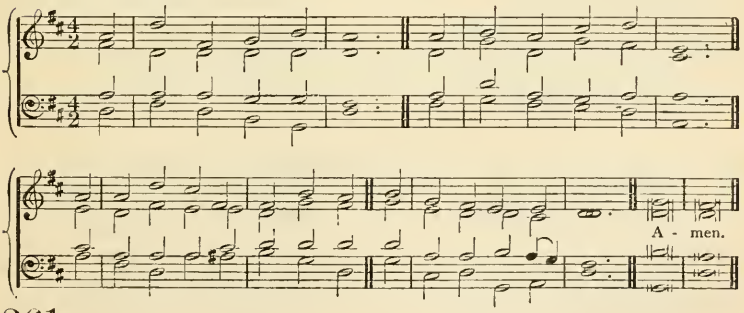
mf 5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

mf [6 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in.]

f 7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
cr We're marching through Immanuel's ground
ff To fairer worlds on high. Amen.

I. WATTS, *v.* 3, *l.* 3 altd.

BETHLEHEM. S.M. S. WESLEY.



361

mf MY God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call,
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.

mf 2 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

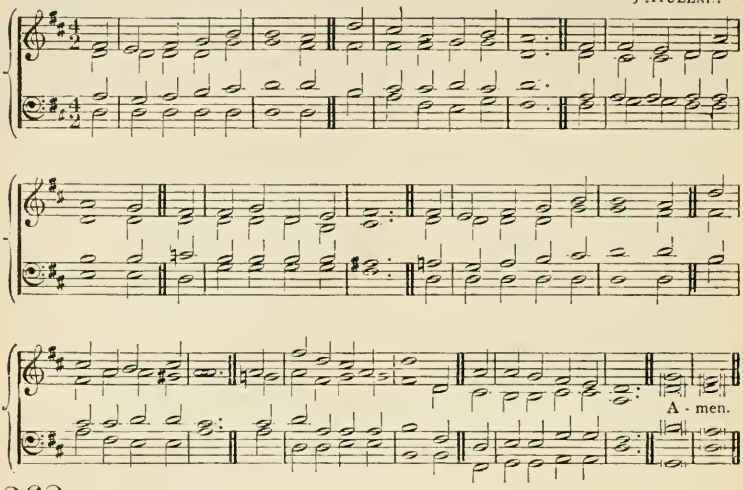
mp 3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove
Or but conceal His face.

mp 4 Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.

mf 5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul. Amen.

I. WATTS.

BENTLEY 7 6.7 6. D J. HULLAH.



362

mf SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
cr It is the Lord Who rises
With healing in His wings.
p When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul, again,
cr A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

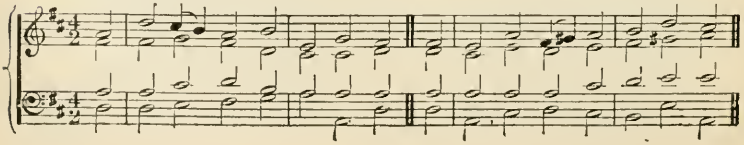
mf 2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
cr Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
mf E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,—

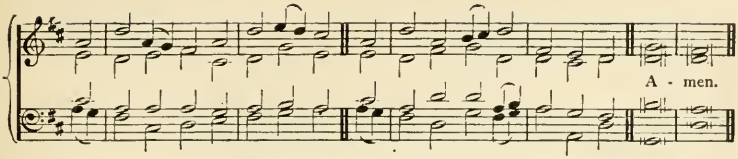
mf 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He Who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

p 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
cr Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
f For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

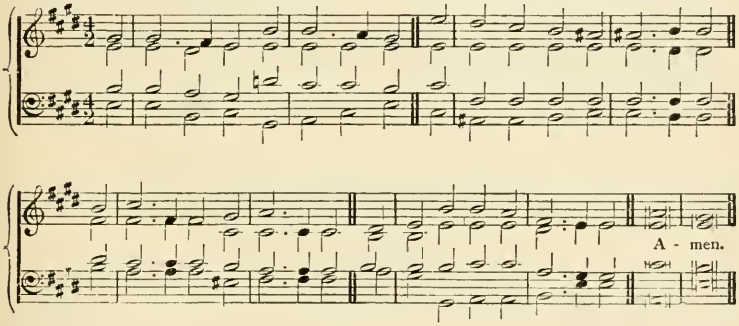
W. COWPER.

FESTUS. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. From a German Chorale.





SEFTON. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



363

mf O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

mf 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him Who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

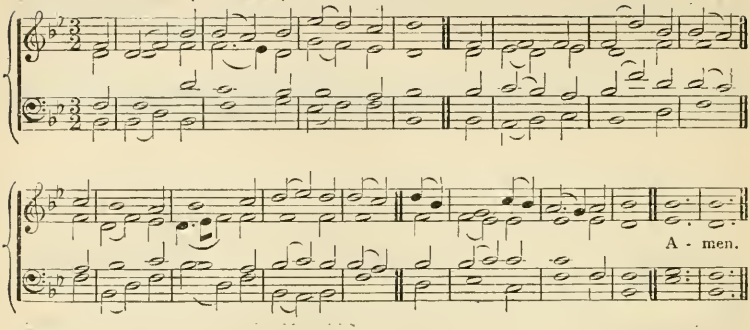
p 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done;
cr I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
mf He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

mf 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest!
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

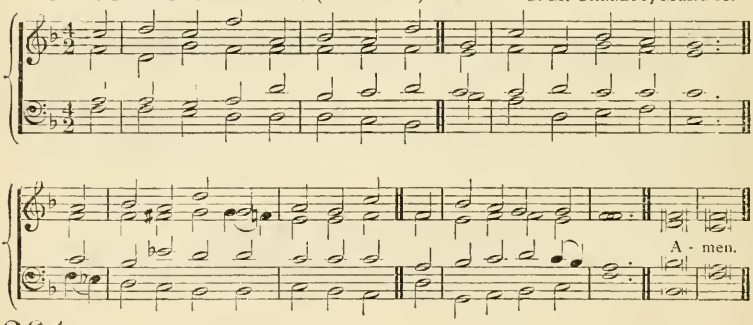
f 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear:
p Till in life's latest hour I bow,
cr And bless in death a bond so dear. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

WILTSHIRE. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. G. SMART.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. G. M. GARRETT, Mus.Doc.



364

mf O LORD, I would delight in Thee
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

mf 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy Name!

mp 3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
cr I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

mp 4 Oh! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil!
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

cr 5 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

mf 6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore:
cr Henceforth my great concern shall be
f To love and please Thee more. Amen.

J. RYLAND.

365

f MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

mp 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun!
cr He is my soul's sweet morning star
f And He my rising sun.

mf 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
dim While Jesus shows His heart is mine
p And whispers,—I am His.

mf 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
f Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord:

ff 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through. Amen.

I. WATTS.

366

f REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own:
The hope that's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

mf 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

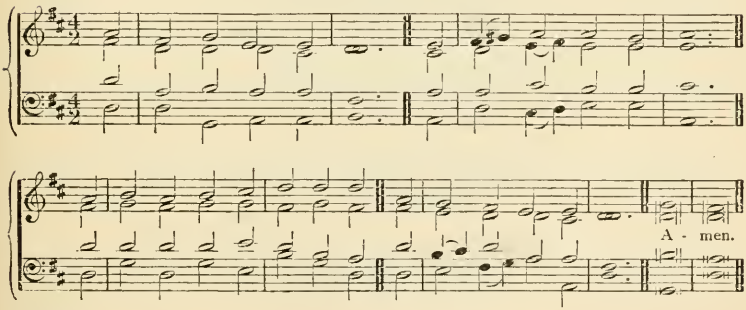
mp 3 Weak as you are you shall not faint:
Or fainting, shall not die:
cr Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

mp 4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
cr A Guide, a glory, a defence:
Then what have you to fear?

mf 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
f So surely you that love His name,
Shall in Him triumph too. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

SWABIA. S.M. German.



367

mf YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Love divine,
Bid every string awake.

mf 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

f [3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.]

p 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
cr Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

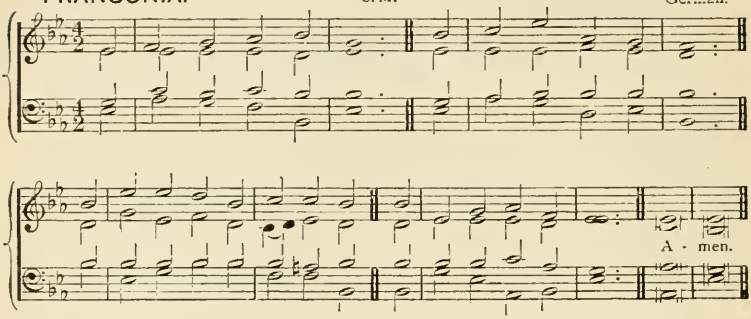
mf 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
cr His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

mf 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
cr Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
f Shall Thy salvation see! Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

13.—*COMMUNION WITH GOD.*

FRANCONIA. S. M. German.



368

mf WITH Thee, my Lord, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

mp 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

mf 3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
dim Speak softly to my heart.

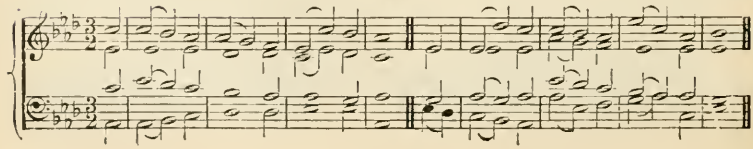
mp 4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

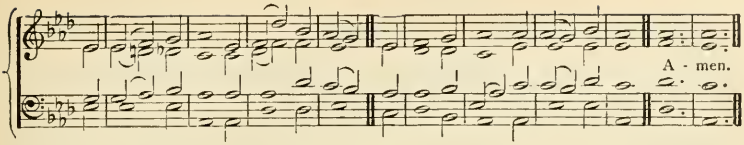
mp 5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.

mf 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
cr By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee. Amen.

J. D. BURNS, *v.* 3, *l.* 3 altd

EDEN. L. M. L. MASON.





369

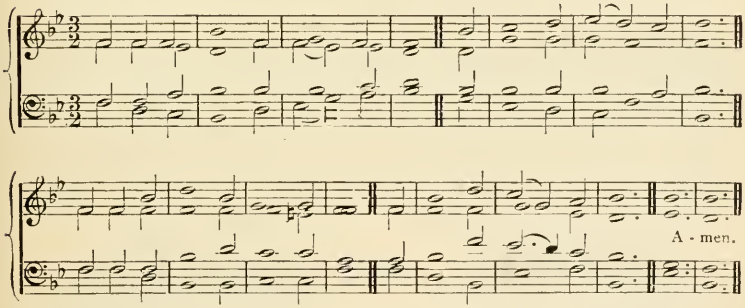
mf COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
f The joys that cannot be expressed.

mf 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

f 3 Now to the God Whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ His Son. Amen.

I. WATTS.

EMMAUS. C. M



370

f WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

mf 2 Walk in the light! and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

mf 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In Whom no darkness is.

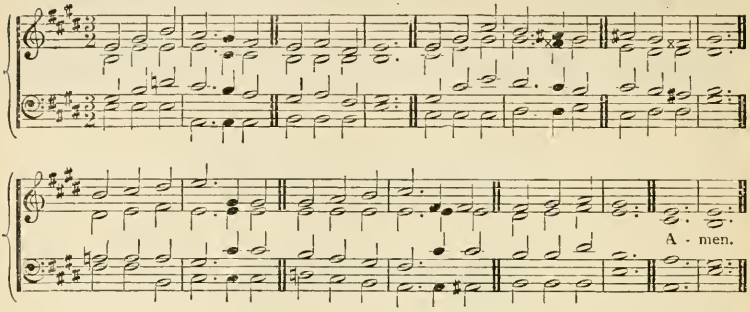
mf 4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
cr Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

mf 5 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
cr Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

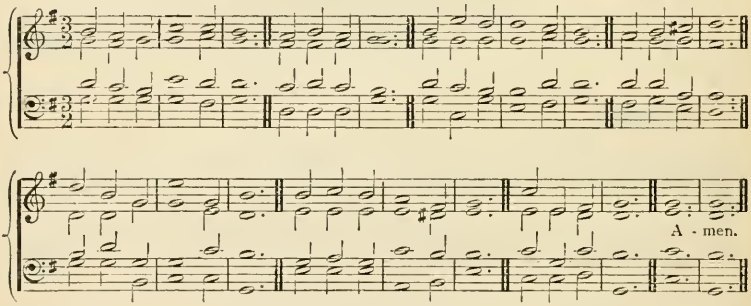
mf 6 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
cr For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
f And God Himself is Light. Amen.

B. BARTON.

ST. WERBURGH. (*1st Tune.*) 6 4. 6 4. 6 6 4. R. STEWART, Mus.Doc.



LINCLUDEN. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 4. 6 4. 6 6 4. W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.



371

mf WALKING with Thee, my God,
Saviour benign,
Daily confer on me
Converse divine:
Jesus, in Thee restored,
Brother and blessèd Lord,
Let it be mine.

mf 2 Walking with Thee, my God,
Like as a child
Leans on his father's strength,
Crossing the wild;
And by the way is taught
Lessons of holy thought,
Faith undefiled.

mf 3 Darkness and earthly mists,
How do they flee,
Far underneath my feet,
Walking with Thee:
f Pure is that upper air,
Cloudless the prospect there,
Walking with Thee.

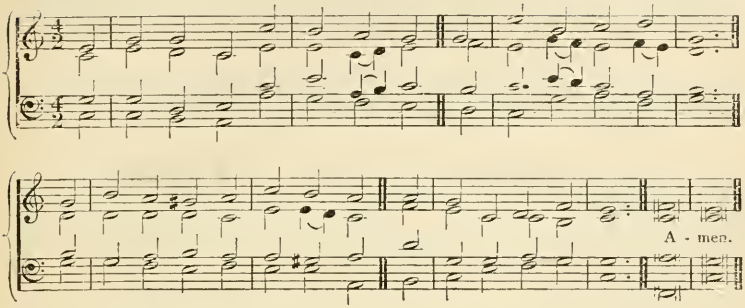
mp 4 Walking in reverence
Humbly with Thee,
cr Yet from all abject fear
Lovingly free:
f E'en as a friend with friend,
Cheered to the journey's end,
Walking with Thee.

mf 5 Then Thy companions here
Walking with Thee,
cr Rise to a higher life,
Soul liberty:
dim They are not, here to love,
But to the home above,
Taken by Thee.

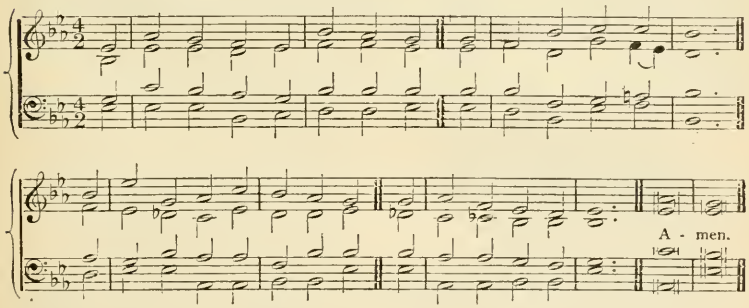
p 6 Gently translated, they
Pass out of sight,
Gone as the morning stars
Flee with the night:
Taken to endless day,
dim So may I fade away
Into Thy light Amen.

G. RAWSON.

ST. MARGARET. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. J. TURLE.



ST. FRANCES. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. G. A. LOHR.



372

mf I WOULD commune with Thee, my God,
E'en to Thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

mf 2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll;

mf 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

f 4 O this is life! O this is joy!
My God, to find Thee so!
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know. Amen.

G. B. BUBIER.

373

mf TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

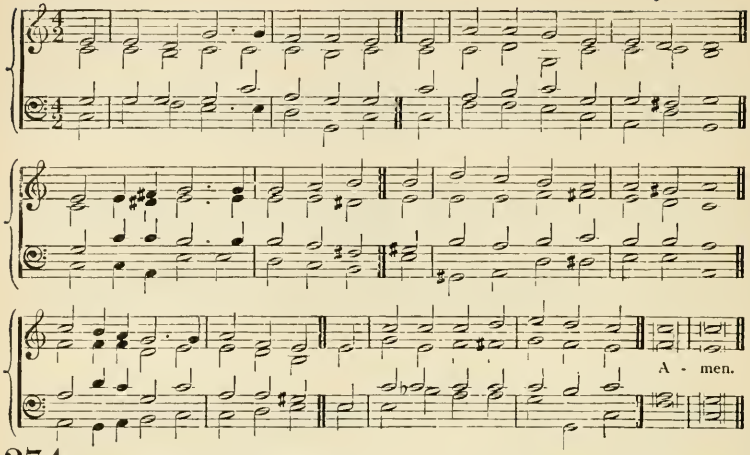
mf 2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care;
dim Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

mf 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
cr My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

mf 4 Let this mine every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
cr Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee. Amen

C. WESLEY.

PENIEL. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. Booth.



374

mf COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
f With Thee all night I mean to stay,
ff And wrestle till the break of day.

mp [2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
f But Who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou?
ff Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.]

mf 3 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
cr Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell:
To know it now, resolved I am:
f Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
ff Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

mp 4 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
f Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
ff And tell me, if Thy Name is Love?

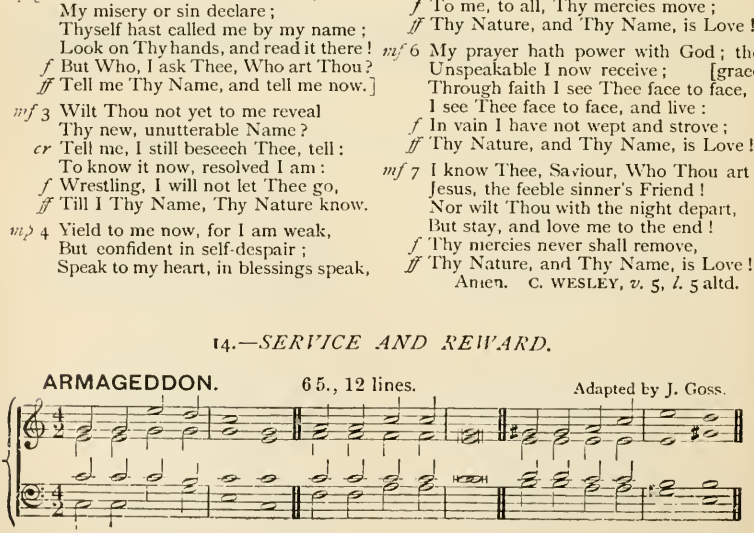
f 5 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art!
f To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
ff Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

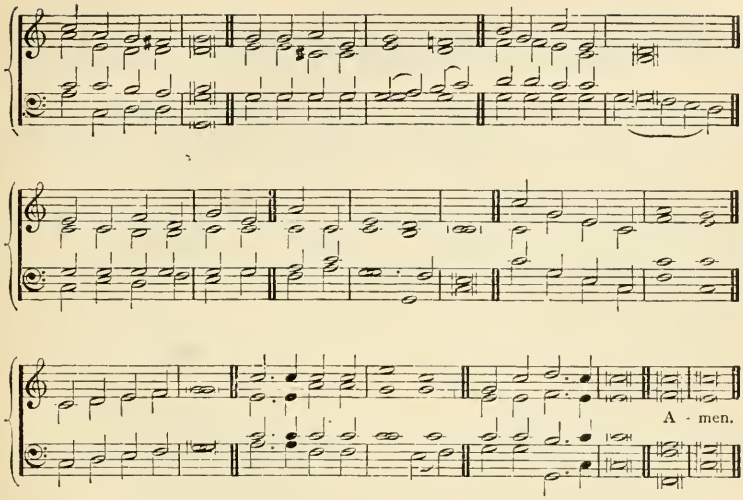
mf 6 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live:
f In vain I have not wept and strove;
ff Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

mf 7 I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend!
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end!
f Thy mercies never shall remove,
ff Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!
Amen. C. WESLEY, *v.* 5, *l.* 5 altd.

14.—*SERVICE AND REWARD.*

ARMAGEDDON. 6 5., 12 lines. Adapted by J. Goss.





375

f WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will for Him go?
p By Thy call of mercy,
cr By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
f Saviour, we are Thine!

mf [2 Not for weight of glory,
Nor for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
p But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
cr He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
f By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!]

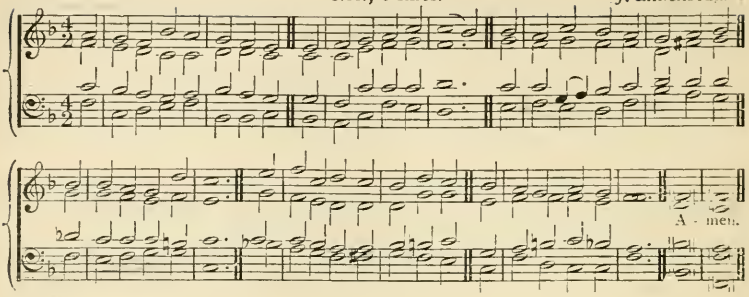
mf 3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
p But with Thine own life-blood,
cr For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
f By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side
Saviour, we are Thine!

mf 4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
cr But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure!
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
f Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

mf 5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called, faithful,"
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold:
f Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
mf Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
cr Always on the Lord's side,
f Saviour, always Thine! Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

ST. SILAS. C.M., 6 lines. J. LANCASTER.



376

mp DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

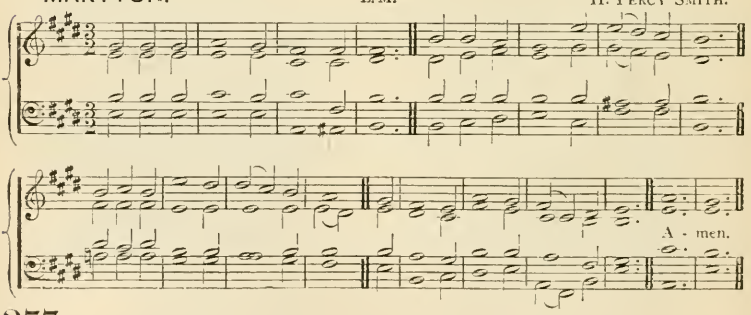
mf 2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come:
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some:
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

mf 3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

mf 4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray. Amen.

T. T. LYNCH.

MARYTON. L.M. H. PERCY SMITH.



377

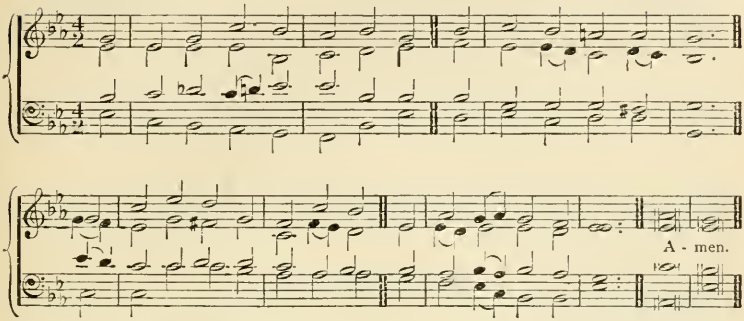
mf O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

mp 2 Help me, the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

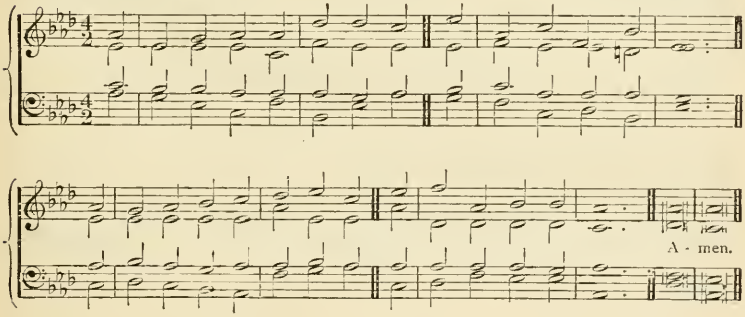
mp 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company, [strong,
cr In work that keeps faith sweet and
f In trust that triumphs over wrong.

mf 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
dim In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!
Amen. W. GLADDEN.

WILMORE. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. F. R. STATHAM.



TREVES. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. H. HILES, Mus. Doc.



378

mf OH, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

mp 2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God:
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

mp [3 Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

mf 4 It is not so, but so it looks;
dim And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.]

mf 5 Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

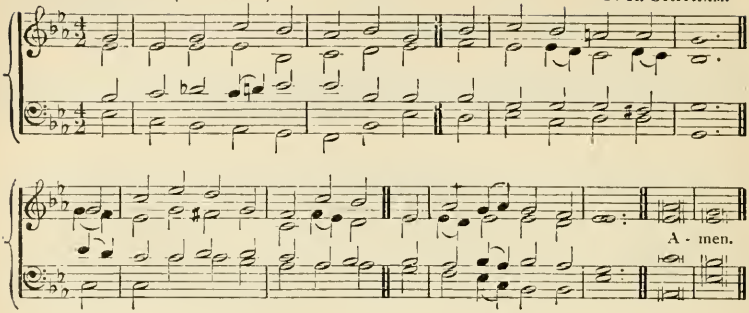
mf 6 Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

f 7 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

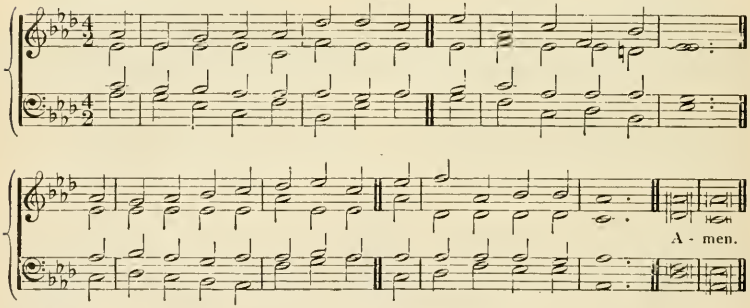
ff 8 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win:
mf To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

WILMORE. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. F. R. STATHAM.



TREVES. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. H. HILES, Mus.Doc.



379

mp THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do;
In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

p 2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
cr Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

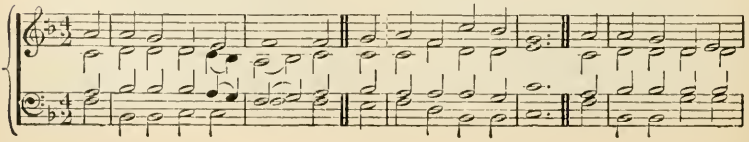
mp 3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,
cr A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

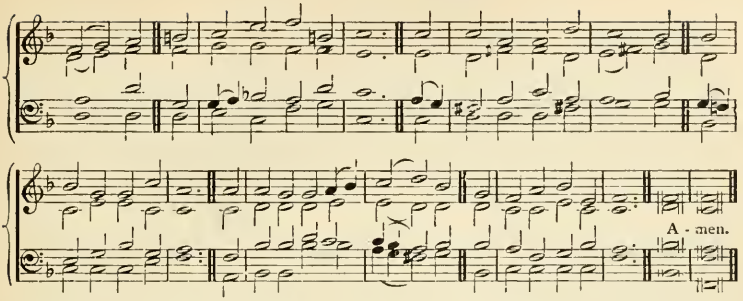
mf 4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

mf 5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright:
cr Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light. Amen.

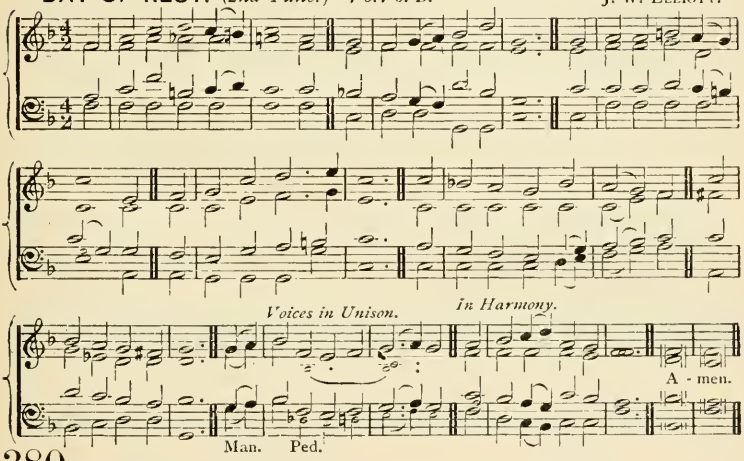
W. GASKELL.

JESU, MAGISTER BONE. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. J B. DYKES, Mus.Doc





DAY OF REST. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.



380

mf O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
cr I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
mf Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

mf 2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
p My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
cr But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

p 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
mf O speak! to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
cr O speak! and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

mf 4 O Jesus! Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
cr And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
dim O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

p 5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
cr O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
f And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend! Amen.

J. E. BODE.

BLENDEN. (*1st Tune.*) C.M.D. C. E. KETTLE.

A - men.

MACFARREN. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M.D. G. A. MACFARREN, Mus. Doc.

A - men.

381

mf HOW blessèd from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
dim The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand.

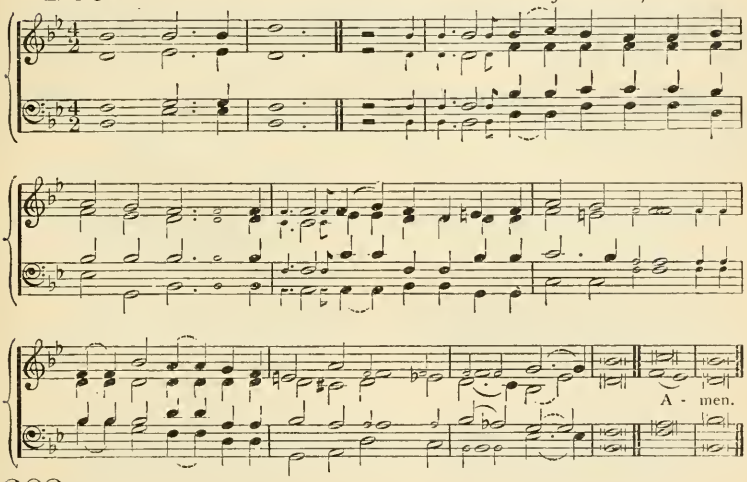
mf 2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
p No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
cr For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's will.

mf 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.
p Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side,
cr By life or death, in this poor flesh,
Let Christ be magnified.

mf 4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
p How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest draws nigh!
cr When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
f And ever where the Master is,
Still His blest servants be. Amen.

C. J. SPITTA, tr. H. L. L.

LABOR. 4.10 10 10.4. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



382

f COME, labour on!
mf Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain?
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work to-day!"

f 2 Come, labour on!
mf Claim the high calling angels cannot share,— [bear:
To young and old the gospel-gladness
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly,
p The night draws nigh.

f 3 Come, labour on!
mf The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, "Come!"

f 4 Come, labour on!
mf The enemy is watching, night and day,
p To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away:
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

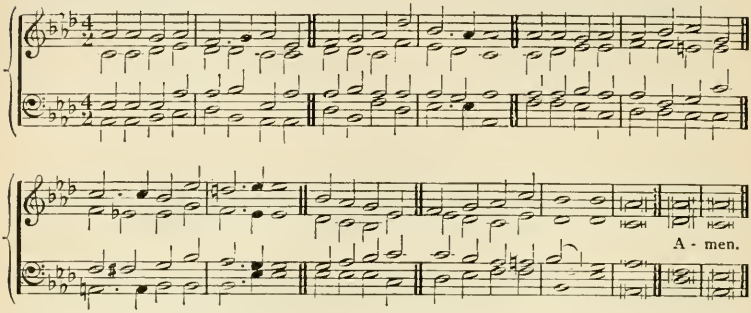
f 5 Come, labour on!
mf The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessèd are those who to the end endure;
cr How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
p O Lord, with Thee! Amen.

H. L. L.

[See also Section VIII. 3 (3).]

15.—*TEMPTATIONS, DECLENSIONS, AND RECOVERY*

ST. RAPHAEL 87.87.47. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



383

mf JESUS! Lord, we kneel before Thee,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
p By Thy mercy,
cr O deliver us, good Lord!

mf 2 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p By Thy mercy,
cr O deliver us, good Lord!

p 3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
pp By Thy mercy,
cr O deliver us, good Lord!

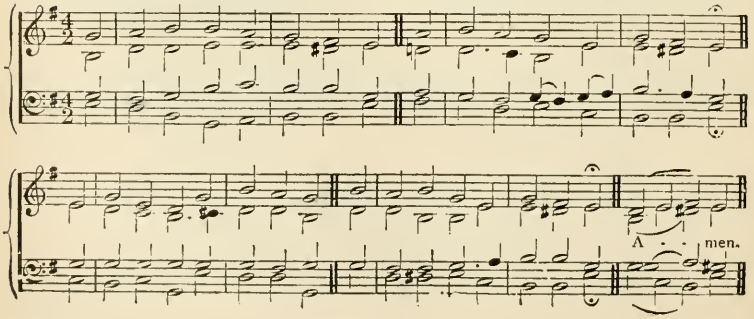
mf 4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
p By Thy mercy,
cr O deliver us, good Lord!

p 5 In the weary night of sickness,
In the time of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
p By Thy mercy
cr O deliver us, good Lord!

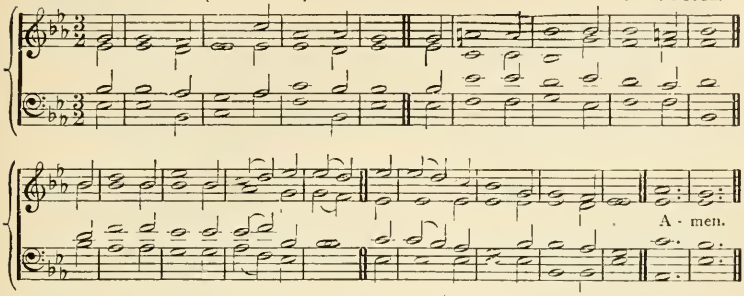
pp 6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
cr May our souls on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay:
p By Thy mercy,
cr O deliver us, good Lord! Amen.

J. J. CUMMINS.

NOTKER. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. Arranged by W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.



GIBRALTAR. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. C. W. POOLE.



384

mp STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

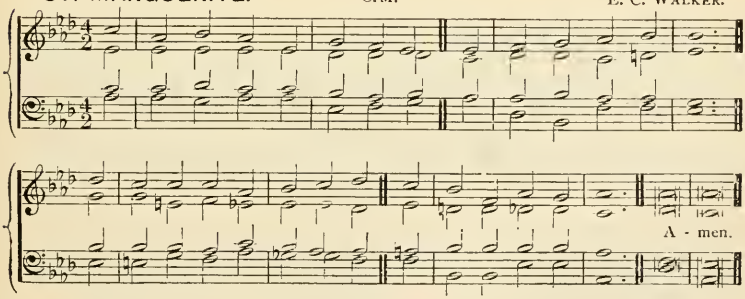
mp 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

dim 3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er Thy grace received;
cr Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
dim Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;

mp 4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

mf 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
cr Upraise me with Thy gracious hand;
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.
Amen. C. WESLEY.

ST. MARGUERITE. C.M. E. C. WALKER.



385

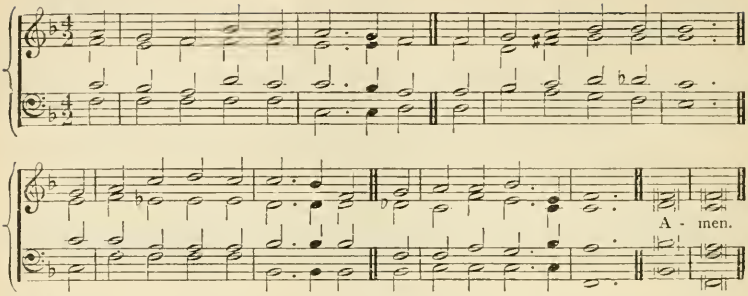
mf O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour, on earth, we live.

p 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

mf 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
cr For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

p 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
cr O help us so to live and die,
f As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.
H. H. MILMAN.

DALEHURST. C.M. A. COTTMAN.



386

p O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
cr A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

p 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

mp 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
p But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

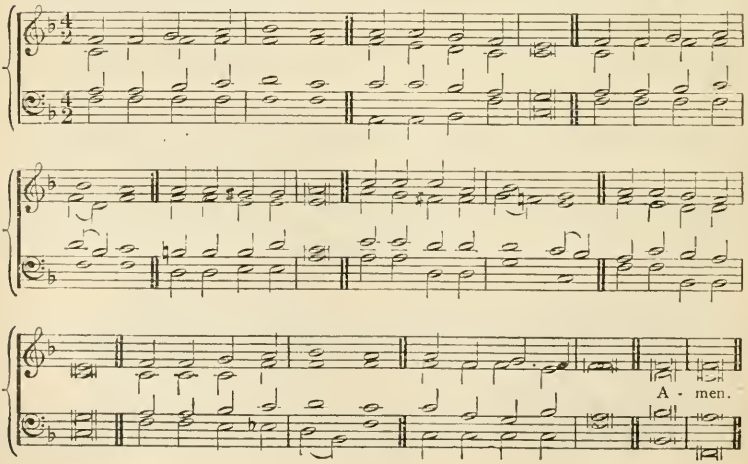
mp 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
cr I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
dim And drove Thee from my breast.

mf 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
cr Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

mf 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

W. COWPER.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE. 6 5. 6 5. D. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



387

mf IN the hour of trial,
Jesu! plead for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

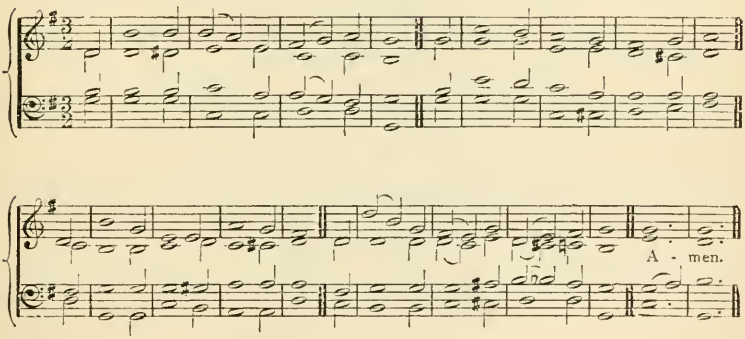
mf 2 With forbidden pleasures
Should this vain world charm,
Or its tempting treasures
Spread, to work me harm;
p Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in dark resemblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

p 3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
cr Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

pp 4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain
mf When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
cr On Thy truth relying
p Through that mortal strife,
cr Jesu, take me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY, altd. FRANCES A. HUTTON.

BROOKFIELD. L.M. T. B. SOUTHGATE.



388

mf JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
cr Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

mf 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
cr He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

mf 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
cr 'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

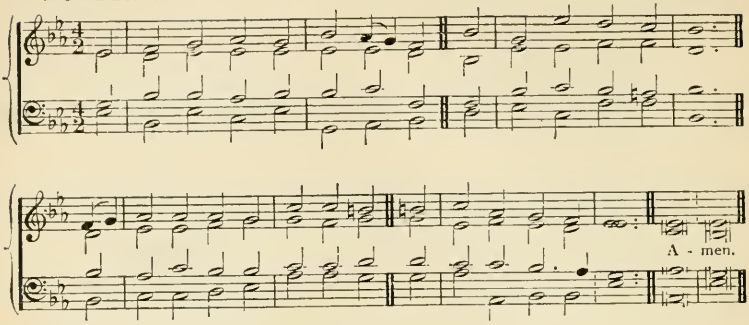
mf 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend
dim No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

mf 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
dim No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

mf 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
cr And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me! Amen

J. GRIGG, altd. B. FRANCIS.

HORSLEY. C.M. W. HORSLEY, Mus.Doc.



389

mf COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

mf [2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And though His arm be strong to smite
'Tis also strong to save.]

p 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
cr The dawn shall bring us light ;
f God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

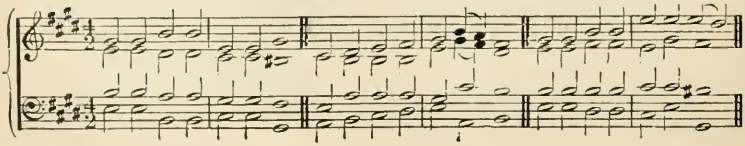
mf 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
cr His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

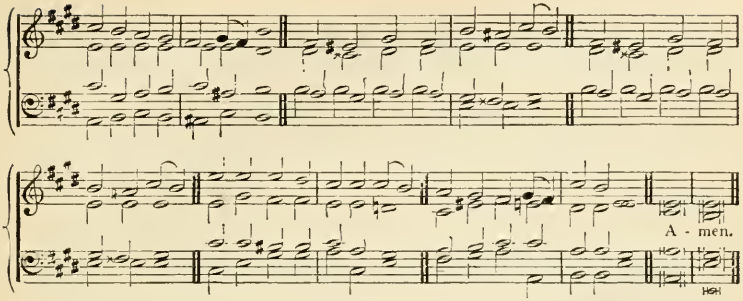
mp 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground :

f 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night. Amen.

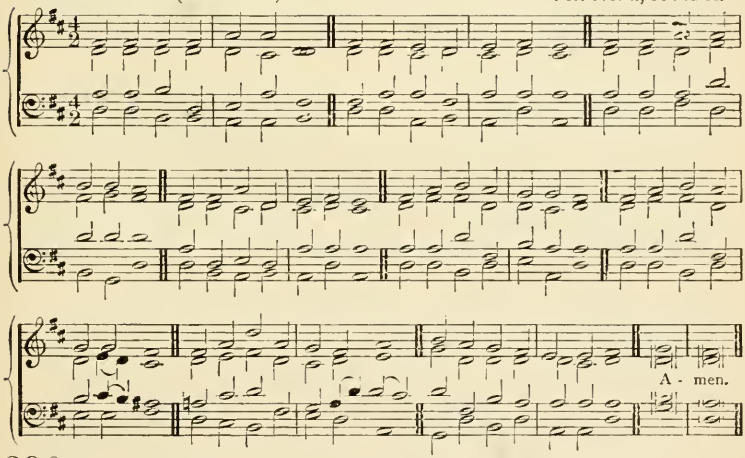
J. MORRISON.

SORRENTO. (*1st Tune.*) 7s. D. J. H. DEANE.





MISERERE. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s. D. W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.



390

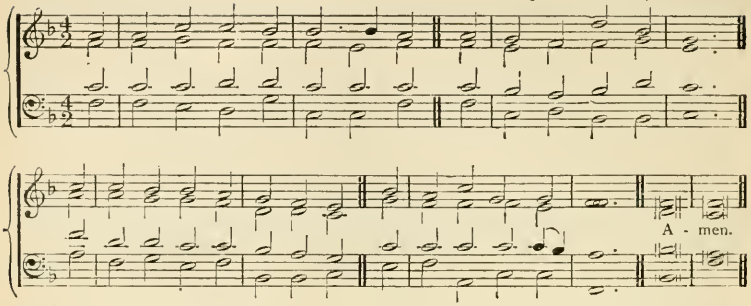
mp DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

mf 2 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He still delights to spare;
Cries,—"How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands.
cr God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus pleads, and loves me still.

mp 3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
cr If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
Pardon and accept me now.

mp 4 Pity from Thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now, the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now, my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
Amen. C. WESLEY.

SOUTHWELL. C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



391

p LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!

2 Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain!
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

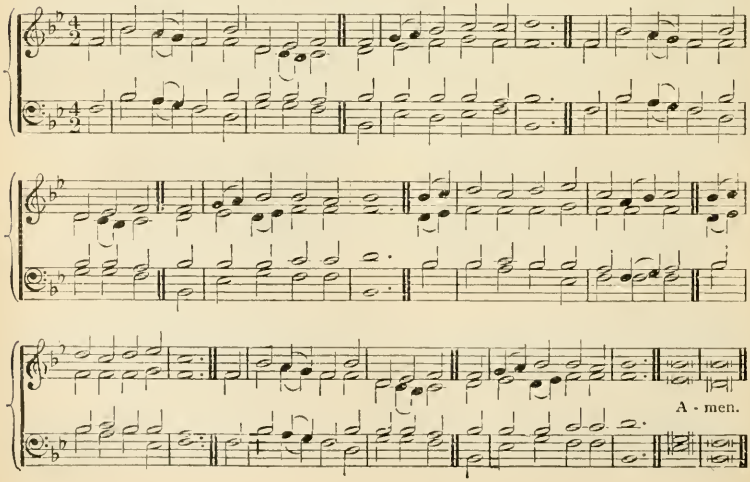
mf 4 Great God! Thy sovereign power im-
To give Thy word success; [part.
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

mf 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die. Amen.

I. WATTS.

16.—*CONFLICT: COURAGE: VICTORY.*

ELLACOMBE. (*1st Tune.*) C.M.D. German.



392

mf THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
cr Who follows in His train?
p Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
mf He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
p Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
cr Who follows in his train?

mf 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
cr Twelve valiant saints, their hope they [knew
And mocked the cross and flame:
p They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel!
cr Who follows in their train?

mf 4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
cr Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
f They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
dim Through peril, toil, and pain?
cr O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

R. HEBER.

ST. ANN. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M.D. Ascribed to DR. W. CROFT. Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

FIRST VERSE. *Unison.*

VOICES. ORGAN.

f

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;

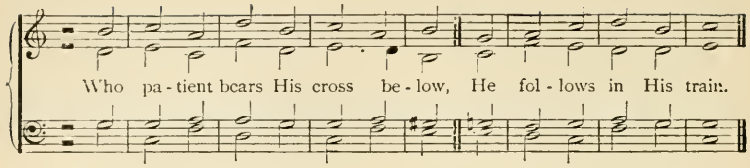
Ped.

His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train?

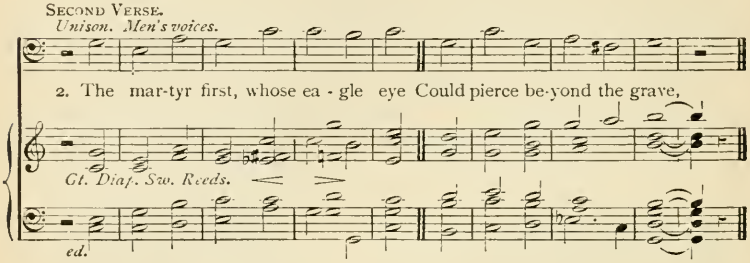
mf

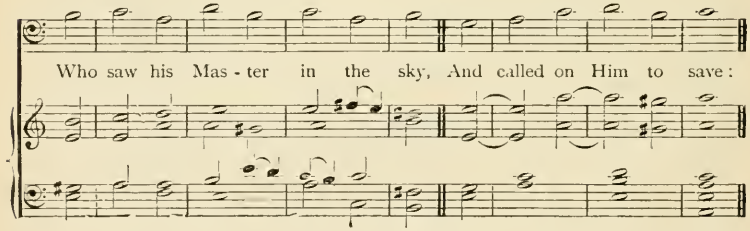
Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o - ver pain,

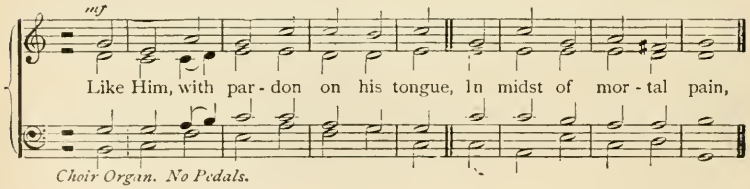
Choir Organ with voices. No Pedals.

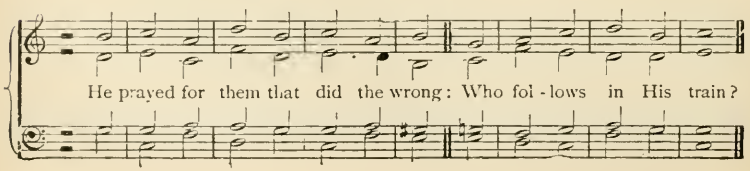


SECOND VERSE.









THIRD VERSE.

Trebles only.

3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spi-rit came,

p

No Pedals.

Twelve va-liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:

Ped.

Men's voices.

f *sf*

They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane,

cres. *f* *sf*

ff

They bowed their necks, the death to feel! Who fol-lows in their train?

ff

FOURTH VERSE.

mf

4. A no-ble ar-my—men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

Choir Organ. No Pedals.

A - round the Sa-viour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:

ff Slower.

They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven, Through

ff

Slower

ff Full.

Ped.

rall. *p*

pe - ril, toil, and pain:..... O God, to us may

rall. *pp*

pp

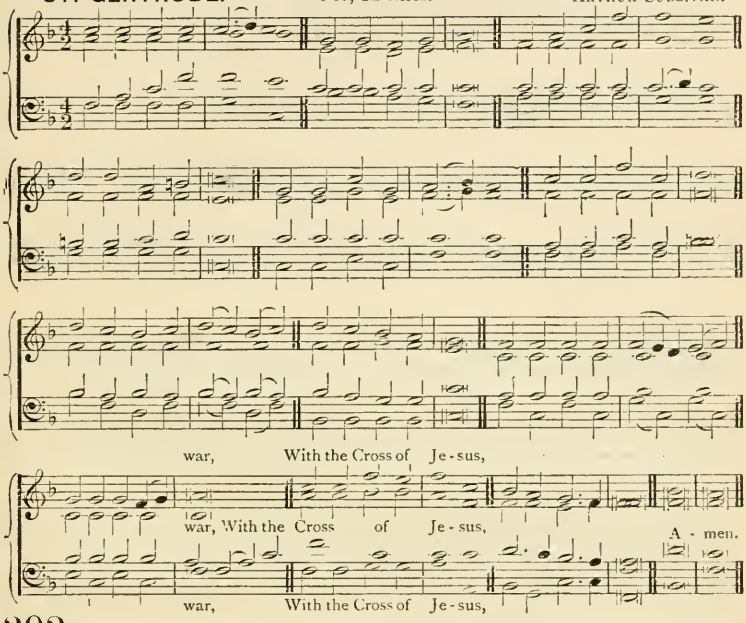
grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - men, A - men.

pp

pp

16 ft. Ped. only.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6 5., 12 lines. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



393

f ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

f 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
cr Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise
Onward, etc.

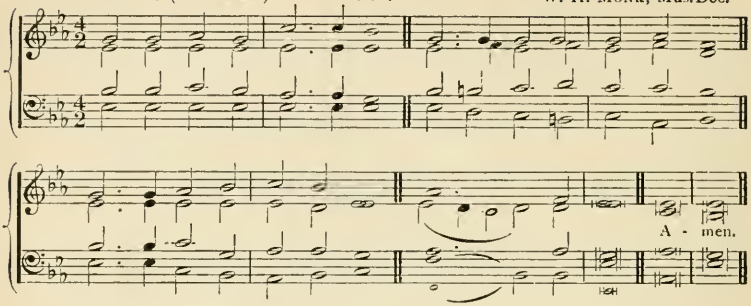
f 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
mf Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
cr One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

p 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
cr But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

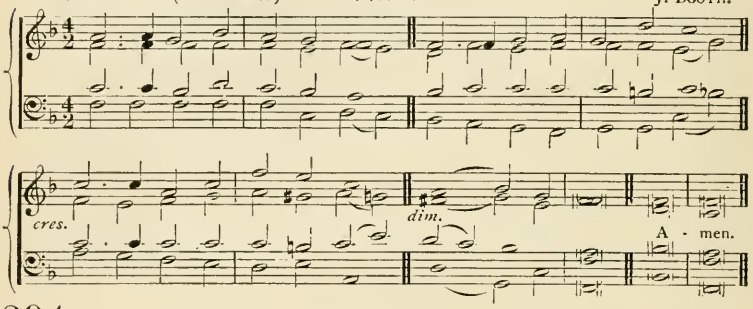
f 5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song;
cr Glory, praise, and honour,
Unto Christ, the King,
mf This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before. Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

VIGILATE. (*1st Tune.*) 77.7 3. W. H. Monk, Mus.Doc.



ROSSLYN. (*2nd Tune.*) 77.7 3. J. Booth.



394

mf 'CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,'
Cast thy dreams of ease away,
Thou art in the midst of foes:
p 'Watch and pray.'

mf 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours:
p 'Watch and pray.'

mf 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
cr Ambushed lies the evil one:
p 'Watch and pray.'

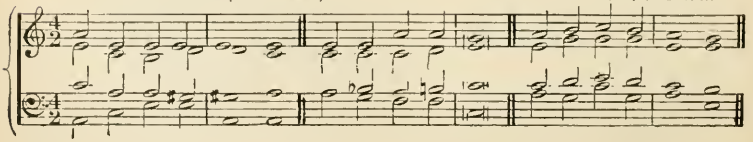
f 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
p Still they mark each warrior's way;
cr All with one sweet voice exclaim,
p 'Watch and pray.

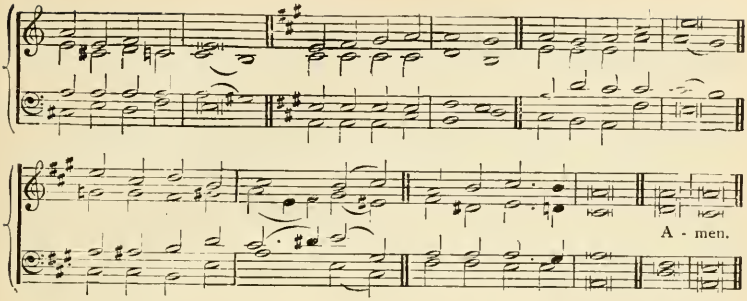
mf 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
p Hide within thy heart His word,
'Watch and pray.'

mf 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
p 'Watch and pray.' Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, *v.* 1, *l.* 2 altd.

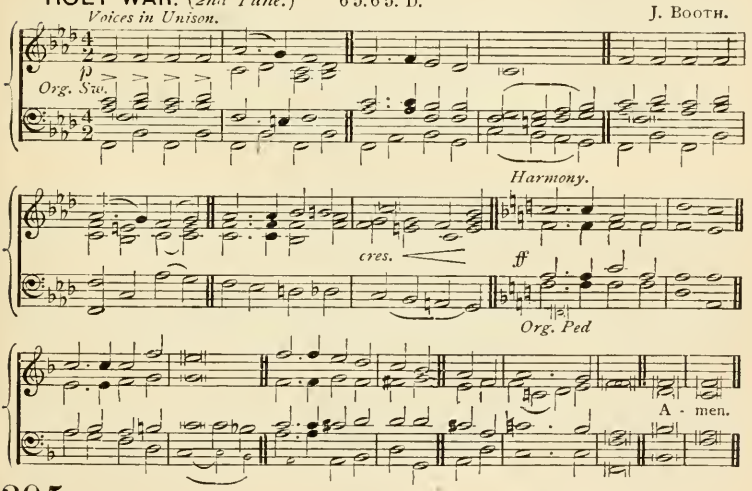
ST. ANTHONY. (*1st Tune.*) 65.65. D. H. A. Prothero.





HOLY WAR. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5. 6 5. D.

J. Booth.



395

mp CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Compass thee around?
f Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross.

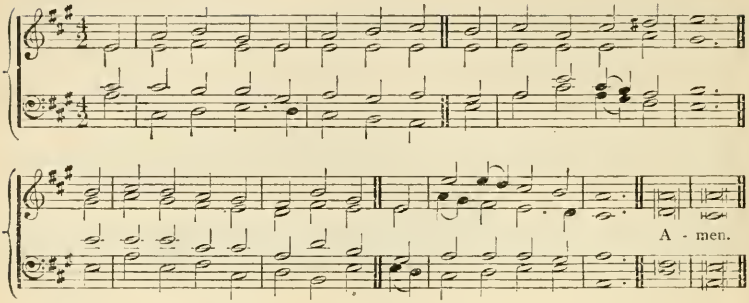
mp 2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
f Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.

mp 3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
f Christian! say but boldly,
"While I breathe I pray;"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

p 4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
pp Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
cr But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own;
mf And the end of sorrow
f Shall be near My throne." Amen.

ANDREW OF CRETE, tr. J. M. NEALE, *v.* 1, *ll.* 3, 4, *v.* 2, *ll.* 6, 7, 8 al.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. J. CLARKE, Mus.Doc.



396

f AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

f 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

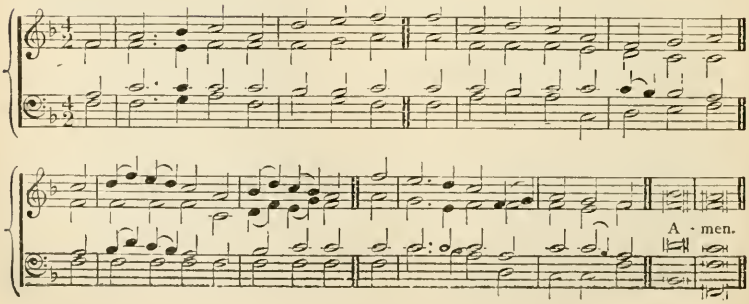
f 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;—

f 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
p Shall blend in common dust.

f 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

SAMSON. L.M. From HANDEL



397

f AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

mf 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint:—

f 3 The Mighty God Whose matchless [power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

mf 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
dim Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

mf 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
cr On wings of love our souls shall fly,
f Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.
Amen. I. WATTS.

398

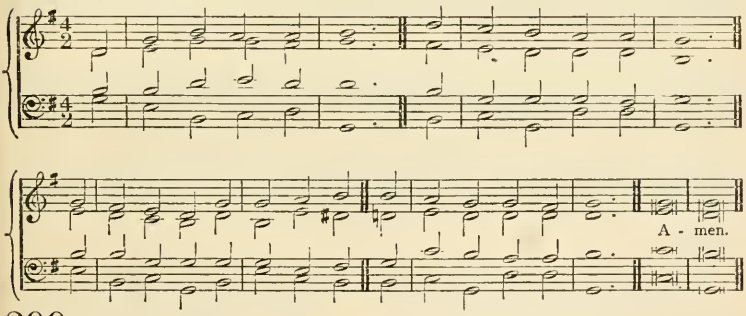
f STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on:
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

f 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

mf 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
dim There peace and joy eternal reign,
cr And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

f 4 There I shall wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
ff While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.
Amen. I. WATTS.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M. DAY'S *Psalter.*



399

mf YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
p And watchful at His gate.

f 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
p For awful is His name.

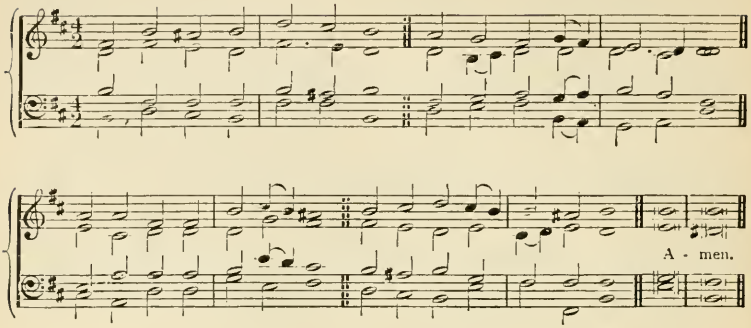
mf 3 Watch;—'tis your Lord's command;
p And while we speak, He's near:
mf Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

cr 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

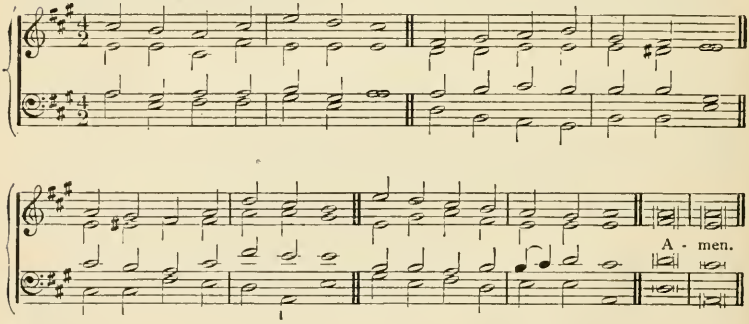
f 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst the angelic band. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

VERDUN. (*1st Tune.*) 7s. *Geistreiches Gesangbuch.*



VIENNA. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s. J. H. KNECHT.



400

f MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
cr Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of Life.

f 2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain;
p Dreary is the long campaign.

f 3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

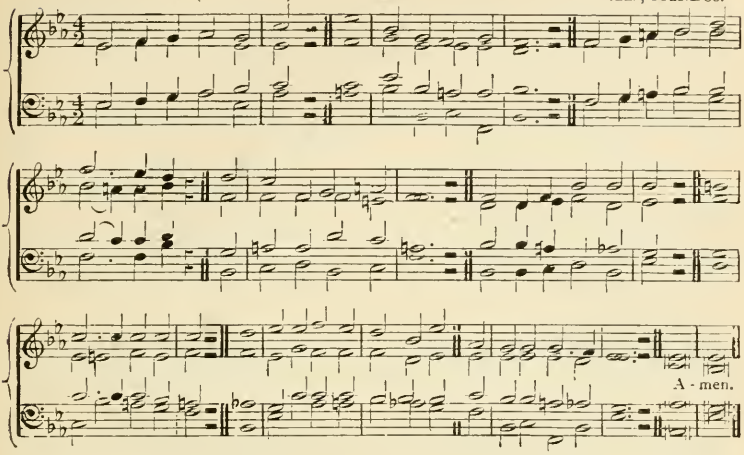
mf 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
f Victory soon shall tune their song.

p 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
cr Soon shall every tear be dry;
mf Let not woe your course impede;
f Great your strength, if great your need.

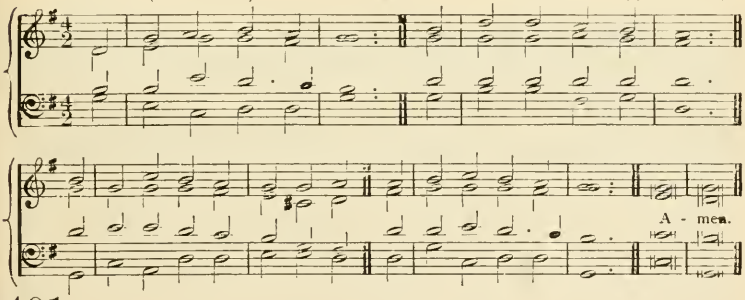
f 6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
cr Though opposed by many a foe,
ff Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

Fragment by H. K. WHITE, completed by FANNY F. MAITLAND.

THORNTON. (*1st Tune.*) S.M.D. H. HILES, Mus.Doc.



GILDAS. (*2nd Tune.*) S.M. Attributed to P. ABELARD.



401

f SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

f 2 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—
mf That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand entire at last

mf 3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
f To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

mf 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
f And win the well-fought day.
mf Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
cr Till Christ the Lord descend from high
And take the conquerors home.
Amen. C. WESLEY.

LANCASHIRE. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D.

H. SMART.

A - men.

ST. THEODULPH. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D.

M. TESCHNER.

A - men.

402

mf STAND up! stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
f From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

mf [2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear!
Where'er you meet with evil—
Within you, or without—
cr Charge! for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout.]

mf 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
f Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

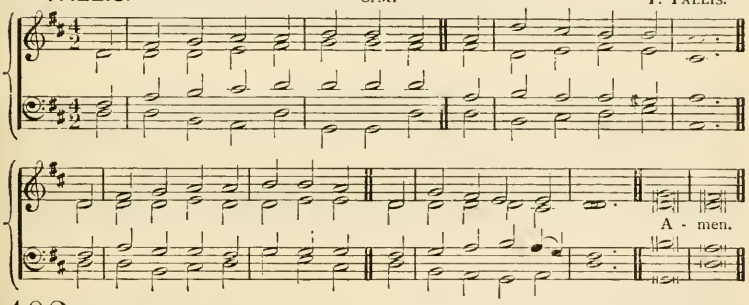
mf 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
p The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
f Put on the Gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer!
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

mf [5 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host.
f Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain;
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain.]

mf 6 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
f To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

G. DUFFIELD.

TALLIS. C.M. T. TALLIS.



403

mf O GOD of Truth, Whose living Word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

mf 2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

mf 3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

mf 4 We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

mp 5 Then God of truth, for Whom we long,
Thou Who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

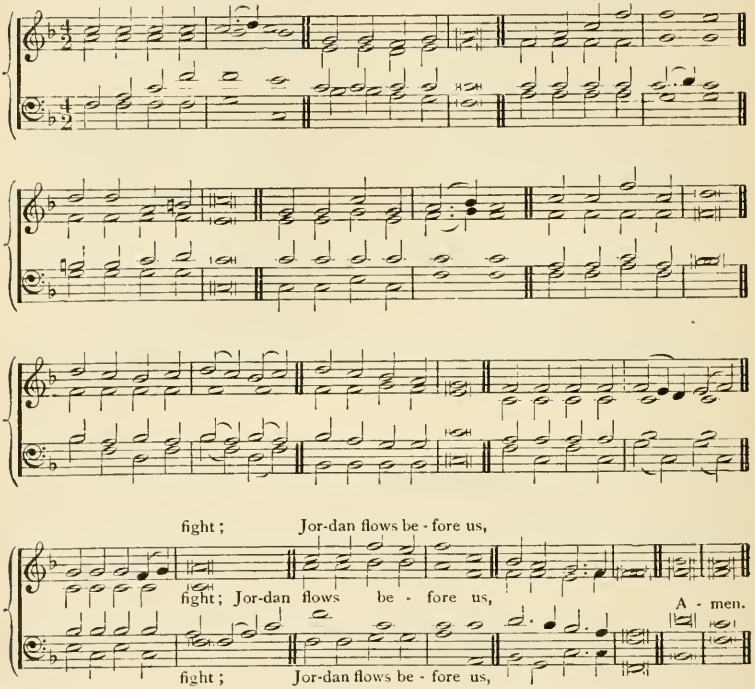
f 6 Still smite! still burn! till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
dim Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

mf 7 Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
cr Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
f And we shall live in Thee. Amen.

T. HUGHES.

17.—*PILGRIMAGE.*

ST. GERTRUDE. 6 5., 12 lines ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



404

mf FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
f Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light.

2 *mf* Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
f Forward, all the lifetime,
Climb from height to height;
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light

mf [3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
p Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
cr Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
f Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.]

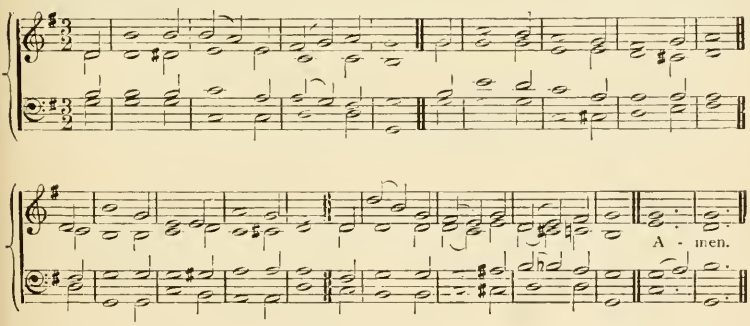
mf 4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
p Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
f Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

mf 5 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,—
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold:
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

ff 6 To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
p Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
cr Forward into triumph,
f Forward into light! Amen.

H. ALFORD.

BROOKFIELD. L. M. T. B. SOUTHGATE.



405

mf JESUS, my all, to Heaven is gone;
He that I placed my hopes upon;
His track I see; and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

mf 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all the paths are peace.

mp 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

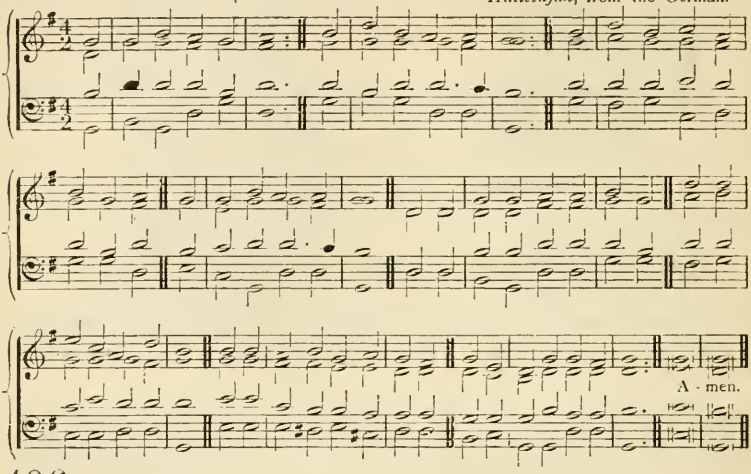
mp 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
cr Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! for I'm the Way!

f 5 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;
Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll live!

mf 6 Now I will tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to God!"
Amen.

J. CENNICK.

HIGHBURY. 6 6.8 6.4 7. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.
Hallelujah, from the German.



406

mf FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

mf 2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

mp 3 Our toils and conflicts cease,
On Canaan's happy shore;
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

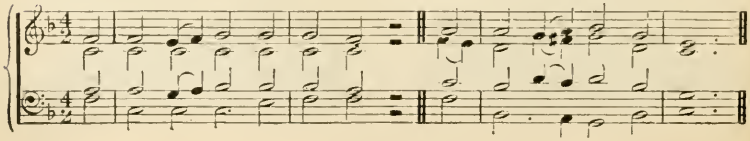
mp 4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

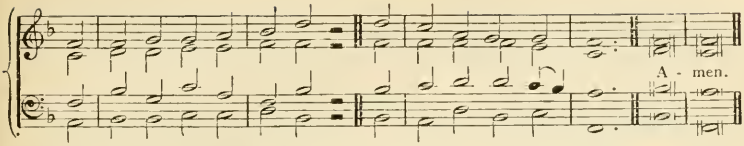
mf 5 We soon shall join the throng;
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

mp 6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast:
We're journeying through the wilderness,
cr But soon shall gain our rest.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God. Amen.

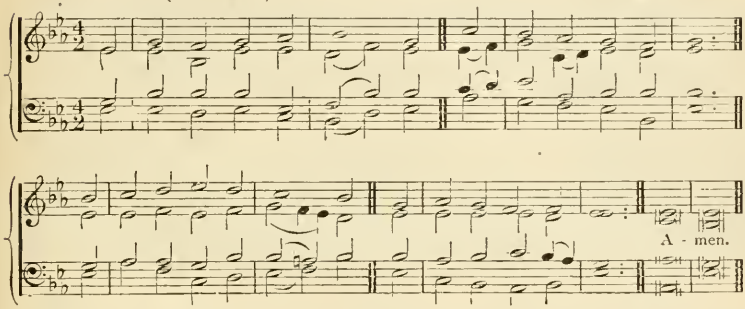
T. KELLY.

BARTON. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. J. H. KNECHT.





VULPIUS. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. M. VULPIUS.



407

f O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head;

mf 2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

mp 3 The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
cr The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

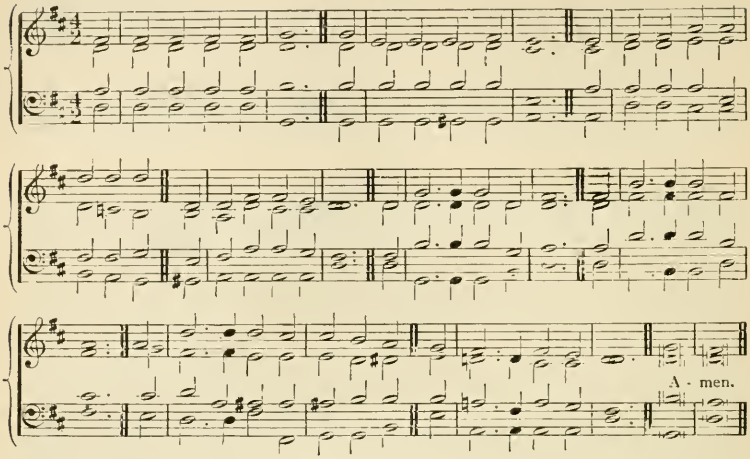
mp 4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

mf 5 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven, on earth?

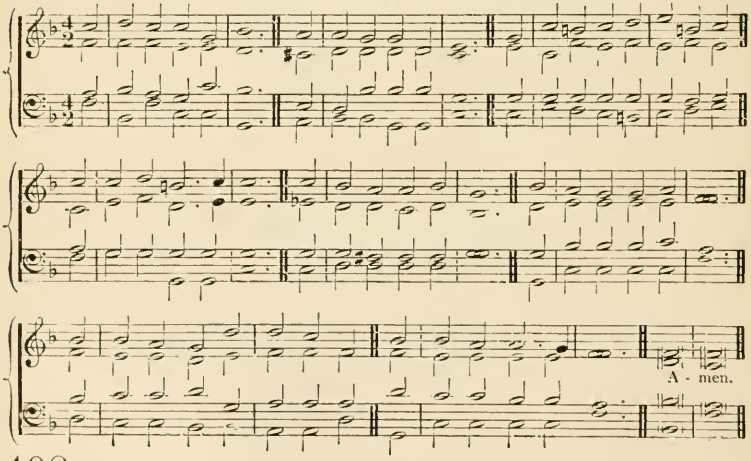
f 6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize. Amen.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, tr. J. M. NEALE.

LEOMINSTER. (*1st Tune.*) S.M.D. Harmonized by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



CHALVEY. (*2nd Tune.*) S.M.D. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.



408

mf A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
dim And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
dim O! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
p And take my sins away.

mf [2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
p And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day:
dim O! wash me in Thy precious Blood
p And take my sins away.

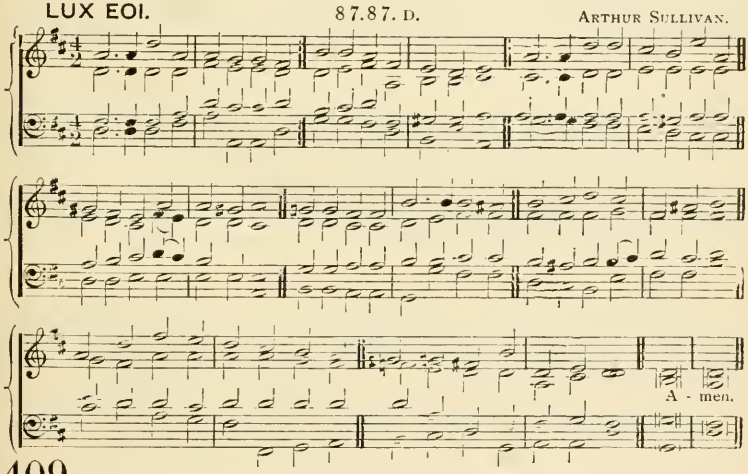
mf 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
dim O ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
p And take my sins away.]

p 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
dim O ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
p And take my sins away.

mf 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day :
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day ;
dim O ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
p And take my sins away.

p 6 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
cr Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign :
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
dim O ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
p And take my sins away. Amen.

H. BONAR.



409

mf THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land ;
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

p 2 One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
cr Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
mf One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :

f 3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
p One the conflict, one the peril,
cr One the march in God begun
ff One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

mf 4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers
Onward with the Cross our aid !
p Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
mf Soon shall come the great awaking,
cr Soon the rending of the tomb ;
f Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.
Amen.

B. S. INGEMANN, tr. S. BARING-GOULD, altd. by Compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*

18.—*DIVINE GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.*

SPIRE. (*1st Tune.*) 5 5.8 8.5 5. ADAM DRESSE.

A - men.

WESTON. (*2nd Tune.*) 5 5.8 8.5 5. J. EDWARDS.

Guide us by Thy hand. A - men.

Guide

410

mf JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
p And although the way be cheerless
cr We will follow, calm and fearless;
mf Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

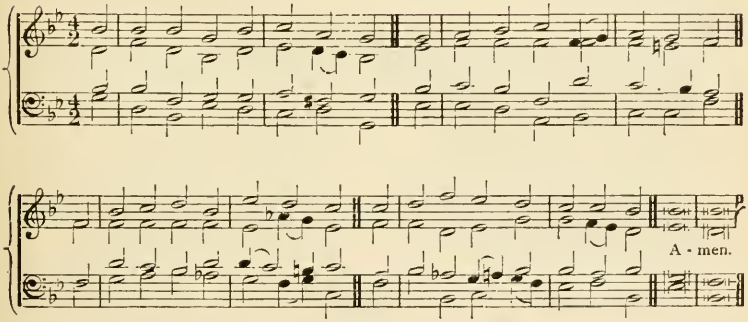
p 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
cr Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

p 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When oppressed by new temptations,
cr Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

mf 4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
cr Till we safely stand
f In our Fatherland. Amen.

N. L. *v.* ZINZENDORF, tr. H. L. L.

BRESLAU. L. M. I. CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia.*



411

mf O GRANT us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
cr That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

mf 2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
cr And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

mp 3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart;
cr How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

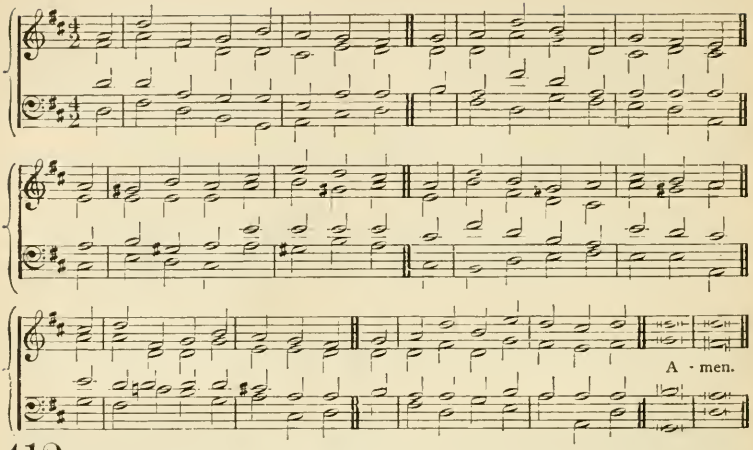
mp 4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above;
cr And count the very Cross a gain,
f And bless our Father's hidden love.

mp 5 O grant us light, that we may trace
A pledge of life in seeming death;
And own the grave a resting-place,
Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.

mf 6 O grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
cr In Thee to find the open gate
f To deathless home and endless day.
Amen.

L. TUTTIETT.

ROCHESTER. 8 8.8 8.8 8. V. NOVELLO.



412

mf LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely :
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

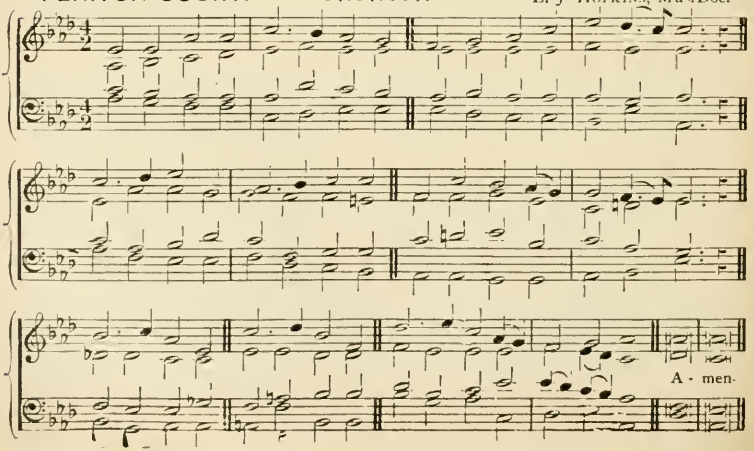
mf 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place :
And hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
cr Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

mp 3 Through Thee, Who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
cr With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;—
f That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

mf 4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed ;
The Church of the firstborn to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
cr With joy upon our heads arise,
f And meet our Captain in the skies. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

FENITON COURT. 8 7.8 7.4 4 7. E. J HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



413

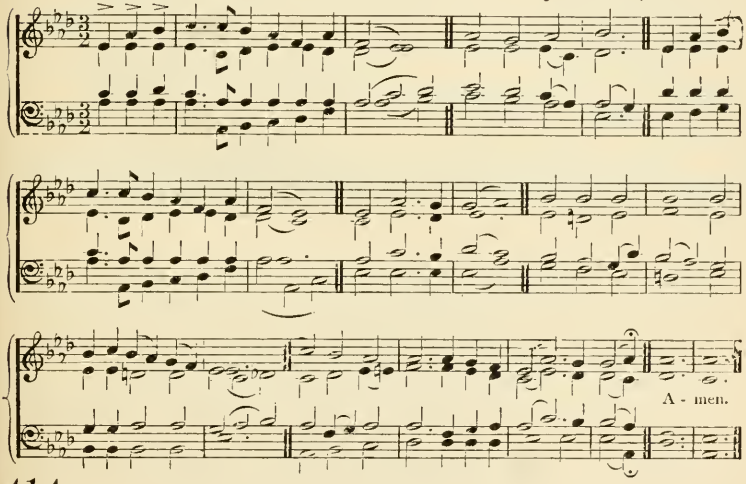
mf LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
cr Yet possessing
Every blessing,
f If our God our Father be.

mp 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
p Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
cr Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
f Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen

J. EDMESTON.

LUX BENIGNA. (*1st Tune.*) 10 4.10 4.10 10. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc



414

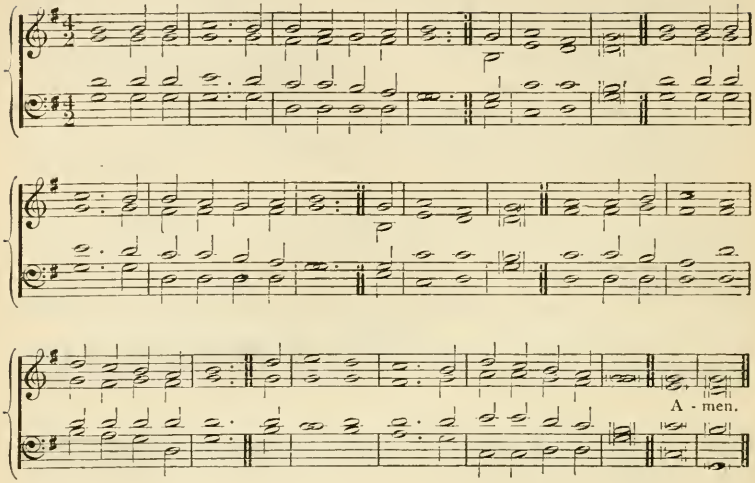
mf LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
cr Lead Thou me on:
p The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on:
cr Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; (*p*) one step enough for me.

mf 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; (*p*) but now,
Lead Thou me on:
cr I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; (*p*) remember not past years.

mf 3 So long Thy power hath blest me (*cr*) sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
f And with the morn those angel faces smile,
dim Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile. Amen.

J. H. NEWMAN.

SANDON. (*2nd Tune.*) 10 4.10 4.10 10. C. H. PURDAY.



414

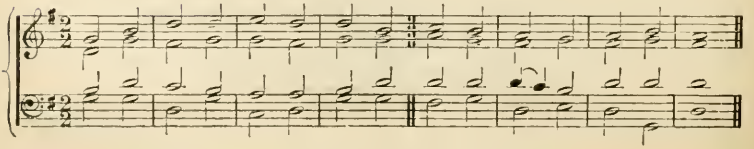
mf LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
cr Lead Thou me on:
p The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on:
cr Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; (*p*) one step enough for me.

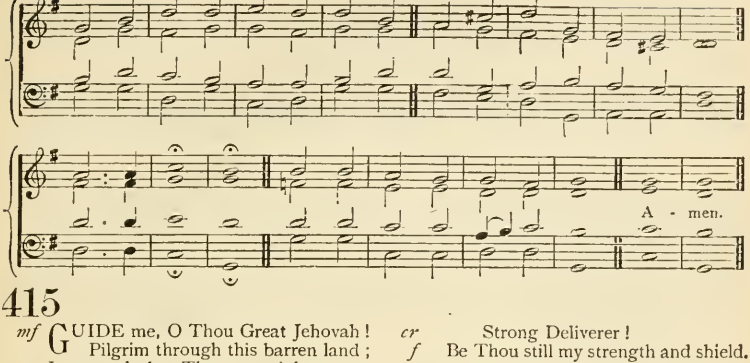
mf 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; (*p*) but now,
Lead Thou me on:
cr I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; (*p*) remember not past years

mf 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, (*cr*) sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
f And with the morn those angel faces smile,
dim Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile. Amen.

J. H. NEWMAN.

OLIVET. 8 7.8 7.4 7. G. HIRST.





415

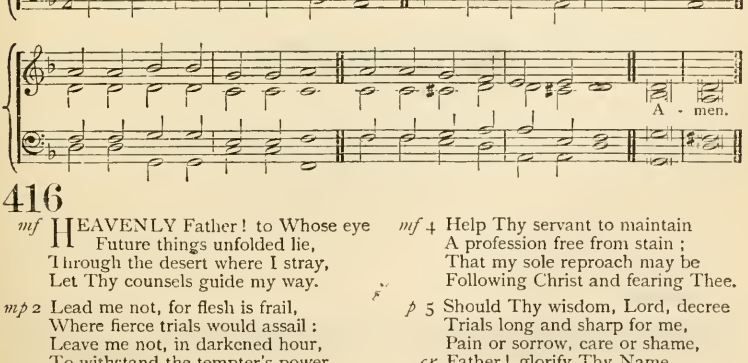
mf GUIDE me, O Thou Great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
p I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
f Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
dim Feed me till I want no more.

mf 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
cr Strong Deliverer!
f Be Thou still my strength and shield.

p 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
cr Death of deaths, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
ff Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

WELSH of W. WILLIAMS, *v.* 1 tr. P. WILLIAMS;
vv. 2, 3 tr. W. WILLIAMS.

HEINLEIN. 7s. P. HEINLEIN.



416

mf HEAVENLY Father! to Whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

mp 2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail:
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

mf 3 Lord! uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares;
Care for me in all my cares.

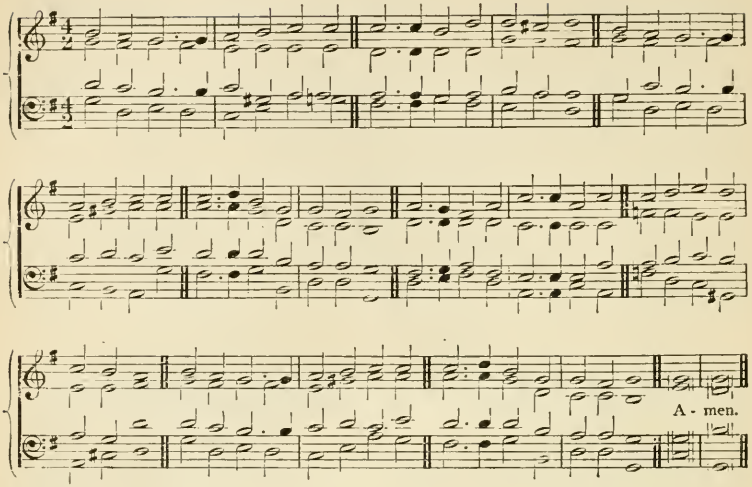
mf 4 Help Thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain;
That my sole reproach may be
Following Christ and fearing Thee.

p 5 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
cr Father! glorify Thy Name.

mp 6 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
cr In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God. Amen.

J. CONDER.

FALFIELD. 87.87. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



417

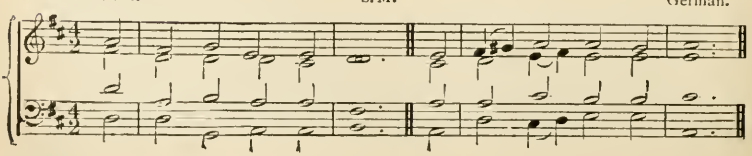
mf COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
mf Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
cr O! the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love.

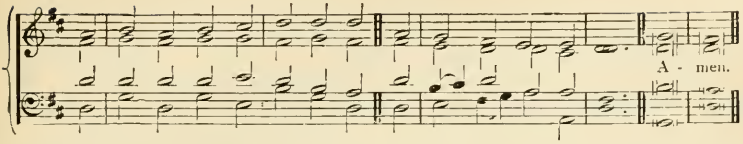
mf 2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
p Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
cr He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

f 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
mp Prone to wander; Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love,
cr Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above. Amen.

R. ROBINSON, *v.* 1, *ll.* 5, 7, 8, *v.* 3, *l.* 7, altd.

SWABIA. S.M. German.





418

f TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

mf 2 'Tis His Almighty love,
His counsel and His care
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

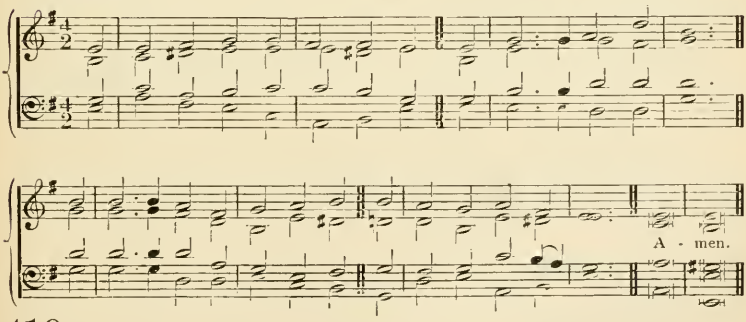
mf 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
cr Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

mf 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

f 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song. Amen.

I. WATTS.

CHESHIRE. C. M. ESTE'S *Psalter.*



419

f GOD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

f 2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease;
The Lord His saints will not forsake;
dim The Lord will give us peace.

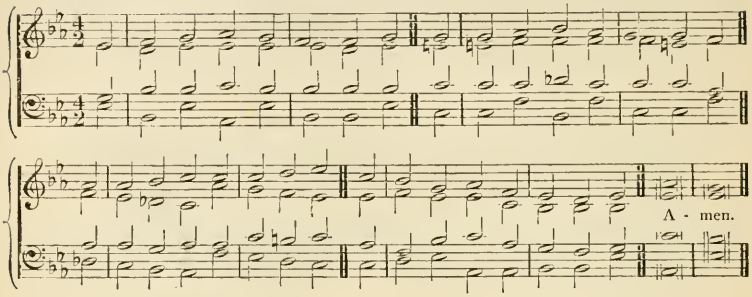
mp 3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from His Throne above,
cr It cheers His Church below.

mf 4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake, and quelled their powers;
cr The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
f The God of grace is ours. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

19.—*THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.*

HAUGHLEY. L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS.



420

mp THEY come, God's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From heavenly mansions ever bright

mp 2 They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:
They come to speed us on our way;
God willeth them with us to stay.

mp 3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis theirs the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the faithful heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

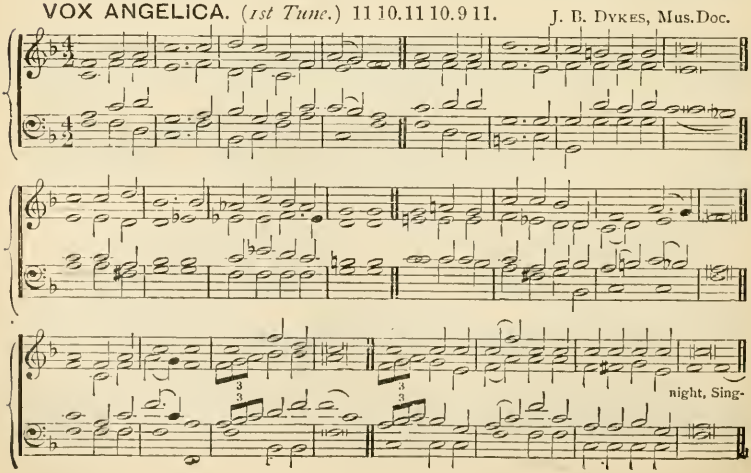
p 4 Blest Jesu, Thou Whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
When to the earth in sorrow weighed
Thou didst not scorn Thine angels' aid,—

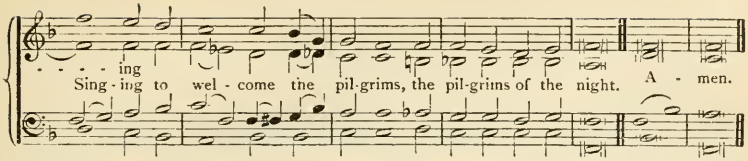
mp 5 An angel-guard to us supply,
p When on the bed of death we lie;
cr And in Thine own Almighty Arms
O shield us in the last alarms.

mf 6 To God the Father, God the Son
And God the Spirit, Three in One
cr From all above, and all below,
f Let joyful praise unceasing flow. Amen.

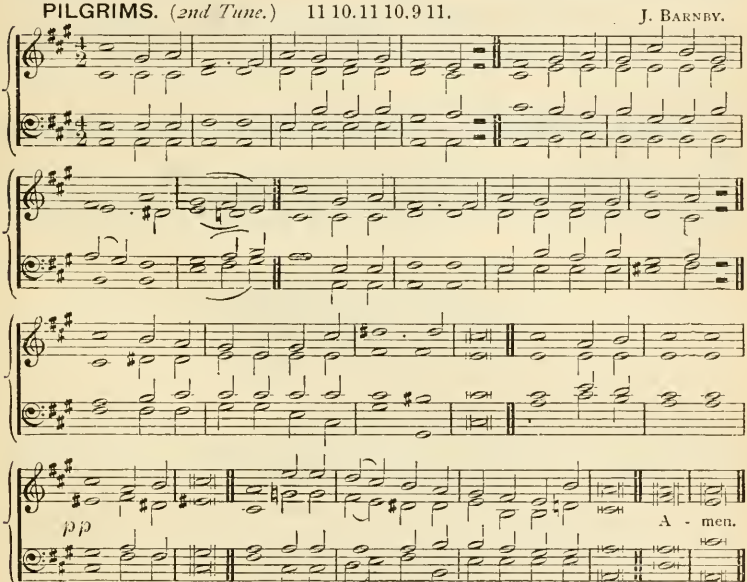
R. CAMPBELL, altd.

VOX ANGELICA. (*1st Tune.*) 11 10.11 10.9 11. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.





PILGRIMS. (*2nd Tune.*) 11 10.11 10.9 11. J. BARNBY.



421

mf HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
p Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
f Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

mf 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
p "Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!"
mf And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

pp 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, [and sea,
cr The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
p And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing, [steps to Thee.
cr Kind Shepherd! turn their weary
Angels of Jesus, etc.

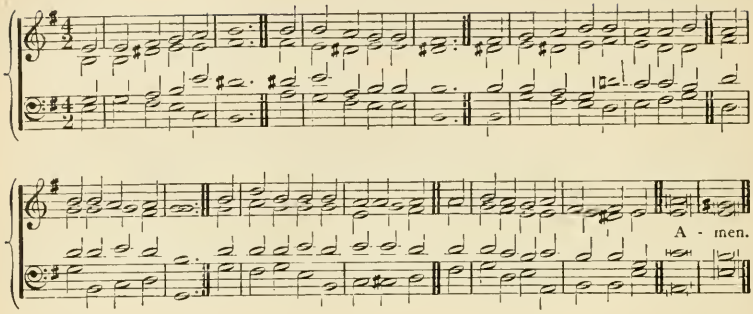
mf 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary, [night be past;
The day must dawn, and darksome
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary, [will come at last.
cr And heaven, the heart's true home,
Angels of Jesus, etc.

mf 5 Angels! sing on: your faithful watches keeping, [above;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, [cloudless love.
cr And life's long shadows break in
Angels of Jesus, etc. Amen.

F. W. FABER, *v.* 5, *ll.* 3, 4 altd.

20.—*DEATH.*

LUCCA. 6 6.8 6.8 8. J. H. Schein.



422

mp FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

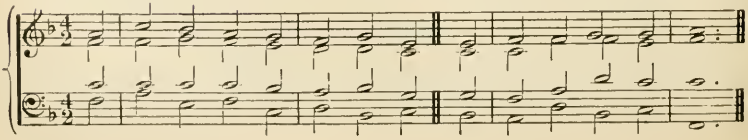
mp 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

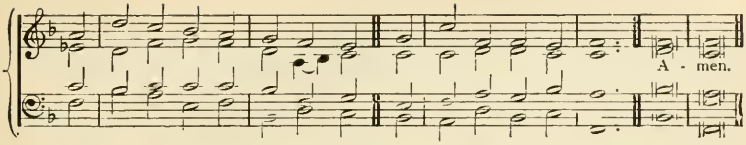
mf 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

p 4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
cr As morning high and higher shines
mf To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
cr They hide themselves (*f*) in heaven's own light. Amen.

MONTGOMERY.

ALBANO. C.M. V. Novello.





423

mf CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry,
cr We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.

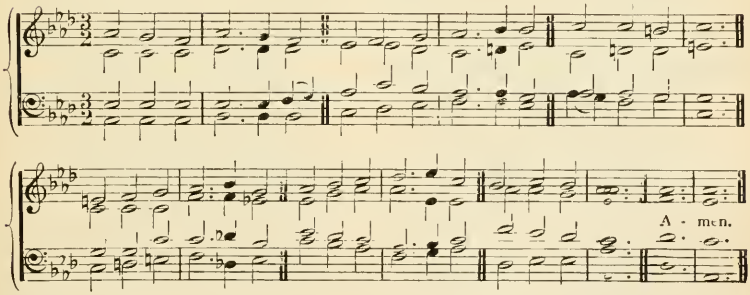
mp 2 We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee.
cr And for his good fight fought so well,
f And crowned with victory.

mp 3 We thank Thee that the wayworn sleeps
p The sleep in Jesus blessed;
cr The purified and ransomed soul
p Hath entered into rest.

mp 4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard;
cr We bless Thee for his blessedness,
mf And for his rich reward. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

SUPPLIANT. 6 6 4. 6 6 4. MYLES B. FOSTER.



424

mp LOWLY and solemn be,
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

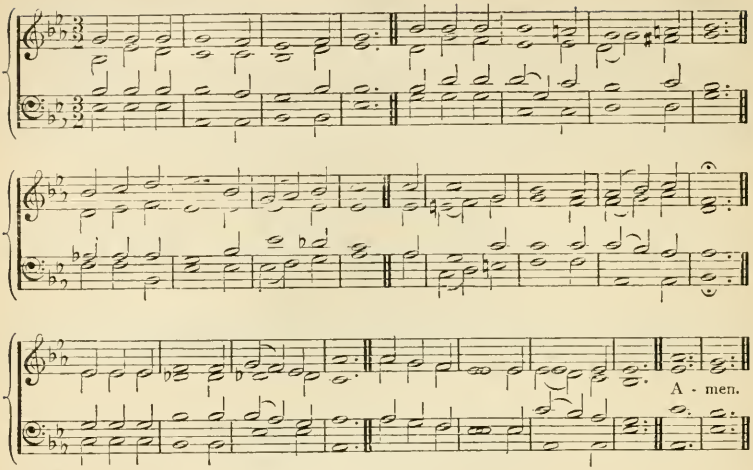
mp 2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow,
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, Thou!

mp 3 By Him Who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From Whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God.

mp 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
cr Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine. Amen.

FELICIA D. HEMANS

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. J. BARNBY.



425

mf GOD of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine;—we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

mp 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

mp [3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree:
cr Not dead, but living unto Thee.]

mf 4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just:
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

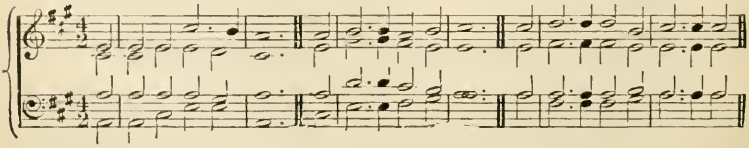
mf 5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
cr That body, soul, and spirit be,
For ever living unto Thee! Amen.

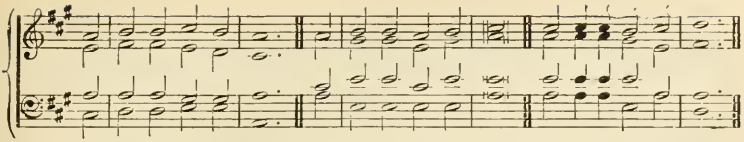
J. ELLERTON.

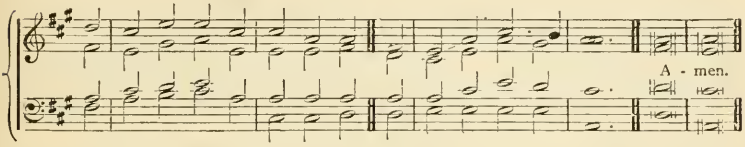
[See also Section XI. 2.]

21.—*THE REST AFTER DEATH.*

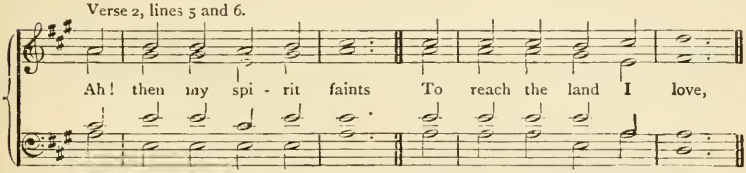
NEARER HOME. (*1st Tune.*) S. M. D. I. WOODBURY. Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.







Verse 2, lines 5 and 6.



426

f "FOR ever with the Lord!"
p Amen, so let it be;
cr Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality:
p Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

mf [2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
p Ah! then my spirit faints
cr To reach the land I love,
f The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

f 3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
cr The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.
p Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
cr The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.]

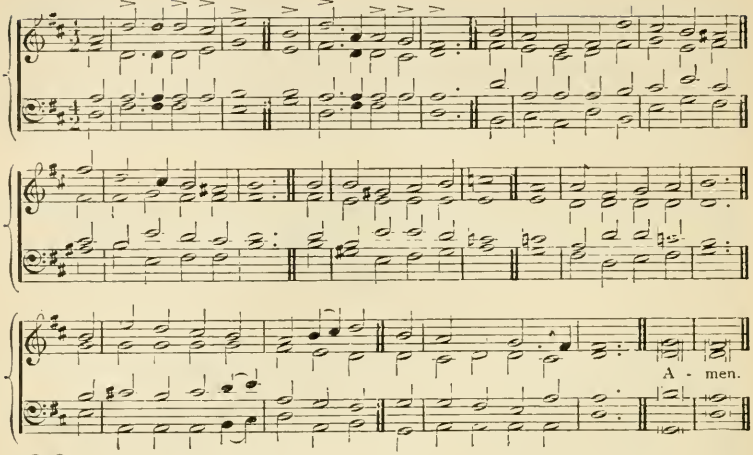
f 4 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
cr Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
f Fight, and I must prevail.

p 5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
f Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

f 6 The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
cr And Heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
ff "For ever with the Lord!"
ff That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

AT HOME. (*2nd Tune.*) S.M.D. J. BARNBY.



426

f "FOR ever with the Lord!"
p Amen, so let it be;
cr Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality:
p Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

mf [2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
p Ah! then my spirit faints
cr To reach the land I love,
f The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

f 3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
cr The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.
p Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
cr The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.]

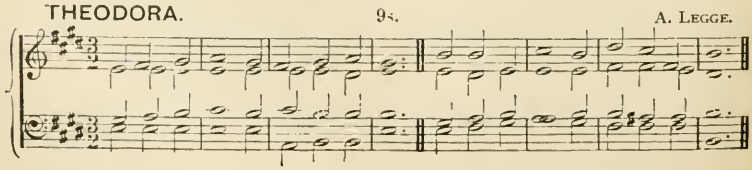
f 4 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
cr Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
f Fight, and I must prevail.

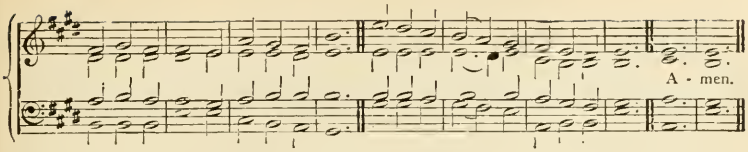
p 5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
f Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

f 6 The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
cr And Heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
ff "For ever with the Lord!"
ff That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THEODORA. 9s. A. LEGGE.





427

mf LIGHT after darkness, gain after loss;
Strength after weakness, crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,
Home after wandering, praise after tears.

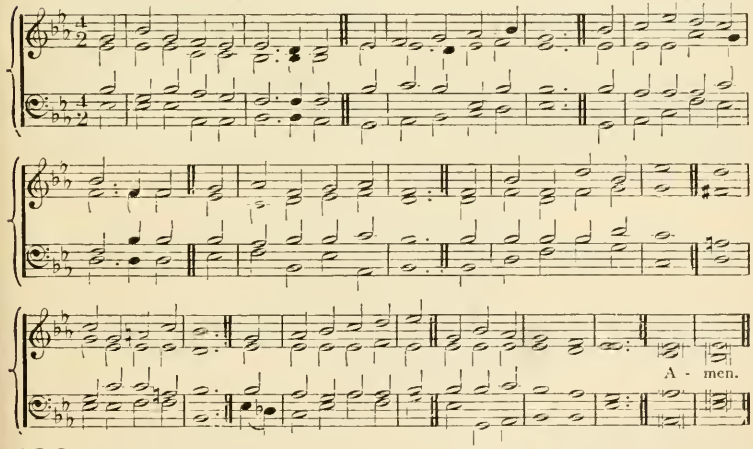
mf 2 Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Sight after mystery, peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
dim Rest after weariness, sweet rest a last.

f 3 Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb;
After long agony, rapture of bliss:
Right was the pathway leading to this. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

PARADISE. (*1st Tune.*) 8 6. 8 6. 6 6. 6 6.

H. SMART.



428

p O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
mf Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

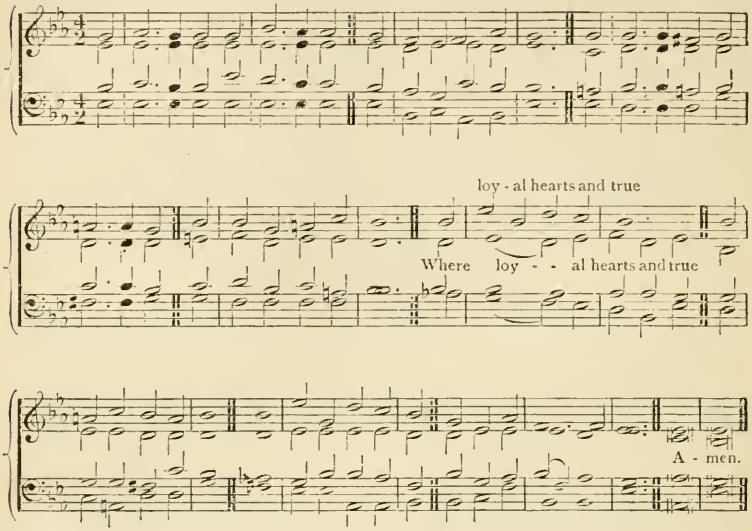
p 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
mf Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

mf 3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
p 'Tis weary waiting here,
cr I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
mf Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

mf 4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
p I want to sin no more,
cr I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
mf Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

PARADISE. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 6. 8 6. 6 6. 6 6. J. BARNBY.



428

p O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
mf Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

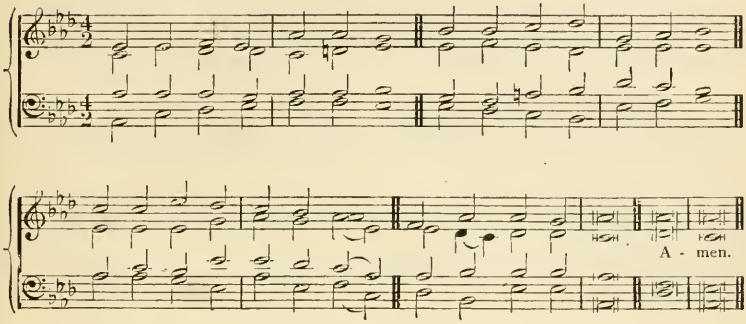
p 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
mf Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

mf 3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
p 'Tis weary waiting here;
cr I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near,
mf Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

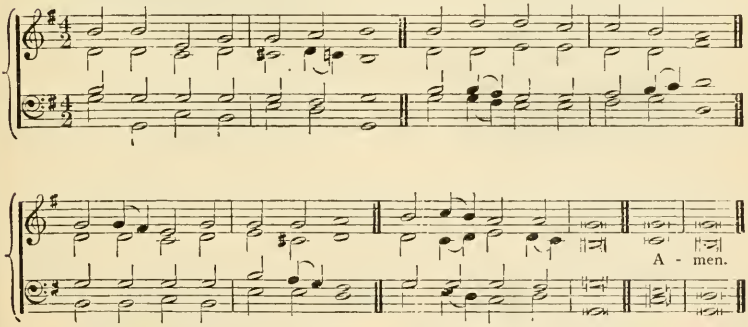
mf 4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
p I want to sin no more,
cr I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
mf Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

IRENE. (*1st Tune.*) 777.5. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



FOR EVERMORE. (*2nd Tune.*) 777.5. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



429

p WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
pp Rest for evermore!

p 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
cr Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
p Peace for evermore!

mf 3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
cr Bid us hail the cheering ray;—
f Light for evermore!

p 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
cr Bring us, where all tears are dried,
f Joy for evermore!

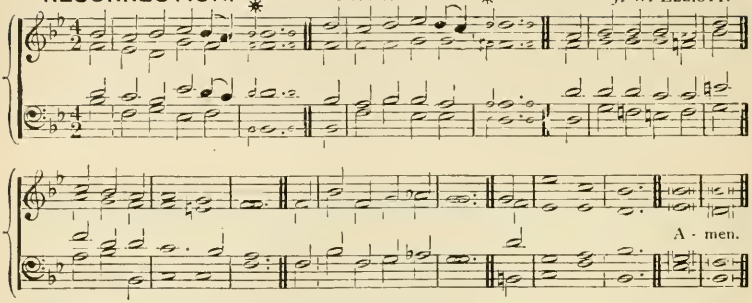
p 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
cr Teach us in Thy love to learn
f Love for evermore!

pp 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
cr Lord of life! be ours Thy crown—
f Life for evermore! Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

22.—*THE RESURRECTION.*

RESURRECTION. 6 6.6 6.6 4. J. W. ELLIOTT.



(* Small notes for v. 1.)

430

mf NO sorrow, and no sighing,
O world of peace undying!
There shall true life begin,
No curse, no pain, no sin,
Above, around, within;
f We shall be changed.

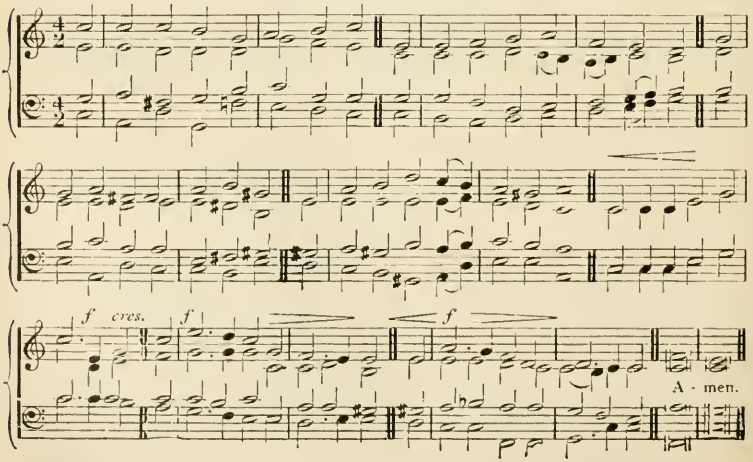
mf 2 Transformed, from light to light,
From grace, to glory's height;
To more than angels knew
Of perfect, pure, and true,—
For all things shall be new;
f We shall be changed.

mf 3 Eternal life, with God,
"Christ's joy" in spheres untrod!
When shall time's shadows fly
And morning fill the sky,
When shall the Lord draw nigh,
f And we be changed?

mf 4 We shall be like our Lord,
Our nature all restored
In Him Who is our Head,
The First-Born from the dead.
f By Him to glory led;
The same, yet changed. Amen.

W. J. IRONS.

WESTON PARK. L. M., with Refrain. J. BOOTH.



431

mf WE sing His love, Who once was slain;
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
ff Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

mp 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
cr Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away.
ff Soon, etc.

f 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring,
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
ff Soon, etc.

f 4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete:
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.
ff Soon, etc.

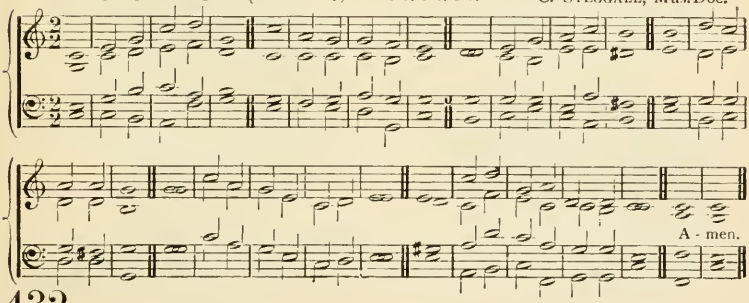
mf 5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all Thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.
ff Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality. Amen.

R. HILL.

[See also Section XI. 2.]

23.—*THE FINAL GLORY OF HEAVEN.*

CHRISTCHURCH. (*1st Tun.*) 6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4. C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.



432

mf JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

mf 2 Thy walls, sweet city! thine
With pearls are garnishèd,
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread.
f O happy place! etc.

mf 3 There dwells my Lord, my King,
p Judged here unfit to live;
cr There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
f O happy place! etc.

mf [4 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease:
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of peace.
f O happy place! etc.]

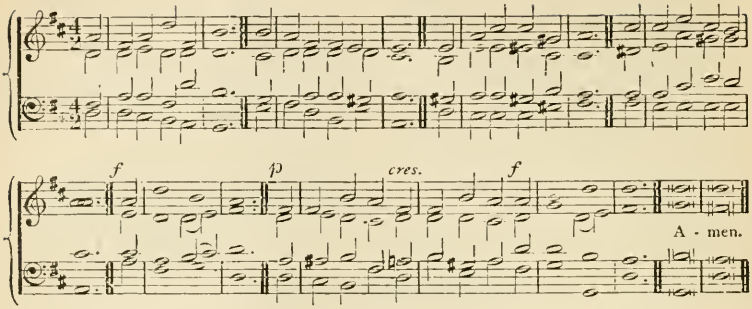
mf 5 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold:
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
f O happy place! etc

p 6 No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir:
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
f O happy place! etc.

mf 7 Sweet place; sweet place alone!
The court of God most high,
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty!
f O happy place!
When shall I be
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face? Amen.

S. CROSSMAN.

EARLHAM. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4. J. Booth.



432

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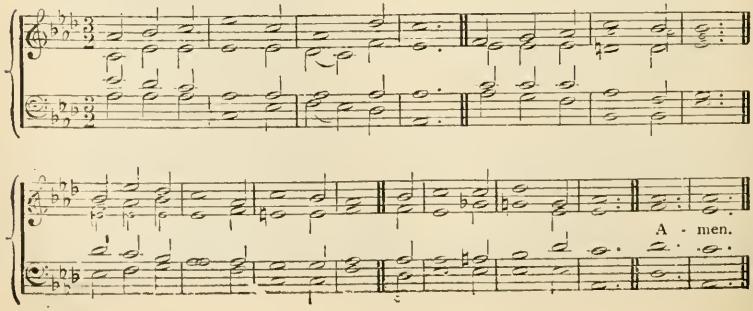
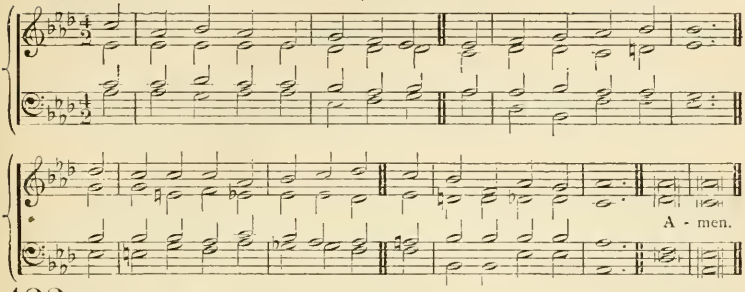
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face? Amen.

S. CROSSMAN

BEATITUDO. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. J. B. Dykes, Mus.Doc.



ST. MARGUERITE. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. E. C. WALKER.



433

f THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

f 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
p Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

mf 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

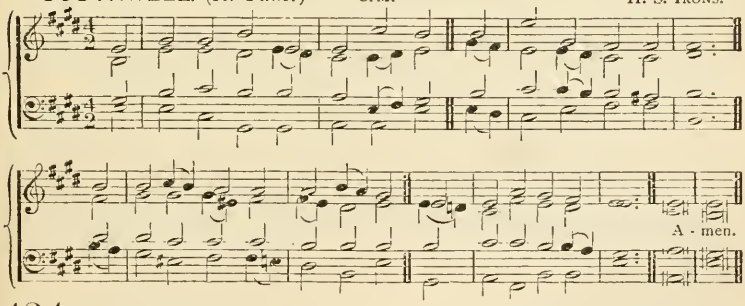
p 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

mf 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
cr And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

mf 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
f Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

I. WATTS.

SOUTHWELL. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. H. S. IRONS.



434

mf JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

mf 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
cr Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

mf 3 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know; [scenes
cr Blest seats, through rude and stormy
I onward press to you.

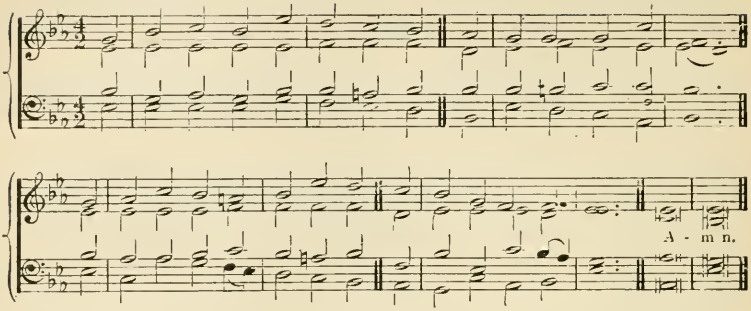
p 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
cr I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
f And realms of endless day.

mf 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

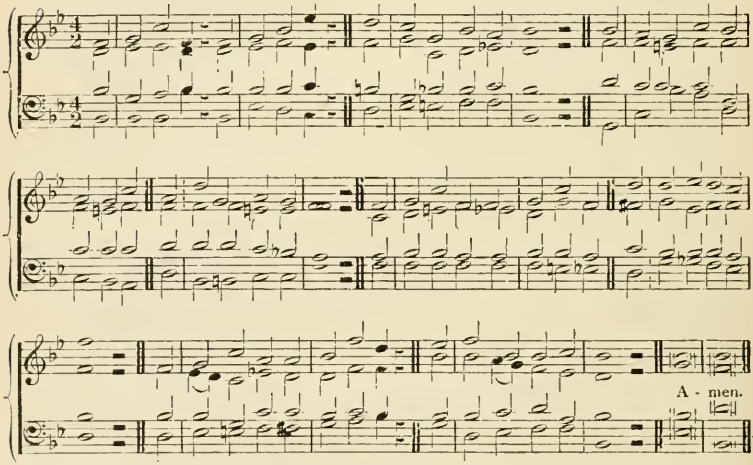
mf 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
cr Then shall my labours have an end,
f When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

B., CIRC. 1801.

JERUSALEM. (*2nd Tune.*) C M. A. C. FALCONER.



JERUSALEM. (*3rd Tune.*) C. M. D. H. HILES, Mus. Doc.



434

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I onward press to you.

p 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
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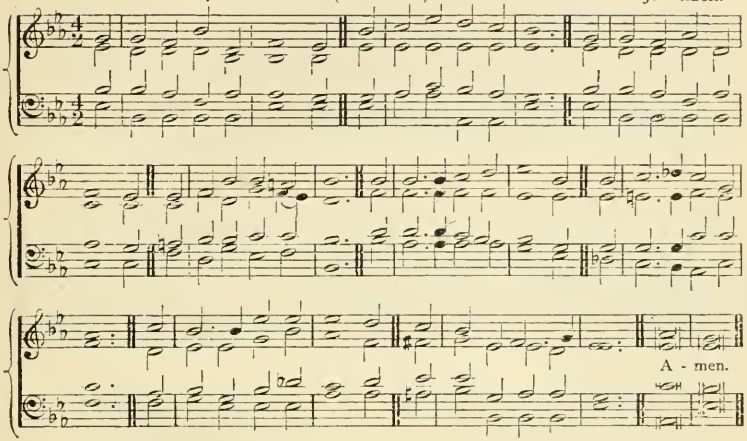
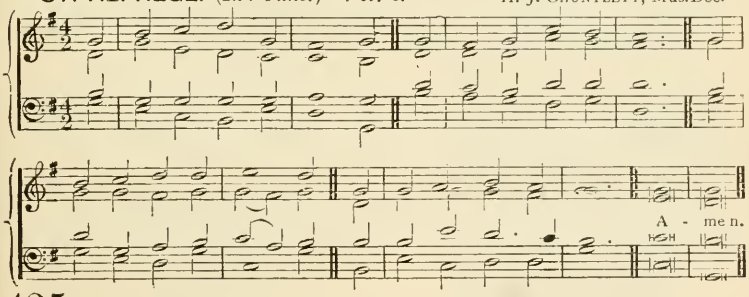
f When I thy joys shall see.

B., CIRC., 1801.

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. J. WALCH.



ST. ALPHEGE. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



435 PART I.

p BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
cr The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there:
mf O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

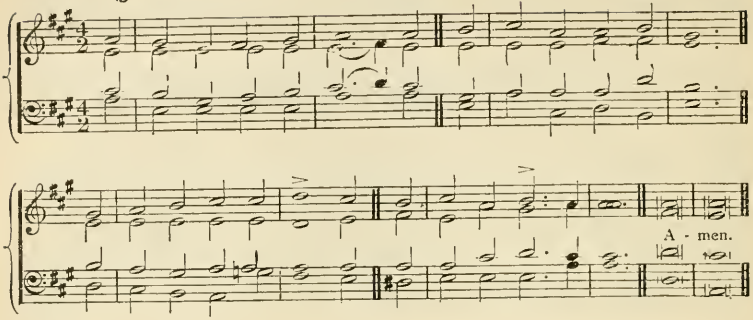
mf 2 There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know:
p And now we fight the battle,
cr But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

mf 3 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

f 4 'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound
cr The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.
mp For He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
cr And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

f 5 Yes! God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace
cr We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.
p In mercy, Jesu, bring us
To that dear land of rest,
cr Where Thou art with the Father
And Spirit ever blest. Amen.

PISA. (*3rd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. W. H. JUDE.



435

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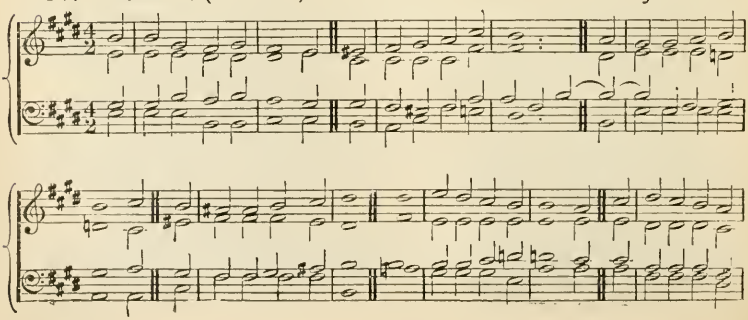
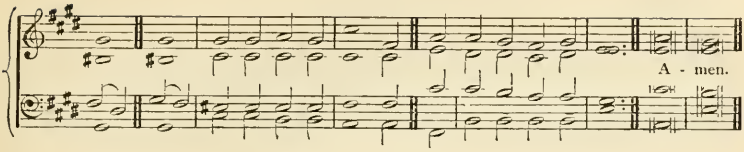
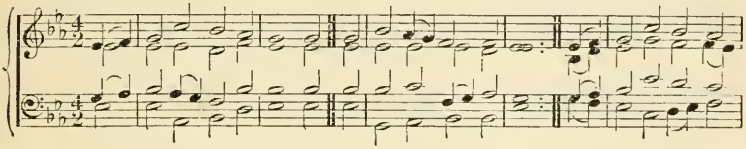
And Spirit ever blest. Amen.

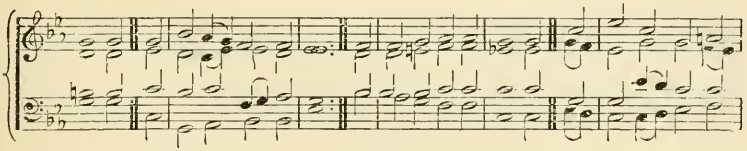
ST. ANSELM. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. J. BARNBY.

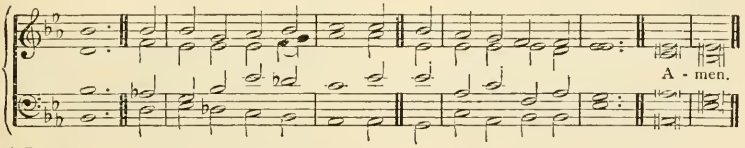




MUNICH. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. Attributed to J. HERMANN.







435

PART II.

mf FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
p Thy happy name, they weep.
cr The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
dim And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

mf 2 O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy!
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric;
The corner-stone is Christ.

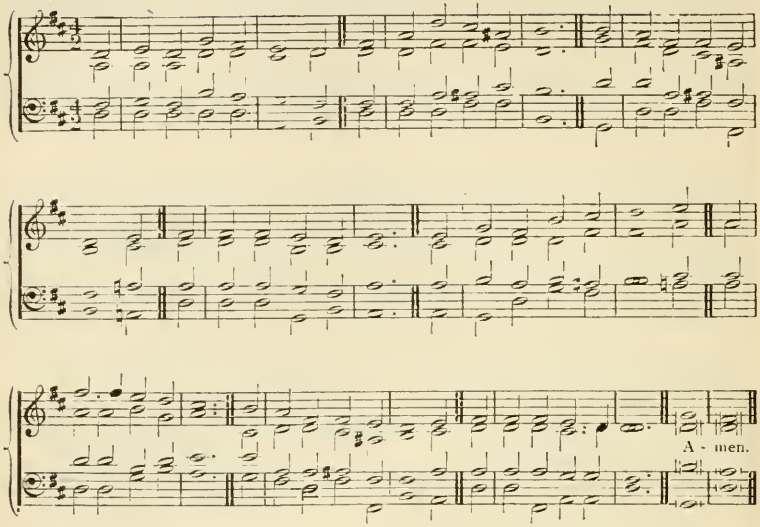
3 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise,
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
f Jesus, the Crown of Beauty,
True God and Man they sing;
Their never-failing portion,
Their glorious Lord and King.

mf 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
p Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
cr Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
f Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
The life where death is not.
p In mercy, Jesu, bring us
To that dear land of rest,
mf Where Thou art with the Father
And Spirit ever blest. Amen.

v. 3, *ll.* 5, 7, 8 altd.

EWING. 7 6.7 6. D. A EWING.



435

PART III.

mf JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
dim Beneath thy contemplation
p Sink heart and voice oppressed.
cr I know not, oh, I know not
What social joys are there,
f What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

f 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr-throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

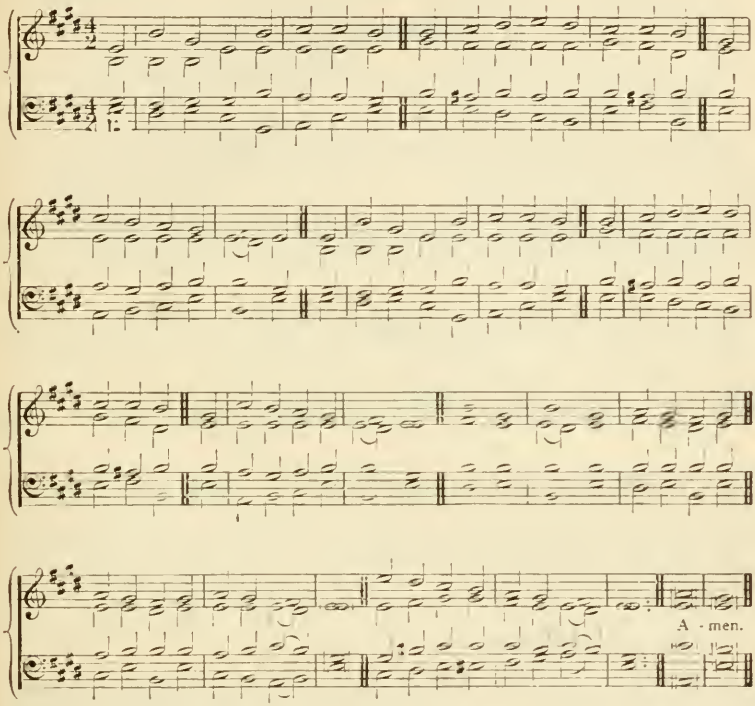
mf 3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
f The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
mf And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

mf 4 Jerusalem the glorious!
The joy of the elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect;
cr Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

f 5 O mine, O golden Sion!
O lovelier far than gold!
O sweet and blessèd country
Shall I thy joys behold?
p In mercy, Jesu, bring us
To that dear land of rest,
mf Where Thou art with the Father
And Spirit ever blest. Amen.

CENTO FROM BERNARD OF CLUNY, tr. J. M. NEALE, *v.* 5, *l.* 4 altd.

NICOLAI. 8 8 7.8 8 7.8 8 8. P. NICOLAI (?).



436

mf BEHOLD! how glorious is yon sky!
Lo! there the righteous never die,
But dwell in peace for ever;
Then who would wear this earthly clay,
When bid to cast life's chains away,
And win Thy gracious favour?
p Holy, Holy, oh! forgive us;
And receive us, Heavenly Father,
When around Thy throne we gather.

mf 2 Confiding in Thy sacred word,
Our Saviour is our hope, O Lord,
The guiding star before us;
Our Shepherd, leading us the way,
If from Thy paths our footsteps stray,
To Thee He will restore us;
p Holy, Holy, ever hear us,
And receive us, while we gather
Round Thy throne, Almighty Father! Amen.

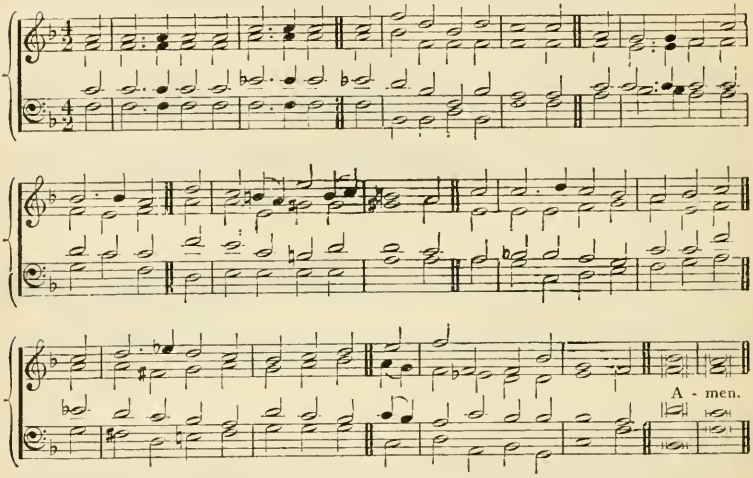
tr. NEW CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK, 1859

VIII.

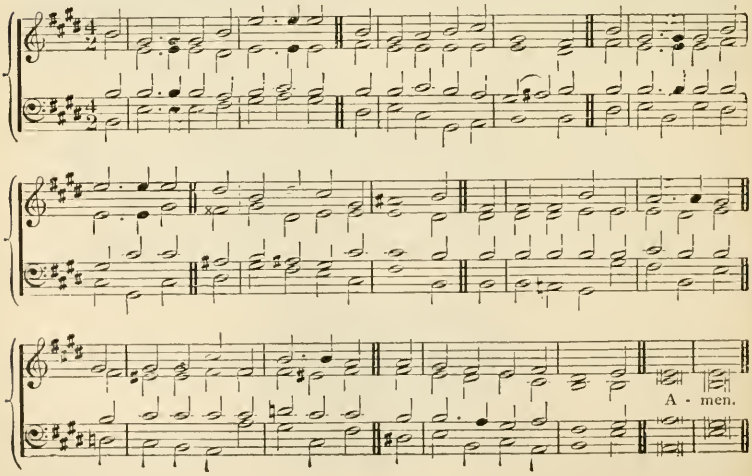
The Church of Christ.

I.—*ITS CHARACTER, UNITY, AND PRIVILEGES.*

THE GOLDEN CHAIN. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87.887. J. BARNBY.



LAUS SEMPITERNA. (*2nd Tune.*) 87.87.887. E. PROUT.



437

mf WE come unto our fathers' God :
Their Rock is our Salvation :
The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation : [brought ;
cr We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

mf 2 The Fire Divine, their steps that led,
Still goeth bright before us ; [spread,
cr The Heavenly Shield, around them
Is still high holden o'er us :
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

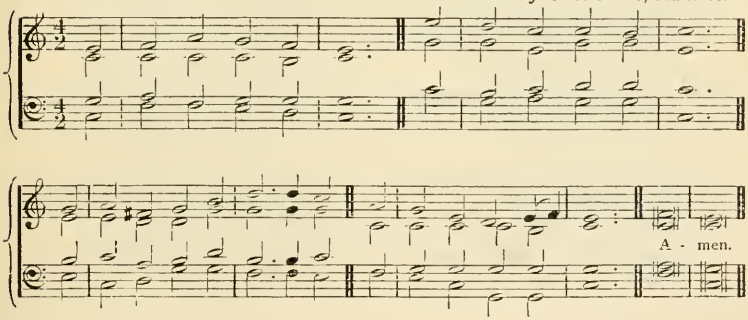
mp 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing ;
dim The tears that from their eyes did flow,
p Fall fast, our shame confessing ;
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry
cr So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

f 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;
Their song to us descendeth :
The Spirit Who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth.
His song in them, in us, is one ;
cr We raise it high, we send it on—
ff The song that never endeth !

mf 5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain—
The same sweet theme endeavour !
cr Unbroken be the Golden Chain !
Keep on the song for ever !
f Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver ! Amen.

T. H. GILL.

ST. GEORGE. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



438

mf I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God ;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

mp 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

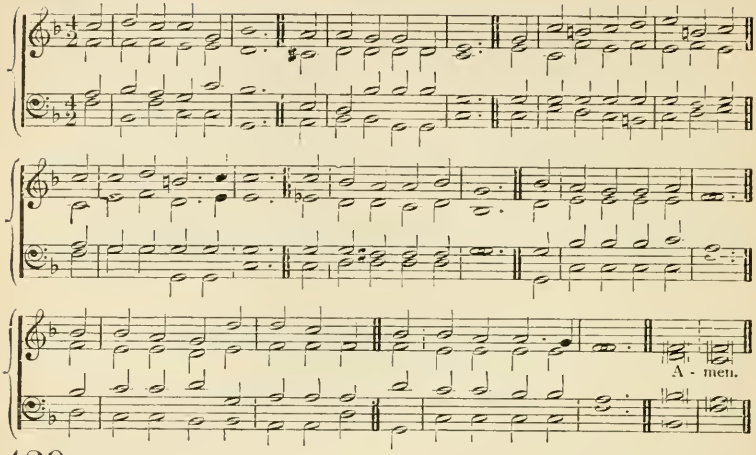
mf 4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways ;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

mp 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

mf 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
cr The highest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. Amen.

T. DWIGHT.

CHALVEY. S.M.D. L. G. HAYNE, Mus.Doc.



439

mf FAR down the ages now,
Her journey well-nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
In haste to reach the crown.
The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new!

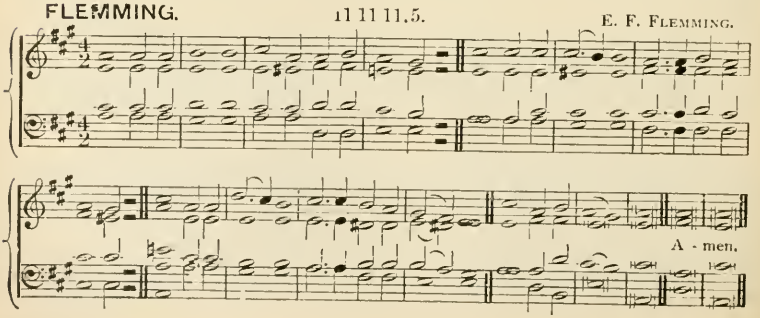
mp 2 'Tis the same story still,
Of sin and weariness;
cr Of grace and love still flowing down
To pardon and to bless:
dim No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

mp 3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still:
mf No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
cr No less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.

mf 4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good;
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood:
cr Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true;
f We follow where He leads the way,
The Kingdom in our view. Amen.

H. BONAR.

FLEMMING. 11 11 11.5. E. F. FLEMMING.



440

mf LORD of our life, and God of our salvation, [nation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every
cr Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
f Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling; [unfurling;
See how Thy foes their banners are
Lord, while their darts of venom they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

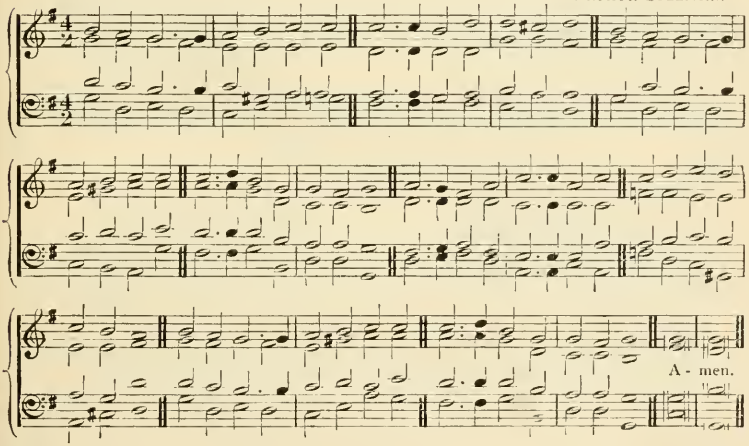
mf 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth; [assaileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when sin itself
cr Lord, over Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
dim Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

p 4 Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging, [engaging,
Peace in Thy Church where brothers are
Peace where the world its busy war is waging:
Calm Thy foes raging.

mf 5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven, [forgiven,
Grant them Thy truth that they may be
p Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
pp Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

M. A. VON LÖWENSTEIN, tr. P. PUSEY.

FALFIELD. 87.87. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



441

f GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake Thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

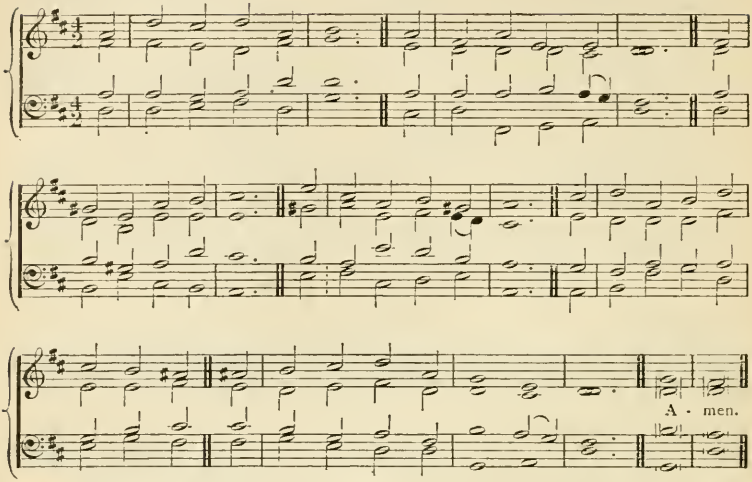
f {2 See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?}

mf 3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood;
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thankoffering brings.

mf 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
dim Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show:
cr Solid joys and lasting treasure
f None but Zion's children know. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

CROFT'S 148th. 6 6. 6 6. 8 8. W. CROFT, Mus. Doc.



442

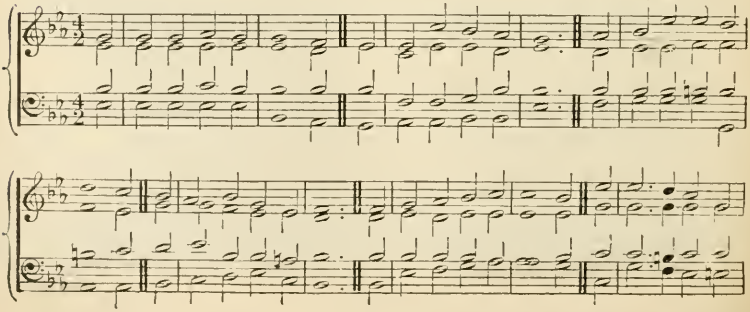
mf ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love:
cr From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

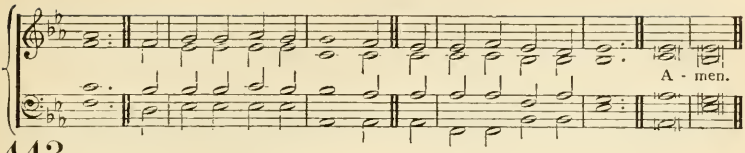
mf 2 Our Sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone: [spring,
dim And sighs from contrite hearts that
Our chief, our choicest offering.

p 3 O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care
Ere to His throne He passed,
cr No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain!

mf 4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew:
cr Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.
Amen. G. ROBINSON.

AURELIA. 7 6. 7 6. D. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.





443

mf THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
dim With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

mf 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth.
p One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

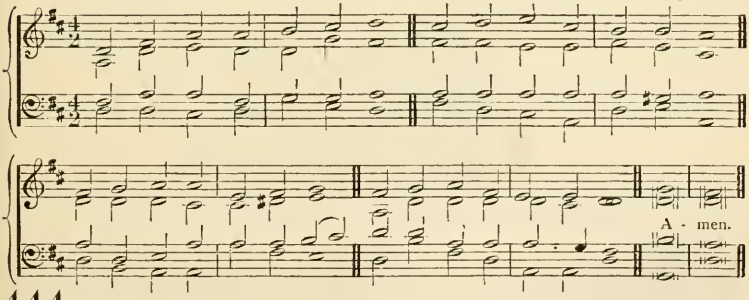
p 3 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of the war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
cr Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
f And the great Church victorious
dim Shall be the Church at rest.

mf 4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the THREE in ONE,
p And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
f O happy ones and holy!
p Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
cr On high may dwell with Thee.
Amen. S. J. STONE.

2.—*CHURCH MEETINGS.*

(1) GENERAL HYMNS.

LÜBECK. 7s. FLEYLINGHAUSEN'S *Gesangbuch.*



444

f CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

mf 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

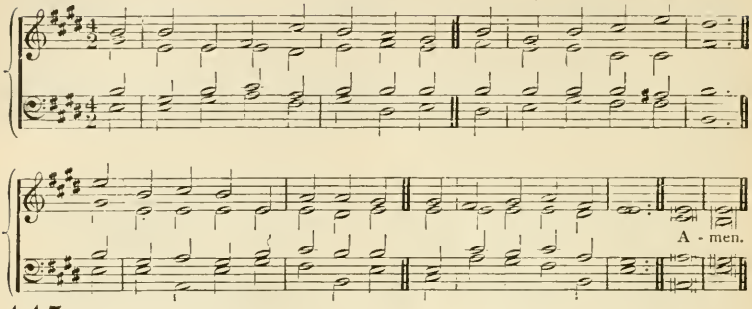
f 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' Throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

f 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light!
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

mf 5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
cr Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

mf 6 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
cr Only Thou our Leader be,
f And we still will follow Thee! Amen.
J. CENNICK.

ST. FULBERT. C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



445

mf ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest:
Lo! Thy Church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

mf 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

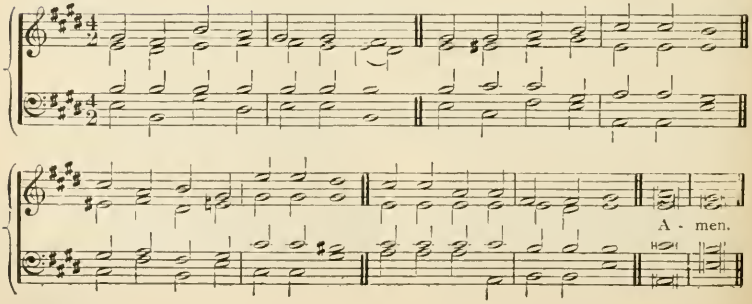
mf 3 Here, Mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

mf 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes. Amen.

I. WATTS.

KIEL. 7s. A. ROMBERG.



446

mf JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree:
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid all strife for ever cease.

mf 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
dim Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like the Lord.

mp 3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To Thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

mp 4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness!

mf 5 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

447

mf CHRIST, from Whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who Thy nature share,
Who Thy mystic body are.

mf 2 Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of Thine;
Still for more on Thee we call;
Thou who fillest all in all.

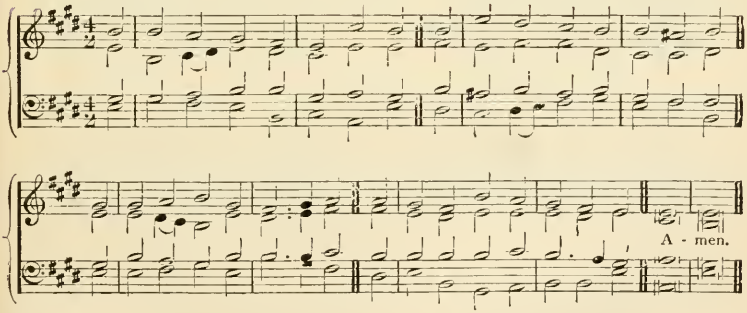
mf 3 Closer knit to Thee, our Head;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed!
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

mp 4 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.

mf 5 Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove:
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



448

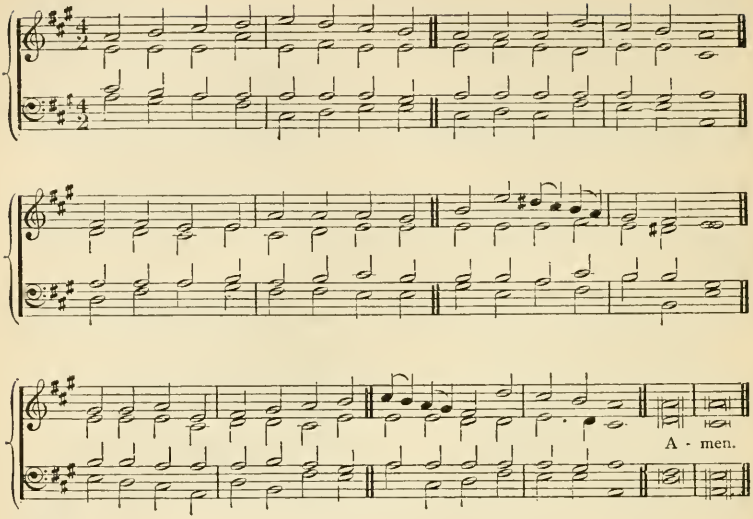
mf HEAD of the Church, our risen Lord,
Who by Thy Spirit dost preside,
O'er the whole body; by Whose word
They all are ruled and sanctified:

mp 2 Our prayers and intercessions hear
For all Thy family at large,
That each in his appointed sphere
His proper service may discharge.

mf 3 So, through the grace derived from Thee,
In Whom all fulness dwells above,
May Thy whole Church united be,
And edify itself in love. Amen.

J. CONDER, adapted from GELASIUS.

CORINTH. 87.87.87. S. WEBBE.



449

f HALLELUJAH! song of gladness,
Song of everlasting joy;
Hallelujah! song the sweetest
That can angel-hosts employ;
Hymning in God's holy presence
Their high praise eternally.

f 2 Hallelujah! Church victorious,
Thou mayest lift this joyful strain;
Hallelujah! songs of triumph
Well befit the ransomed train;
We our song must raise with sadness,
While in exile we remain.

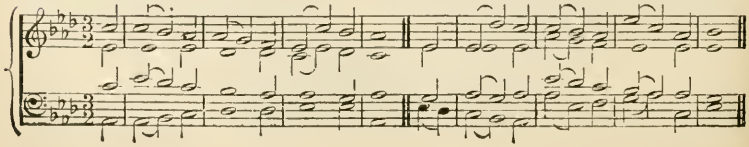
mf 3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
dim Hallelujah! notes of sadness
Best befit our state forlorn;
For, in this dark world of sorrow,
We with tears our sin must mourn.

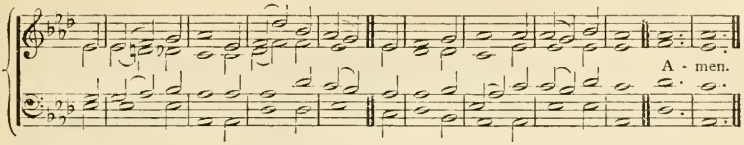
mf 4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see;
cr Then to Thee our Hallelujah
f Singing everlastingly. Amen.

LATIN, 13th CENTURY, tr. J. CHANDLER AND OTHERS.

(2) RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

EDEN. L.M. L. MASON.





450

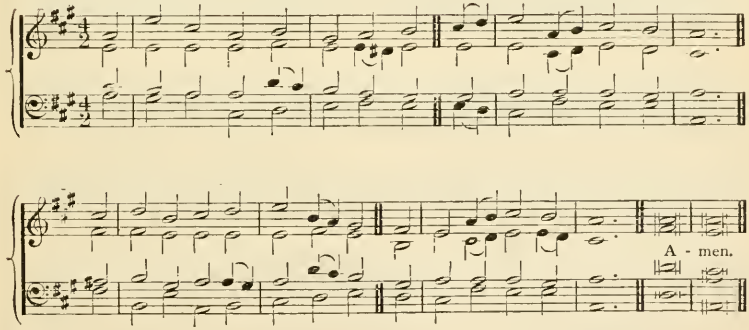
mf JESUS, Thy sovereign grace we bless,
That crowns Thy gospel with success;
Subjecting rebels to Thy throne,
And gathering to Thy fold Thine own.

mf 2 Those who have now Thy truth confessed
As their own faith and hope and rest,
We, in Thy name, with love embrace
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.

mp 3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

mp 4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end;
cr Ever abiding in Thy love,
f Until they join the Church above.
Amen. W. H. BATHURST.

ST. STEPHEN. C. M. W. JONES.



451

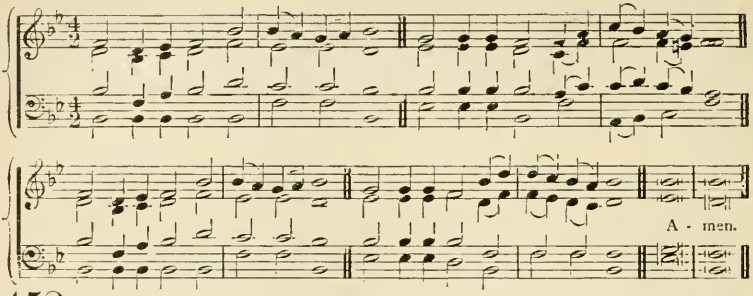
mf WITNESS, ye men and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break;

mf 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

mf 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

mp 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers
cr Turn Thou our prayers to praise.
Amen. B. BEDDOME.

ERNAN. L. M. L. MASON.



452

mf KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

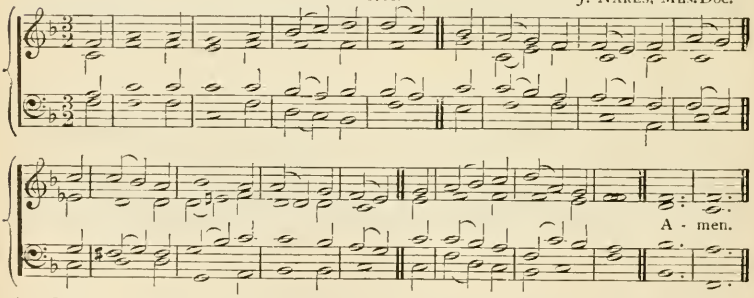
3 May He by Whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

mp 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus:
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived and died and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all He did and said
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.

mf 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore:
cr And hasten on the glorious day
f When we shall meet to part no more.
Amen. J. NEWTON.

NARES. C. M. J. NARES, MUS. DOC.



453

mf COME in, thou blessèd of the Lord;
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

mf 2 The cup of blessing which we bless
The heavenly bread we break,
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.

mp 3 In weal or woe, in joy or care
Thy portion shall be ours.
Christians their mutual burdens share;
They lend their mutual powers.

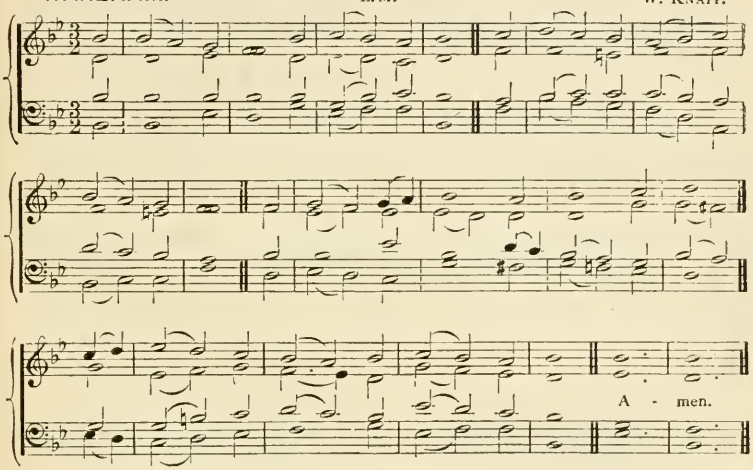
mf 4 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

p 5 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
cr May each, translated into day,
mf Be lost and found in Him. Amen.
J. MONTGOMERY.

3.—ITS MINISTERS.

(1) FOR A CHURCH SEEKING A PASTOR.

WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP.



454

mp ETERNAL Shepherd, God most High,
In mercy hearken as we cry,
And send us in our time of need
A pastor wise, Thy flock to lead.

mp 2 Be his, like Thee, O Jesu meek,
To heal the bruised, to stay the weak,
And, in Thy might made brave and strong,
To war with sin, to right the wrong.

mp 3 So leading where Thyself hast trod,
So guiding with Thy staff and rod,
May he Thy sheep in safety bring
To those bright pastures of the King

mf 4 And when at last, O gracious Lord
Thou shalt bestow his full reward,
cr Let those whom he hath led aright
Be jewels in his crown of light. Amen

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

---

455 (2) ORDINATION OR RECOGNITION OF MINISTERS.

mf WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus our exalted Head;
Come as a Servant: so He came;
And we receive thee in His stead.

mf 2 Come as a Shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

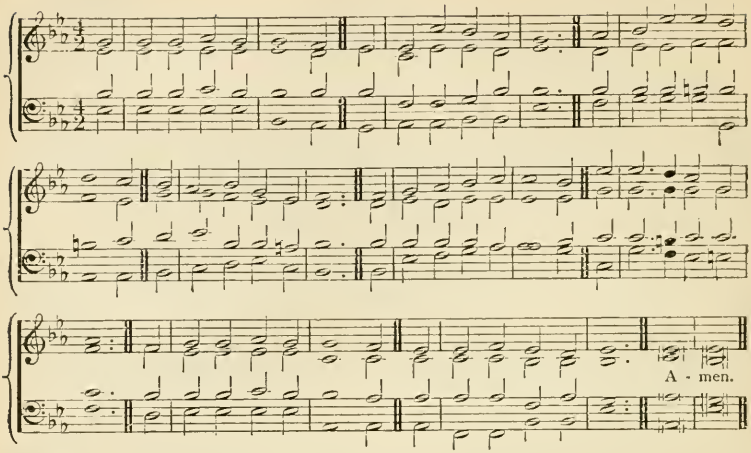
mf 3 Come as a Watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

mp 4 Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.

mp 5 Come as a Teacher sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare:
cr Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

AURELIA. 7 6.7 6. D. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.



456

mf LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love
cr And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

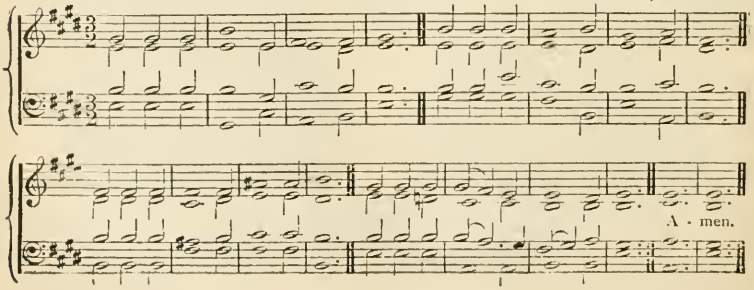
mf 2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
dim Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee.
mf We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

mf 3 O come, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light;
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

mf 4 Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
Be with us, God the Spirit,
O blessèd Three in One!
cr Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
f And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL, *v.* 3, *l.* 5 altd.

WHITBURN. L. M. H. BAKER, Mus. Bac.



457

mf GO, labour on: spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

mf 2 Go, labour on, 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
cr The Master praises:—what are men?

mf 3 Go, labour on: enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

[4 Go, labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
cr Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away:
dim It is not thus that souls are won.]

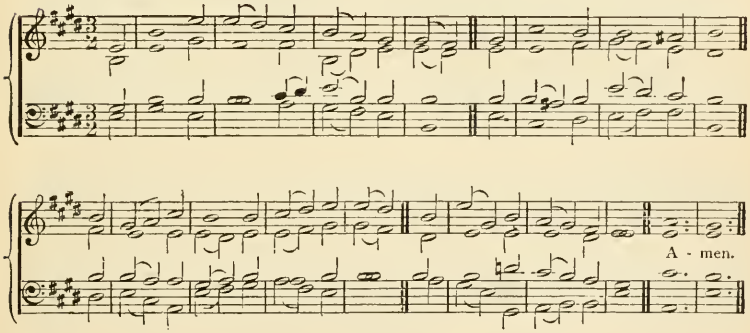
p 5 Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
f Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

mf 6 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
cr Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
f The midnight peal, "Behold, I come." Amen.

H. BONAR.

ABRIDGE. C.M. I. SMITH.



458

f THOU Who Thyself didst sanctify,
And set Thyself apart,
Thy servant's purpose ratify,
The purpose of his heart.

mf 2 In reverence he himself would yield
To be Thy soldier true,
In the high places of the field,
Thy glorious work to do.

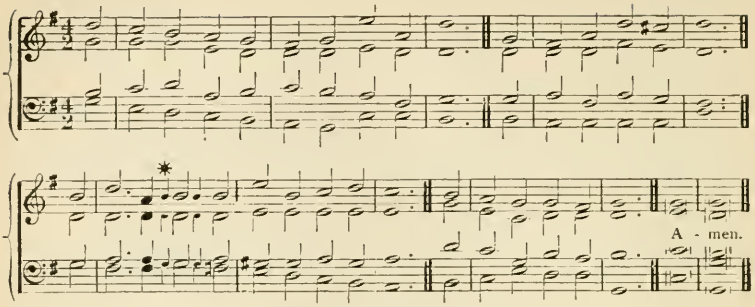
mf 3 Captain Divine! his name enrol:
In token, let him feel
The fire from heaven within his soul,
The ever-burning zeal!

mf 4 Give him his armour, all of light;
And with unfaltering breath,
Lord, make him Thy great battle fight,
And faithful be to death!

5 He that o'ercometh, Lord, with Thee
The morning star shall own,
f The robe and palm of victory,
And the immortal crown. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

FOLLOW ME. 10 6.10 6. E PROUT



(* Small notes for v. 2.)

459

mf CHRIST to the young man said,
"Yet one thing more;
If thou would'st perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow Me!"

mp 2 Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said;
And His invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

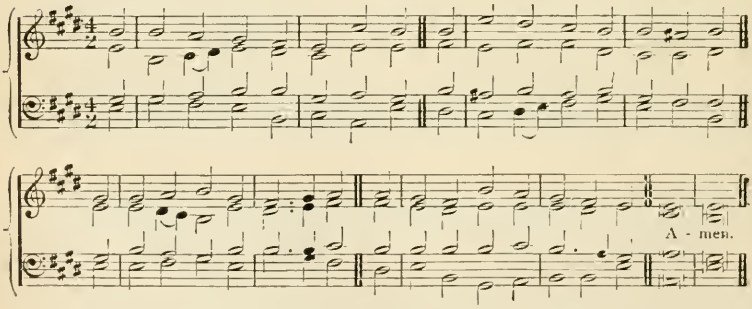
mp 3 And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm, and say,
"Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve?"

mp 4 Beside him at the marriage-feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

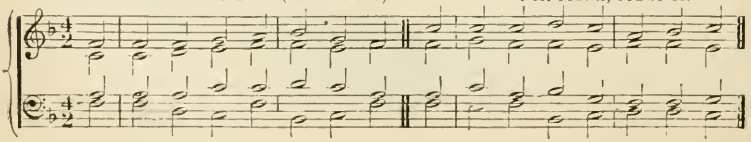
p 5 O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
cr To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on! Amen.

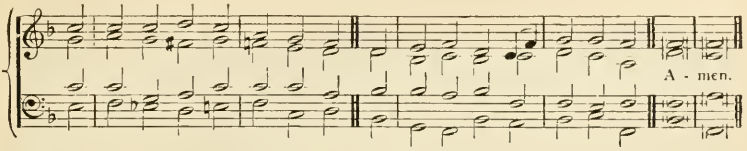
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MELCOMBE. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. S. WEBBE.



JESU REDEMPTOR. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. Ancient Plain Song. Harmonized by W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.





460

mf REAPER! behold the fields are white
With the great harvest of the world;
Soldier! seek thou the thickest fight,
Thy Captain's standard is unfurled.

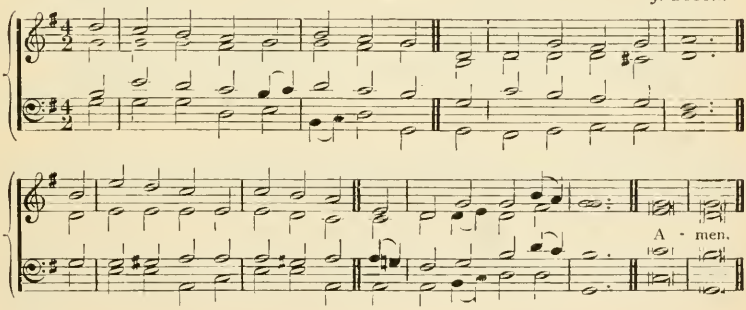
mf 2 Wise to win souls,—exhort, reprove,
And watch the flock redeemed by blood;
Warn with thy tears, preach in deep love
The gospel of the grace of God.

mp 3 Toil on, in the appointed way,
The precious fruit shall soon appear;
Work thou thy work whilst it is day;
The shadows lengthen—night is near.

mf 4 Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice,
The welcome cry, "Behold, I come!
Within the pearly gates rejoice,
And rest thee in thy heavenly home. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

FERNSHAW. C.M. J. BOOTH.



461

mf O GOD! Thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now await;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple gate.

mp 2 A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes to do Thy will.

mp 3 O Father! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
cr And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!

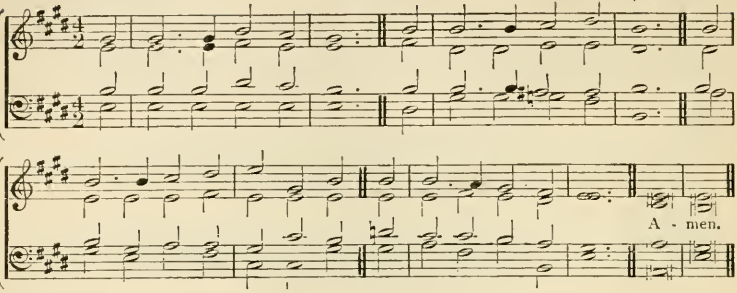
mp 4 O Father! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong!

mp 5 O give him, in Thy holy work,
Patience to wait Thy time;
And toiling still with man, to breathe
The soul's serener clime!

mp 6 And grant Him many hearts to lead
Into Thy perfect rest:
cr Bless Thou him, Father, and his work;
Bless! and they shall be blest! Amen.

S. LONGFELLOW, *v.* 1, *l.* 2 altd.

ALDERSGATE. S.M. G. P. MERRICK, Mus. Bac.



462

mf SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

mf [2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.]

mp 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

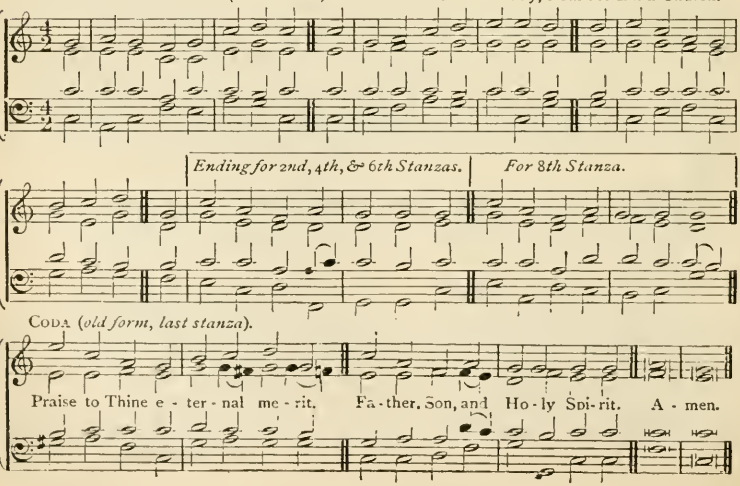
mp 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
cr Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

mp 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

mp 6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

mf 7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
cr The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, (*f*) "Harvest Home.
Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

VENI CREATOR. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8. Ancient Melody, from the Latin Church.



VENI CREATOR. (*2nd Tune.*) 88. J. BOOTH.

Slowly and smoothly.

cres - - - - - cen - - - - do. diminuendo. A - men.

463

(In some verses, voices in unison, with varied harmonies upon the Organ.)

mf COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

mf 2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

mf 3 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

mf 4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

mf 5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

dim 6 Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
cr Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

mf 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;

cr 8 That, through the ages all along,
Thy praise may be our endless song:

f 9 To Father, Son, and Spirit One,
ff Be everlasting praises done. Amen.

LATIN, 9th CENTURY, tr. J. COSIN, *v.* 8, *l.* 2, *v.* 9 altd.

(3) MEETINGS OF MINISTERS.

HOLLEY. L.M. G. HEWS.

A - men.

464

mf LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

mp 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

f [3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
dim I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.]

mf 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

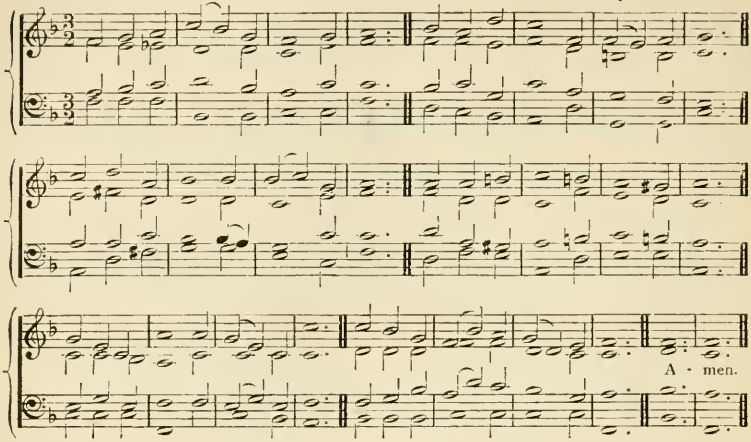
p [5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.]

f 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

cr 7 O use me, Lord, use even me
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
ff Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

PATER OMNIUM. 8 8.8 8.8 8. H. J. E. HOLMES.



465

mf GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like, praying love,
Which longs to build Thy house again;
cr Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
Let it my ransomed soul devour.

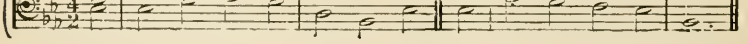
mp 2 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,—
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
cr Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love

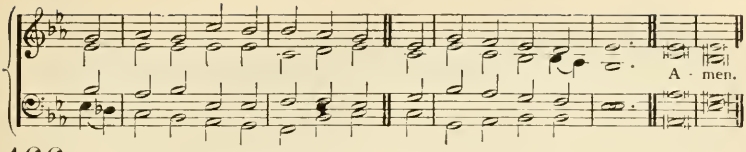
mp 3 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessèd hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word:
And let me to Thy glory live;
cr My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

mf 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;
cr And lead them to Thine open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died. Amen.

C. WESLEY, *v.* 1, *l.* 6 altd.

ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.





466

mf LORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way of work can see.

mp [2 In plainest things I daily err,
When walking in the light
The wisdom of this world affords,
However fair and bright.]

mp 3 In word and plan and deed I err,
When busiest in Thy work:
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.

mp 4 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn;
dim I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in mine own.

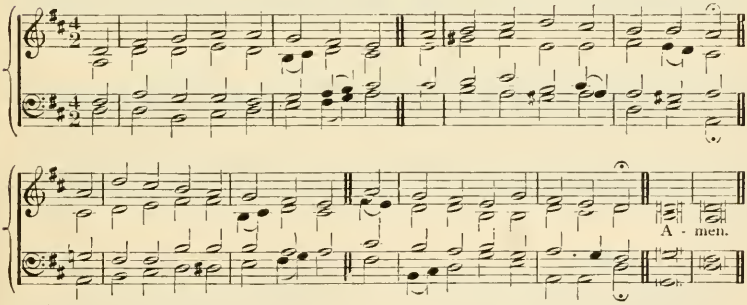
cr 5 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way;
dim But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
All prone to go astray.

cr 6 Oh! send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give!
mf Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

mf 7 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord.
It is Thy race we run;
cr Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done. Amen.

H. BONAR.

LEIPSIC. L. M. J. H. SCHEIN.



467

mf POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
cr Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

mf 2 Within Thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
f Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.

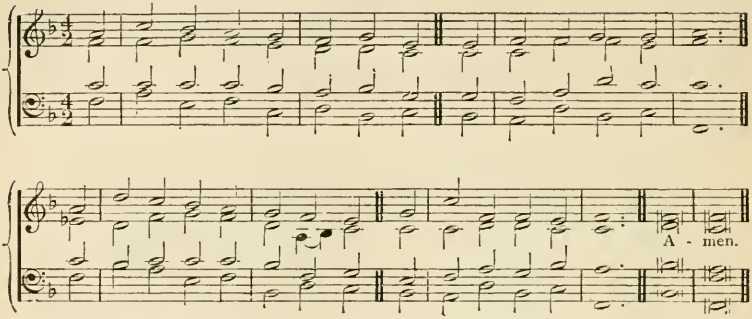
mf 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

mf 4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

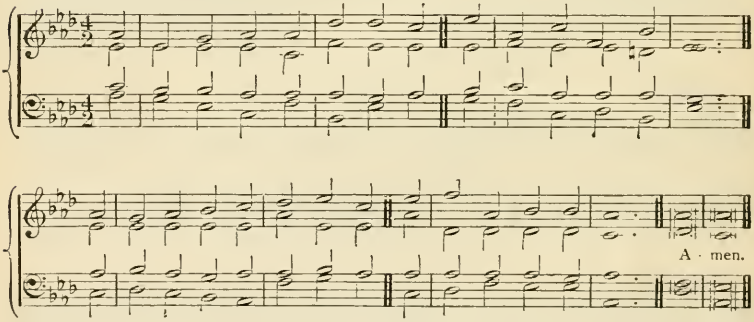
p 5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign.
cr When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
f O God, may they and we be Thine. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ALBANO. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. V. NOVELLO.



TREVES. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. H. HILES, Mus.Doc



468

PART I.

f I THANK Thee, Lord, for using me,
For Thee to work and speak;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

f 2 I thank Thee, Lord, that some true rays
Of Thine from me have shone
Into a world so dark as ours,
However faint and wan.

f 3 I bless Thee for each seed of truth
That I through Thee have sowed
Upon this waste and barren earth—
The living seed of God.

mf 4 For those to whom, through me, Thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given;
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven.

mf 5 For any hope, or light or joy,
Imparted, Lord, through me
To one sad soul upon this earth,
Unknown to all but Thee.

mf 6 For every note of Christian song,
However poorly sung;
For lips that sought to speak but truth,
And for a willing tongue.

H. BONAR.

468

PART II.

f I THANK Thee, gracious God, for [all,
Of witness there hath been
From me, in any path of life,
Though silent and unseen.

mp 2 For solace ministered perchance
In days of grief and pain;
For peace to troubled, weary souls,
Not spoken all in vain.

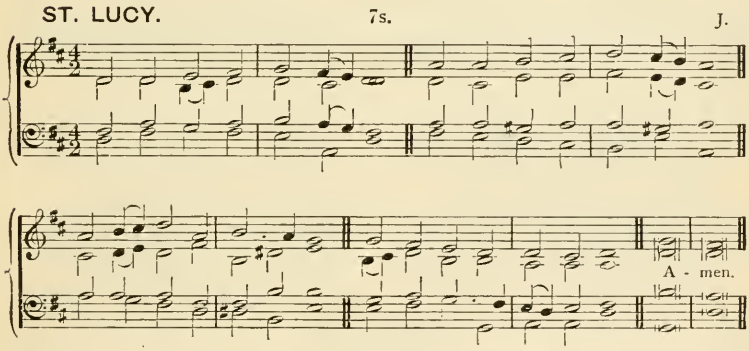
mf 3 Oh honour higher, truer far,
Than earthly fame could bring,
Thus to be used, in work like this,
So long, by such a King!

mp 4 Lord, keep us still the same as in
Remembered days of old;
Oh, keep us fervent still in love,
'Mid many waxing cold.

mp 5 Help us, O Christ, to grasp each truth,
With hand as firm and true,
As when we clasped it first to heart,
A treasure fresh and new.

mf 6 Thy Name to name, Thyself to own
With voice unfaltering,
f And face as bold and unashamed
As in our Christian spring. Amen.

H. BONAR.



469

mf DAY by day, and year by year,
Late and early, far and near,
At Thy bidding, O my Lord,
I have sown Thy precious word.

mf 2 Give the increase, let me know,
Thou hast chosen me to sow;
Bid me come with joy again,
Bringing sheaves of ripened grain.

mp 3 For the earnest Thou hast given,
For souls garnered safe in heaven,
cr Lord, I praise Thee, and I pray
There to meet them in that day.

mp 4 In some hearts if hid there lie
Good seed slow to fructify,
This Thy power can quicken still,
And the reaper's bosom fill.

mf 5 Cheer Thy servant's heart, O Lord;
Give large blessings on Thy word;
Multiply the scattered seed,
Then shall I rejoice indeed.

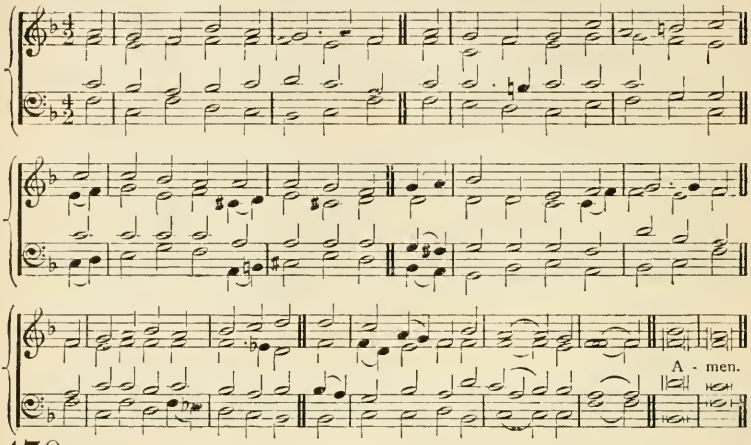
6 But if this I may not see,
Lo! my work is yet with Thee;
cr And my day of joy shall come
f In the final harvest-home. Amen.

H. DOWNTON.

[See also Section VII. 14.]

4.—*ELECTION OF DEACONS.*

ST. MATTHIAS. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. W. H. MONK Mus. Doc



470

mf LORD JESU CHRIST, by Whom alone
Is fitly placed each living stone,
Anointed with Thy Spirit free
For every task assigned by Thee;
Till the whole Church fulfils her boast—
"A Temple of the Holy Ghost":—

mf 2 Choose for us men, to serve aright
In this Thy house, as in Thy sight;
Of conscience pure, and steadfast aim,
Of good report, and free from blame;
And "full"—'tis this we need the most—
"Of faith, and of the Holy Ghost."

mf 3 Grant them in wisdom to excel,
To use the deacon's office well:
That each may win "a good degree,
And boldness in the faith" in Thee;
f And praise, with all the heavenly host,
ff The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

T. G. CRIPPEN.

5.—*BAPTISM.*

(1) OF INFANTS

471

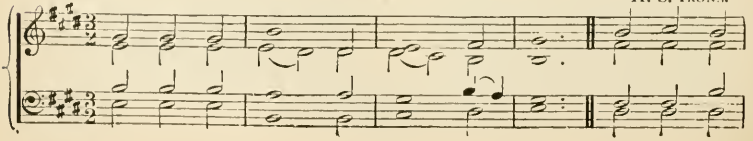
mf O FATHER, in Thy Father's heart
We know our children have their part;
We sign them in Thy threefold Name,
And by the sprinkled water claim
Thy covenant in Christ revealed
To us and to our children sealed.

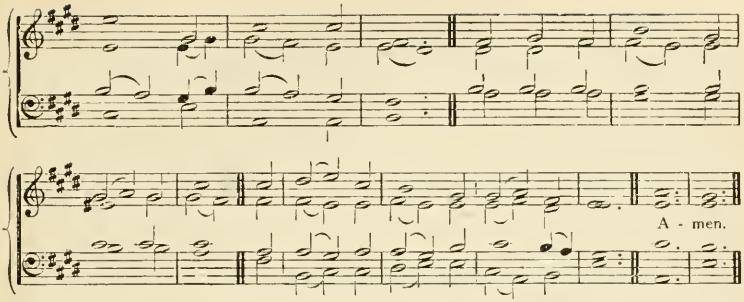
mf 2 Name of the Father! pledge that we
Our inmost being draw from Thee;
Name of the Son! whereby we know
The Father's love to men below;
Name of the Spirit! blessèd sign
That now we share the life divine.

mp 3 Fulfil Thy covenant of love;
Baptize our children from above!
Thy best, Thy highest gift impart,
The blessing of a childlike heart,
cr And mould them through life's strain and stress,
f To the full growth of perfectness. Amen

E. S. A.

HOPE. L. M. H. S. IRONS.





472

mf A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The mighty God was still His name;
And angels worshipped as He lay,
The seeming Infant of a day.

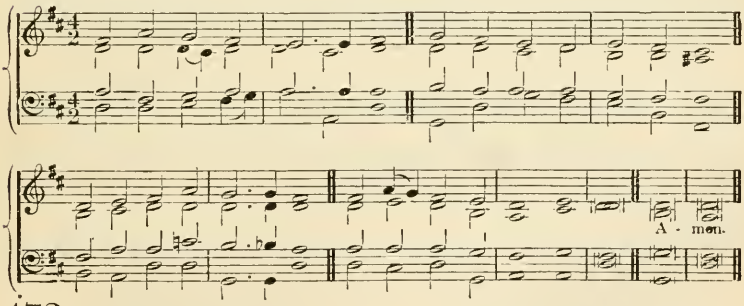
mf 2 He Who a little child began
The life Divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to Me."

p 3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water, name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

mf 4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

f 5 O Thou Who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung;
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen. W. ROBERTSON

EARLSFIELD. 7s. E. S. WEST.



473

mp PRAYING by the river-side,
From the heaven serenely wide,
To Thee, Saviour, came the Dove,
Fullest life of peace and love.

mp 2 And He came not as a guest,
Thou art His eternal rest,
O Thou holiest abode
Of the inmost life of God.

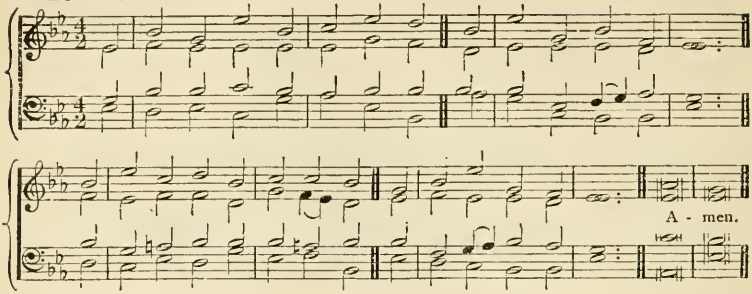
p 3 Saviour, now this infant bless
As with a Divine caress;
Make this little heart Thy home,
To it with Thy Spirit come.

p 4 Soft as water on the brow,
Softly, gently, comest Thou;
cr But hast gifts for every hour,
Purity and peace and power.

mf 5 Faith and hope and holy love,
Wings and spirit of the Dove,
cr Father, on this babe bestow:
Like the Saviour may he grow. Amen.
T. T. LYNCH

LONDON NEW.

C. M. *Scotch Psalter.*



474

mf SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

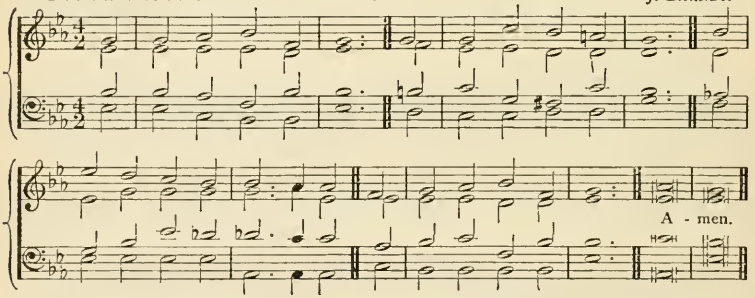
mp 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

mf 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
f Joyful that we ourselves are Thine;
Thine let our offspring be. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

ST. ANDREW.

S. M. J. BARNBY.



475

mf TO Him Who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,
To Him Who took them to His breast
We bring these children home.

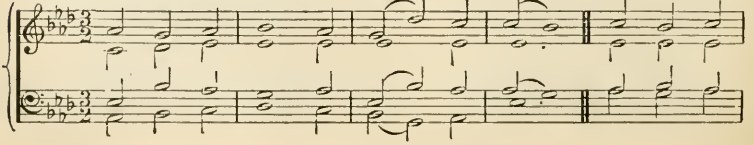
mf 2 To Thee, O God! Whose face
Their angels still behold,
We bring these children, that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

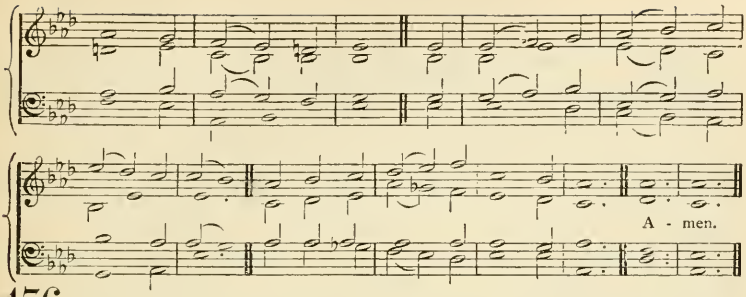
mf 3 And as the blessing falls
Upon each youthful brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord!
To keep them pure as now. Amen.

J. F. CLARKE.

OTTERBOURNE.

L. M. F. J. HAYDN.





476

mf GOD of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!

mf 2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given
To be received and reared for heaven.

p 3 Lent to us for a season, we
cr Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee!

f Assured, that, if to Thee he live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

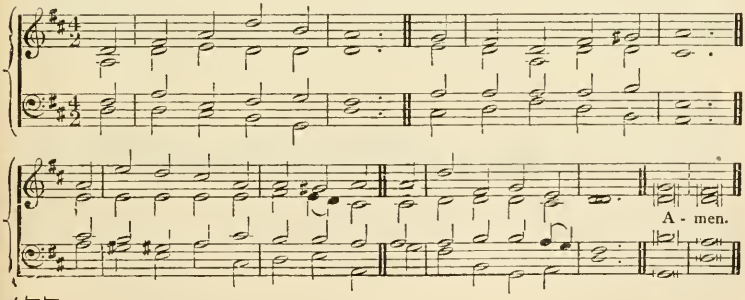
mf 4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon his head!
And on his soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon his face!

mf 5 Make him and keep him Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled!
cr Possessor here of grace and love;
Inheritor of heaven above! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

(2) OF BELIEVERS.

PRAGUE. S.M. L. R. WEST.



477

f STAND, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.

mf 2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away:
cr Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

mf 3 No more thine own, but Christ's,—
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled,—

cr 4 In God's whole armour strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
f The victory must be ours.

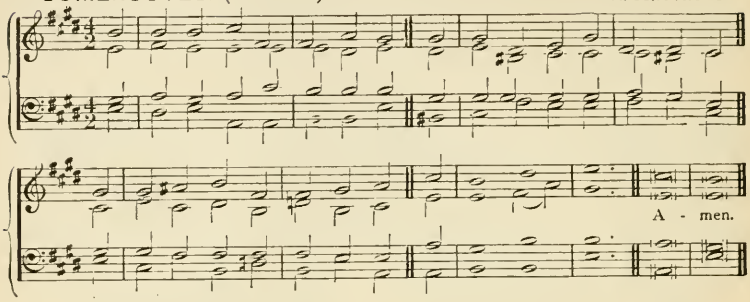
f 5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

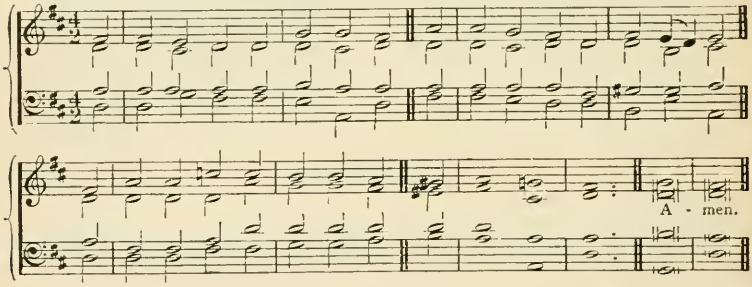
[See also Hymns 450 and 453.]

6.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

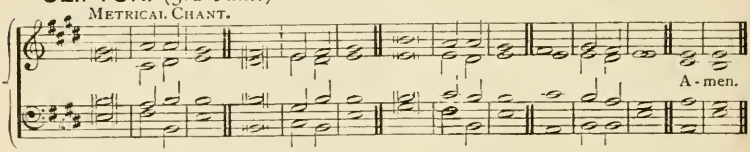
SOMERCOTES. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8 8. 4. T. R. MATTHEWS.



IN MEMORIAM. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8 8. 4. F. C. MAKER.



CLIFTON. (*3rd Tune.*) 8 8 8. 4. W. L. REYNOLDS.
METRICAL CHANT.



478

mf BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
dim And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.

mf 2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread,
cr And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

pp 3 The streams of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
cr The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

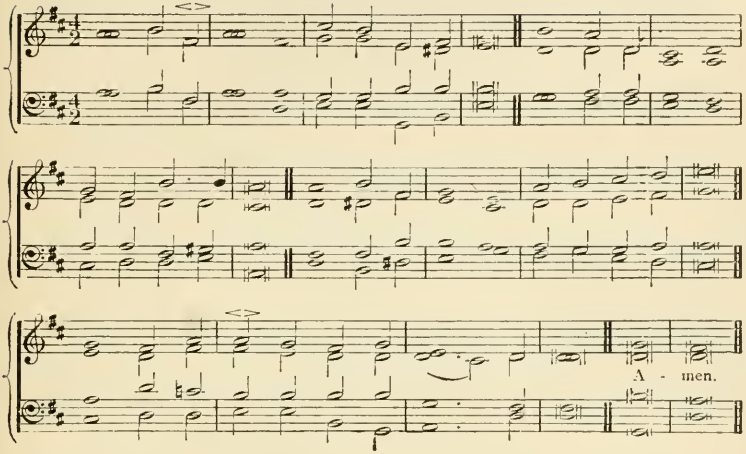
p 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite,
cr By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come.

f 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
ff And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.

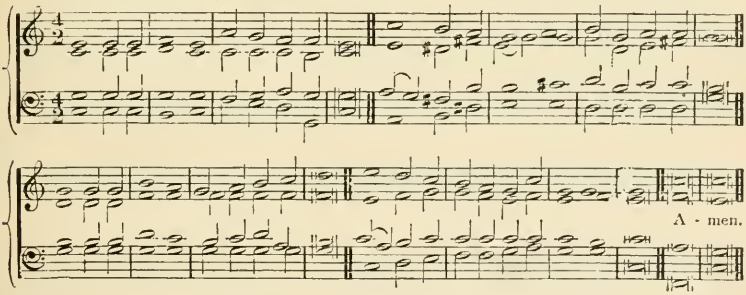
mf 6 O blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
cr But strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

WESTERHAM. (*1st Tune.*) 10s. W. C. FILBY.



MORECAMBE. (*2nd Tune.*) 10s.



479

mf HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things [unseen;
cr Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
dim And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

mf 2 Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine [of Heaven;
p Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin for- [given.

f 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly Table spread for me;
cr Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with [Thee.

mp 4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The Feast, though not the Love, is past [and gone;
The Bread and Wine remove; but Thou art here,
cr Nearer than ever; still my Shield and [Sun.

mf 5 Feast after feast thus comes, and passers by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad Feast [above,
cr Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
f The Lamb's great Bridal Feast of bliss and love. Amen.

H. BONAR.

MONKSTOWN. (*1st Tune.*) S. M. D. E. PROUT.

A - men.

BONAR. (*2nd Tune.*) S. M. D. C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

A - men.

480

mf JESU, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
Here, in Thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord;
The way Thou hast enjoined
Thou wilt therein appear;
cr We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

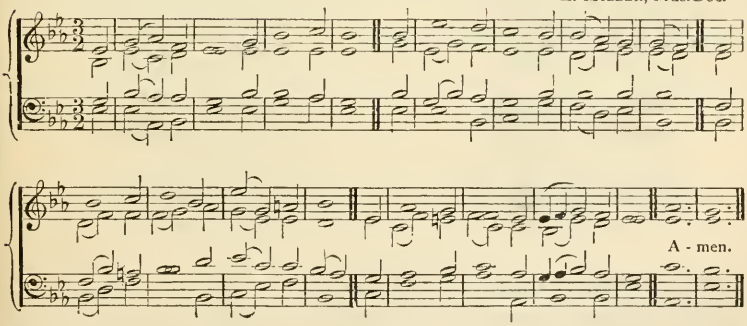
mf 2 Our hearts we open wide,
To make the Saviour room;
And lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The Sinners' Friend is come!
His presence makes the feast;
And now our spirits feel
The glory not to be exprest,
The joy unspeakable.

f 3 Thee, King of Saints, we praise
For this our living Bread,
Nourished by Thy preserving grace,
And at Thy table fed!
We in these lower parts
Of Thy great kingdom feast,
And feel the earnest in our hearts
Of our eternal rest.

mf 4 Yet still a higher seat
We in Thy kingdom claim,
Who here began by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb;
cr That glorious heavenly prize
We surely shall attain,
f And in the palace of the skies
With Thee for ever reign. Amen.

CENTO from C. WESLEY.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. E. MILLER, Mus. Doc.



481

p MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'er-
cr Thither be all Thy children led, [flow?
And let them all its sweetness know.

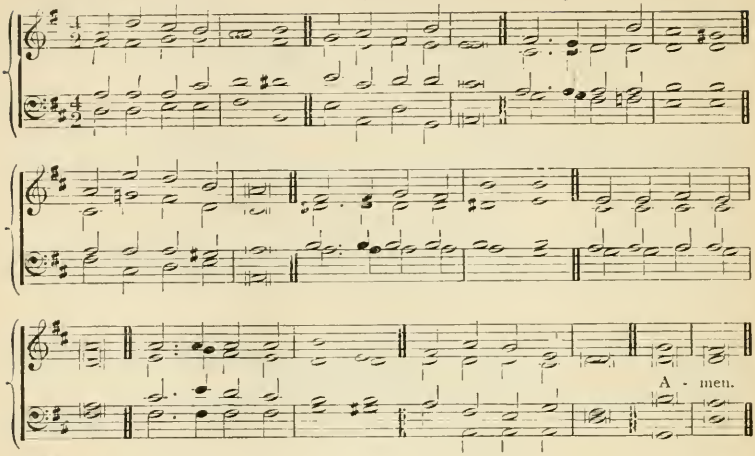
mf 2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood;
cr Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

mp 3 Why are these emblems still in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

mf 4 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE, *v.* 3, *l.* 1 altd.

PANIS CELESTIS. 6 5., 8 lines. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



482

mf JESUS, great Redeemer!
Source of life divine!
In our souls for ever
Grant the light to shine!
mp Light of peace eternal,
Prince of Peace restore;
mf Light of life immortal,
Shine for evermore!

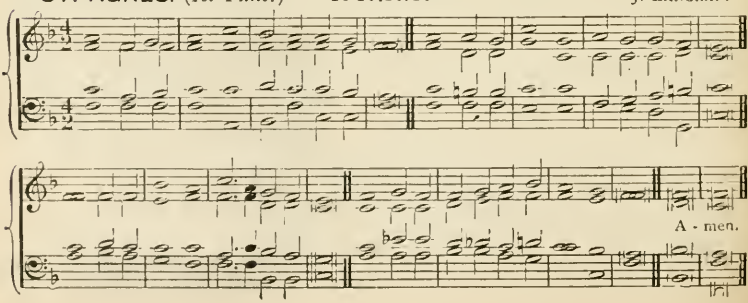
mp 2 Bread for sinners broken,
Bread of life indeed!
Manna for the hungry,
In their sorest need;
r Pledge of our salvation,
How we thirst for Thee!
Cup of heavenly blessing,
Wine of charity!

mp 3 Thou, O holy Saviour,
Come and enter in;
Cleanse away the impress
Of our dreadful sin!
cr Make us pure, we pray Thee,
Thou who art so pure!
And O let thy likeness
In our heart endure.

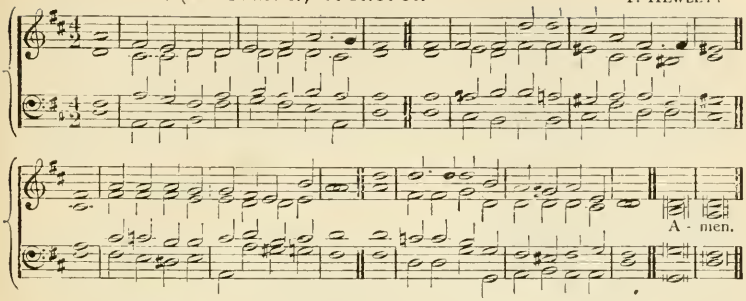
mp 4 Spirit, Holy Spirit,
Aid us with Thy love;
Give Thy gentle presence,
Ever blessèd Dove!
cr Father, O receive us,
Now for Jesus' sake,
dim And our feeble worship
Condescend to take! Amen.

ADA CROSS.

ST. AGNES. (*1st Tune.*) 10 10.10.10 J. LANGRAN.

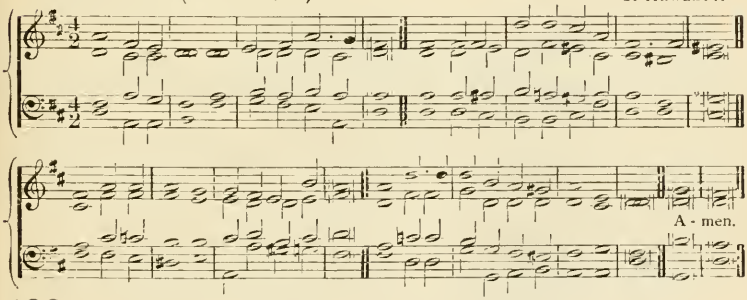


DALKEITH. (*2nd Tune.* 1.) 10 10.10 10. T. HEWLETT



Or this Form may be used:

DALKEITH. (*2nd Tune.* 2.) 10 10.10 10. T. HEWLETT.



483

mp "THIS is My body, which is given for you;
Do this," He said, and brake, "remembering Me."
O Lamb of God, our Paschal offering true,
To us the Bread of life each moment be.

mp 2 "This is My blood, for sins' remission shed,"
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing round;
cr So let us drink, and on life's fulness fed,
f With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

p 3 "The hour has come!" with us in peace sit down;
Thine own beloved, O love us to the end;
Serve us our banquet, ere the night's dark frown
Veil from our sight the presence of our Friend.

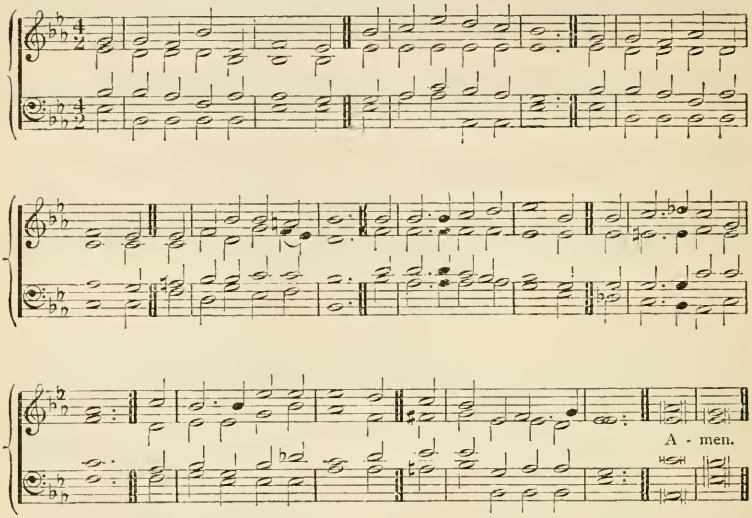
cr 4 Girded with love, still wash Thy servants' feet,
While they, submissive, wonder and adore;
Bathed in Thy blood, our spirits every whit
Are clean: yet cleanse our goings more and more.

mp 5 Some will betray Thee—"Master, is it I?"
Leaning upon Thy love, we ask in fear—
Ourselves, mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the strong, for strength, when sin is near.

dim 6 But round us fall the evening shadows dim,
A saddened awe pervades our darkening sense;
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear Thy voice, "Arise, let us go hence. Amen.

C. L. FORD.

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON. 7 6.7 6. D. J. WALCH.



484

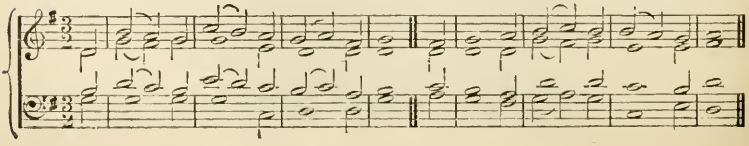
mf O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet,
r Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

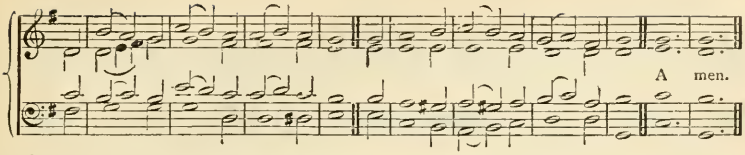
mp 2 O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:
cr O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

mp 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
cr Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
f Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see. Amen.

RAY PALMER, adapted from T. AQUINAS.

ST. LUKE. L.M. Latin Melody.





485

mf JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

mf 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
cr To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
f To them that find Thee, all in all.

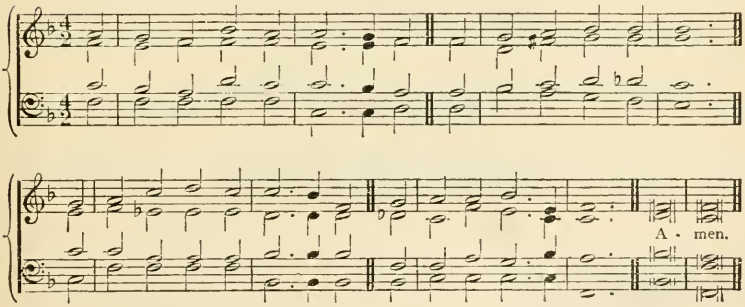
mf 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
cr And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

p 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
cr Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

p 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
cr Chase the dark night of sin away:
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, tr. RAY PALMER.

DALEHURST. C.M. A. COTTMAN.



486

mf ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord:
I will remember Thee.

mp 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

p 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

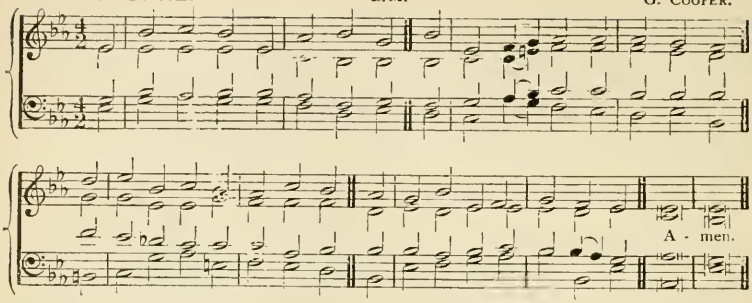
p 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
cr O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee:—

mf 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
cr Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
f Will I remember Thee.

p 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
cr When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
f Then, Lord, remember me. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY

SEPULCHRE. L.M. G. COOPER.



487

mp O GOD of mercy, God of might,
How should weak sinners bear the sight,
If, as Thy power is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear?

mf 2 For now Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount, and pierce the cloud;
cr And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

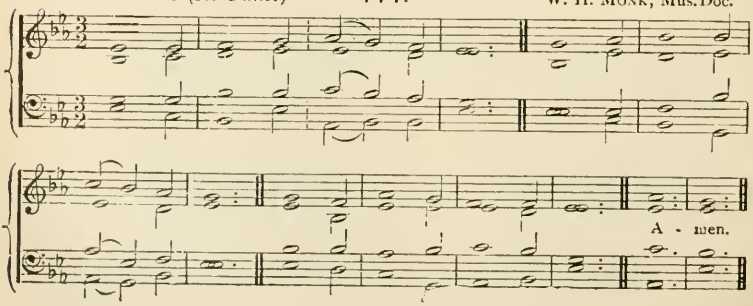
p 3 Fresh from the atoning sacrifice,
The world's Redeemer bleeding lies
cr That man, His foe, for whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.

f 4 Oh! agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought:
It is my Maker—dare I stay?
cr My Saviour—dare I turn away?

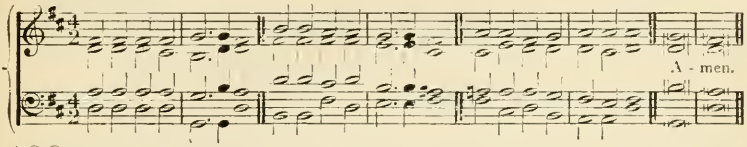
mp 5 Refresh us, Lord, to hold Thee fast;
And when Thy veil is drawn at last,
Let us depart where shadows cease,
p With words of blessing and of peace. Amen.

J. KEBLE, *v.* 1, *l.* 2, *v.* 5, *l.* 1 altd.

ST. PHILIP. (*1st Tune.*) 7 7 7. W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



ST. BASIL. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 7 7. German Chorale.



488

mf JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

p 2 While in penitence we kneel,
cr Thy sweet presence let us feel,
f All Thy wondrous love reveal.

p 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
cr Turn our sadness into praise;

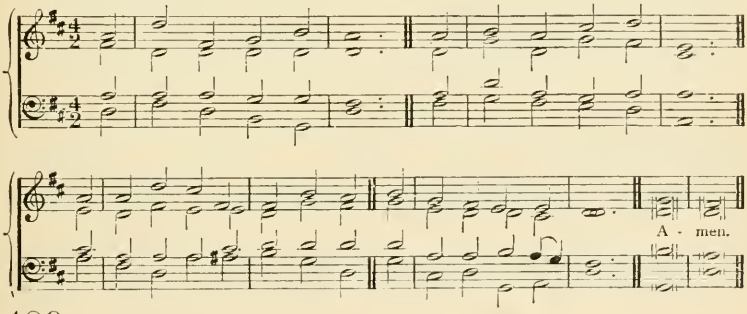
p 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
cr Whence there flowed the healing tide;
dim There our sins and sorrows hide.

mf 5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

mf 6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
cr Till around Thy throne we stand,
f In the bright and better land. Amen.

R. H. BAYNES.

BETHLEHEM. S. M. S. WESLEY.



489

f NO Gospel like this feast,
Spread for Thy Church by Thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

mf 2 All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost Thee, the Son.

dim 3 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given;
dim Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
cr Ours is the wine of heaven.

mp 4 For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
dim The broken heart, the pierced side;
cr To us the Bread of Life.

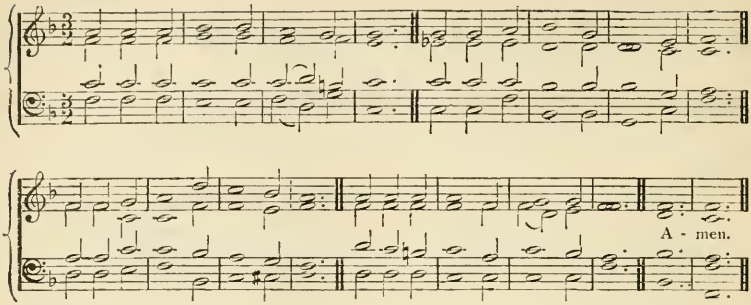
mp 5 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height;
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight;

mp 6 From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
cr Up to the heights of blest repose,
Thy love prepares with God

mf 7 Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see.
cr Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee! Amen.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

CALM. L.M.



490

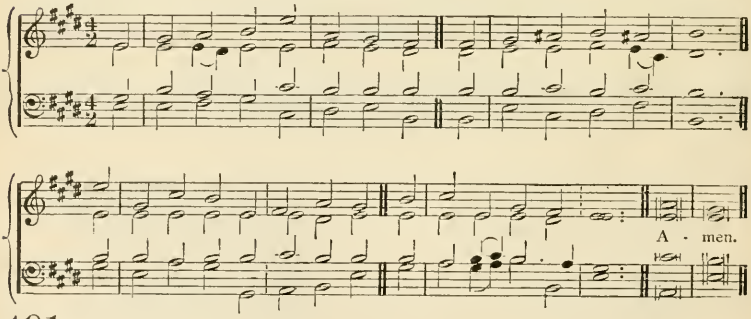
f BEHOLD! the Eternal King and Priest
Brings forth for me the bread and wine;
Himself the Master of the Feast,
His flesh and blood the food divine!

mf 2 Jesus! I come, for Thou dost call;
I eat and drink at Thy command;
dim Low at Thy feet I humbly fall:
O touch me with Thy pierced hand.

mp 3 Wash throughly clean this heart of mine,
That it may beat for Thee alone;
O let it lose its life in Thine,
And have no will except Thine own.

mp 4 In weariness be Thou my rest,
In loneliness be Thou my friend,
In sorrow hold me to Thy breast,
And keep me, Jesu, to the end. Amen

STOCKTON. C.M. T. WRIGHT.



491

mp FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

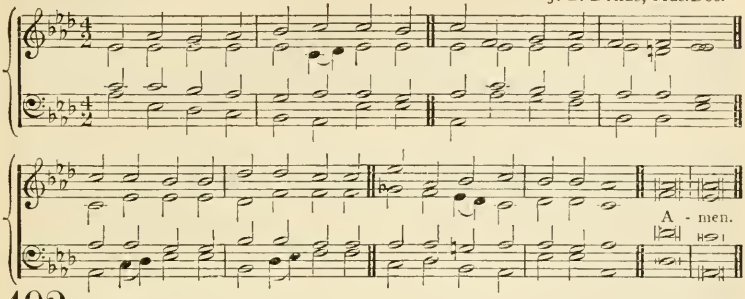
mf 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

cr 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

mf 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
f And all my soul be love. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ARUNDEL. 87.87. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



492

mf SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
cr Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

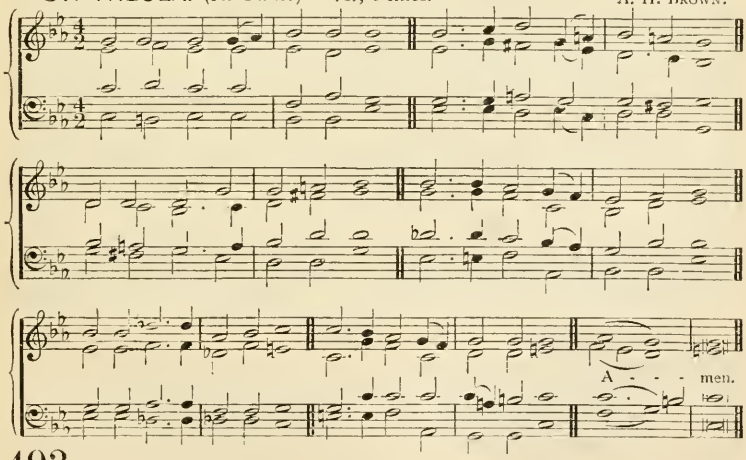
mp 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood.
p Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

mf 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
cr Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

mf 4 May I still enjoy this feeling;
cr in all need to Jesus go; [ing,
f Prove His wounds each day more heal-
And Himself more deeply know. Amen.

J. ALLEN AND W. W. SHIRLEY.

ST. THECLA. (*1st Tune.*) 7s., 6 lines. A. H. BROWN.



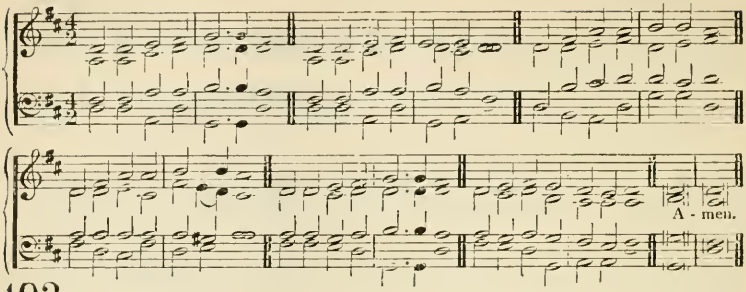
493

mp BREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed.
cr Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him Who died.

mp 2 Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give:
To Thy cross I look, and live.
cr Thou my life! O let me be
f Rooted, grafted, built on Thee. Amen.

J. CONDER.

AJALON. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s., 6 lines. R. REDHEAD.



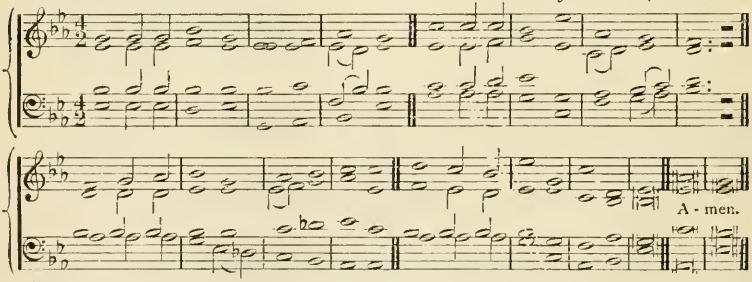
493

mp BREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed.
cr Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him Who died.

mp 2 Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give:
To Thy cross I look, and live.
cr Thou my life! O let me be
f Rooted, grafted, built on Thee. Amen.

J. CONDER.

SACRAMENT. 9 8. 9 8. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



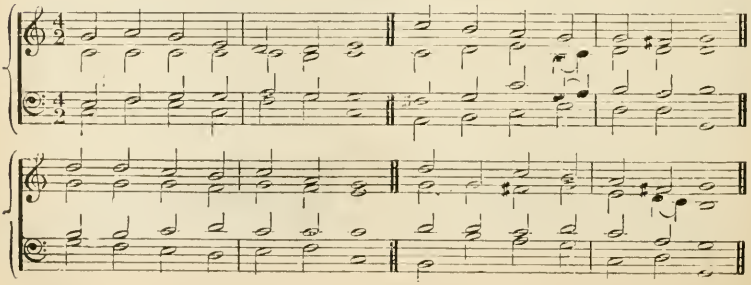
494

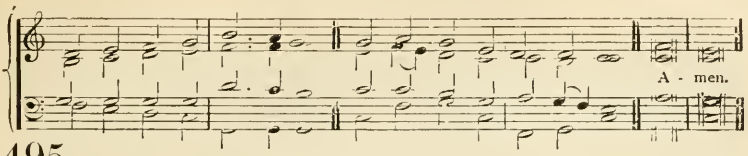
mp BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
cr By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead;

p 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
cr And be Thy feast to us the token
f That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
Amen.

R. HEBER.

REYNOLDSTONE. 7s., 6 lines. T. R. MATTHEWS.





495

p "TILL He come," O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords:
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
cr Lie beyond that "Till He come."

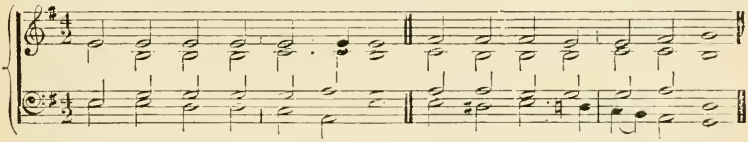
p 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast!
dim Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only "Till He come."

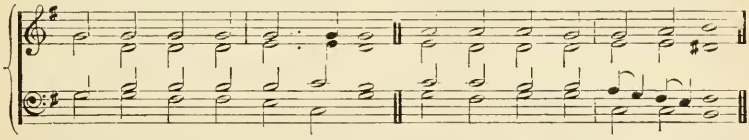
cr 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
dim Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
pp Only whisper, "Till He come."

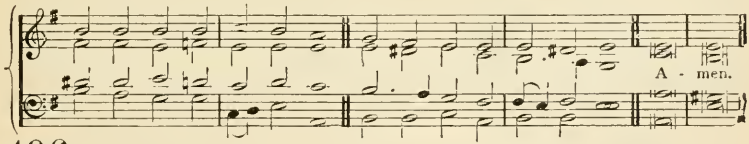
mf 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
cr Severed only "Till He come." Amen

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

GETHSEMANE. 7s., 6 lines. F. A. G. OUSELEY, Mus.Doc.







496

p GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
cr Your Redeemer's conflict see:
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
p Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

p 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
cr O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss
p Learn of Him to bear the cross.

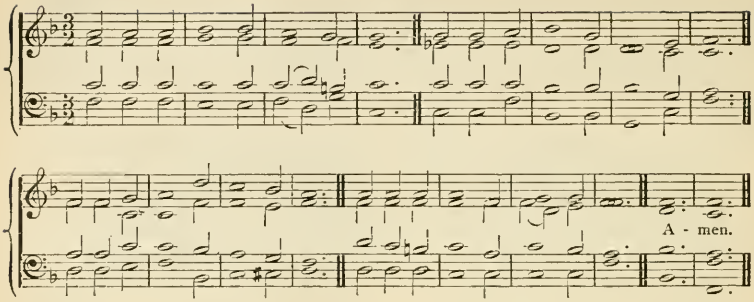
3 *p* Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
cr Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
pp It is finished! hear Him cry:
p Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

p 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay,
dim All is solitude and gloom:—
Who hath taken him away?
f Christ is risen;—He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

(*This Hymn may also be sung to* "AJALON," *No.* 493.)

CALM. L.M.



497

mf HOW rich are Thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnished from above;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

dim 2 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But at the gospel-call we came,
And every want received supply.

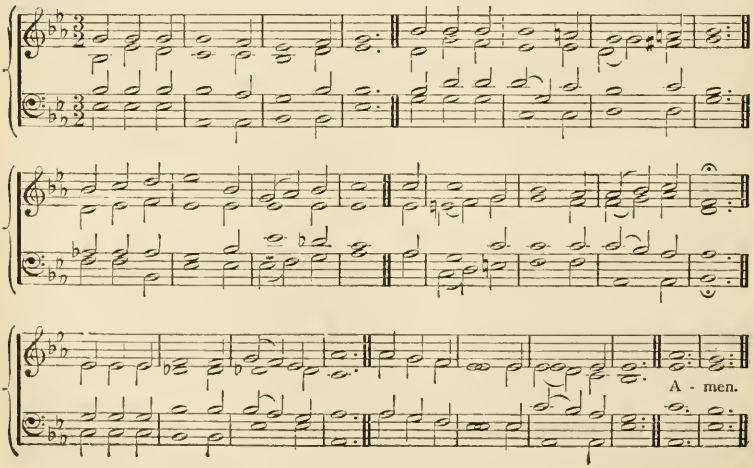
mp 3 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
v Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy Thy presence here.

mf 4 What shall we render to the Son,
That left the heaven of His abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God?

mp 5 It cost Him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost His own;
And all the unknown joys He gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

mf 6 Our everlasting love is due
To Him that ransomed sinners lost;
And pitied rebels when He knew
The vast expense His love would cost.
Amen. I. WATTS, *v.* 4, *l.* 1 altd.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. 8 8.8 8.8 8. J. BARNBY.



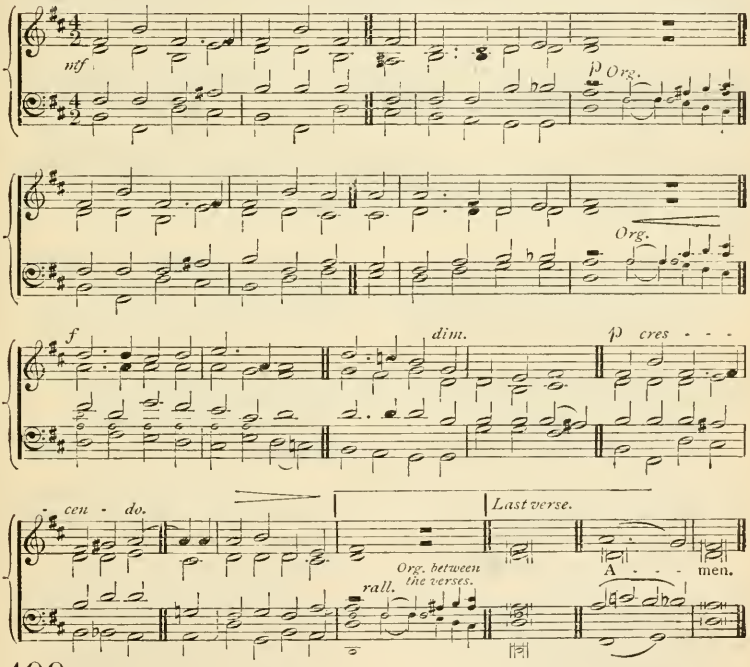
498

mp FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here.
dim Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

mp 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost!
dim Low at Thy feet our sins we lay,
p Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.
Amen.

R. HEBER.

PASSOVER. 7 6.7 6.7 7.7 6. J. BOOTH.



499

mp LAMB of God! Whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on Thee,
Every struggling soul release;
p O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

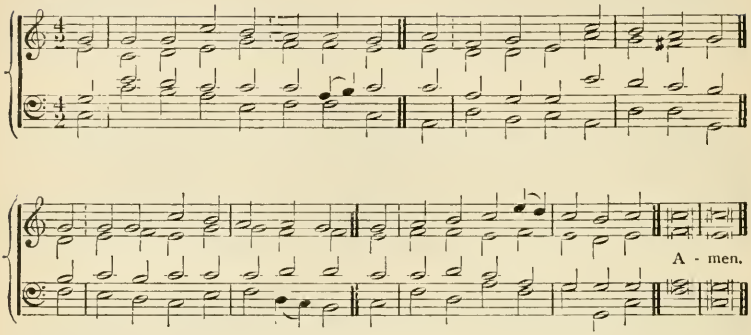
p 2 By Thine agonising pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away.
cr Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From iniquity release;
p O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

mf 3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinners' pardon seal,
cr Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
dim By Thy Passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease:
p O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

7.—*THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.*

MAINZER. L. M. J. MAINZER, Mus. Doc.



500

f WE triumph in the glorious grace
That set us in this English land,
And welcome the high earthly place
Wherein our God hath made us stand.

f 2 But, oh! to us a grace more great,
A dignity more dear is given;
He links us to a nobler state,
He makes us citizens of heaven.

f [3 Yes, mightily our hearts are bound
This goodly fatherland to love;
But more our own Emmanuel's ground,
That better, dearer land above.]

f 4 Our land's good laws we proudly praise,
Our land's great tale with triumph tell;
But, oh! what majesty arrays
The people of Emmanuel!

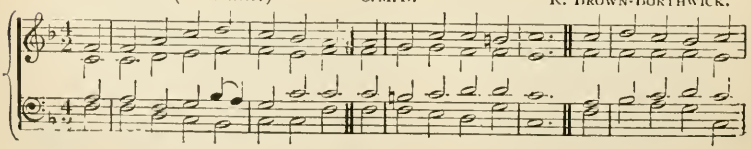
f [5 Their glorious freedom how complete!
How absolute His holy will!
What tasks divine, what tribute sweet,
Their spirits bring, their hands fulfil!]

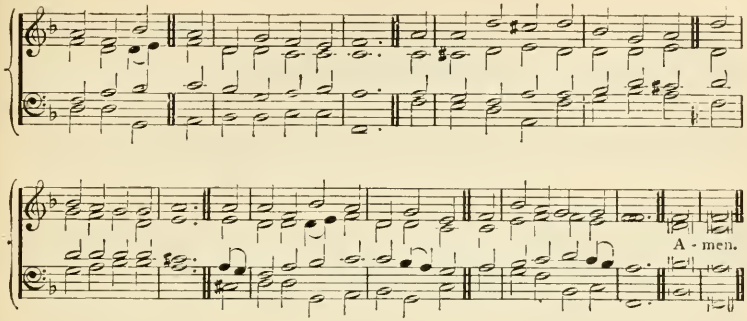
mf 6 Dear fellow-citizens they greet,
Of every age, of every clime;
Far dwellers in one city meet;
Strange voices raise one song sublime.

mf 7 O city, where God's people dwell!
O home, where no sweet bonds are riven
O country of Emmanuel!
The only fatherland is heaven.

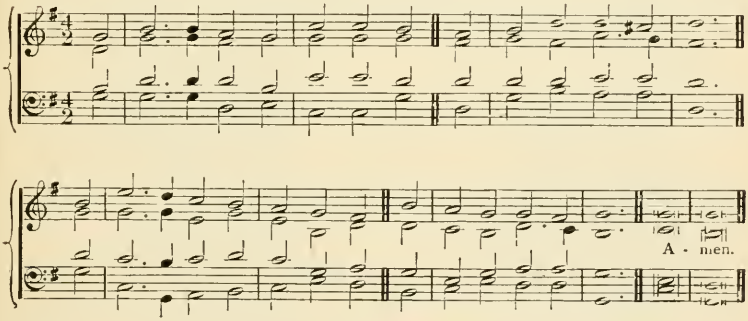
f 8 Joy! joy! our King doth never die!
Our city doth for ever stand;
We serve the Eternal Majesty,
And hold the heavenly fatherland.
Amen. T. H. GILL.

GRETTON. (*1st Tune.*) C. M. D. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.





OLD WINCHESTER. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter.*



501

f COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise;
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

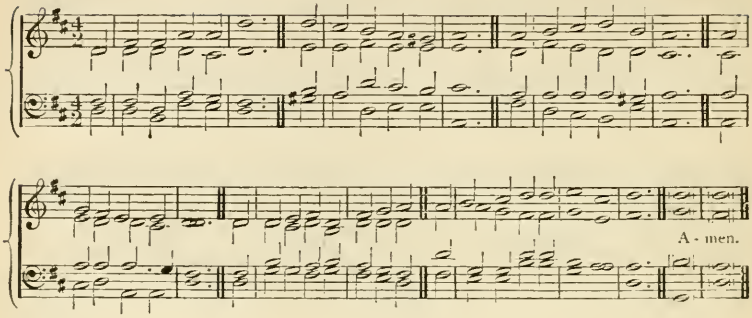
mf 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
dim And part is crossing now.

mp [3 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity;
cr E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.]

mf 4 Our spirits too shall quickly join
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
Oh that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh that the word were given!
cr Come, Lord of Hosts: the waves divide,
f And land us all in heaven! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ST. JOHN. 6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.



502

f YE holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command!
Assist our song,
For else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

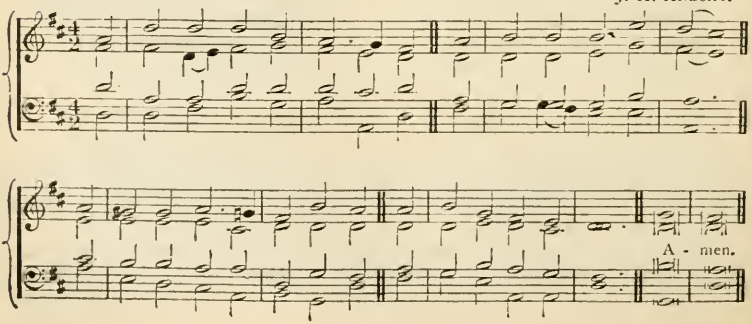
mp 2 Ye blesssèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
cr And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face!
f God's praises sound,
As in His light,
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

mf 3 Ye saints, who toil below!
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing:
cr Take what He gives;
f And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

mf 4 My soul! bear thou thy part;
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
f Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
ff Be filled with praise! Amen.

R. BAXTER, altd. R. R. CHOPE.

ZWINGLE. C.M. J. H. KNECHT.



503

f HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all His ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

f 2 The Church triumphant in Thy love—
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

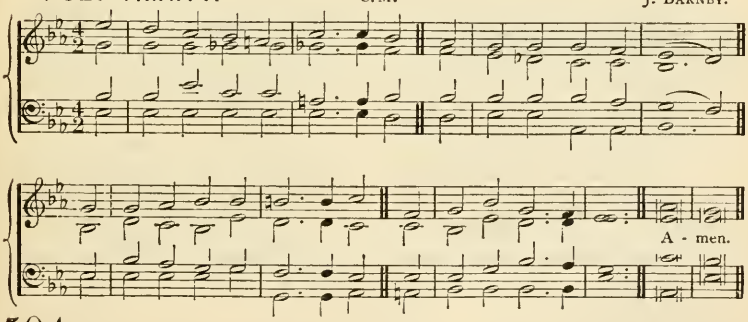
f 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne:
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace—
The kingdoms are but one.

mf 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise,
cr And he that in Thy statutes treads
f Shall meet Thee in the skies. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

8.—*THE EXAMPLE, VICTORY, AND REWARD OF THE SAINTS.*

HOLY TRINITY. C.M. J. BARNBY.



504

mf GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!

mp 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

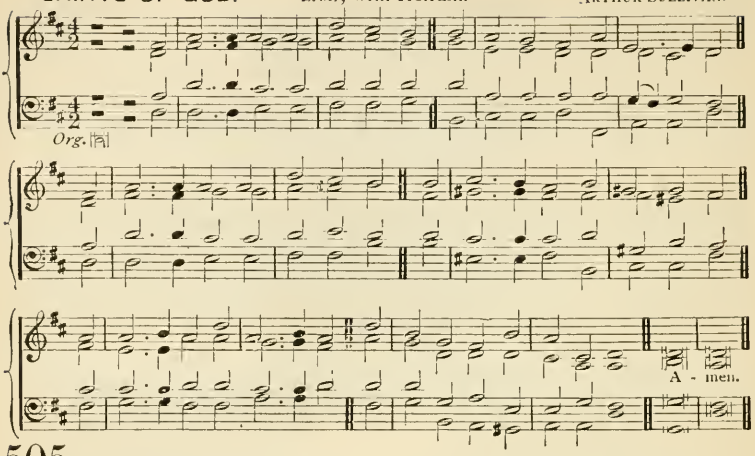
mf 3 I asked them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
cr Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
f Their triumph to His death.

mf 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

f 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
ff Show the same path to heaven. Amen

I. WATTS.

SAINTS OF GOD. L.M., with Refrain. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



505

mf THE saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:—
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
p At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

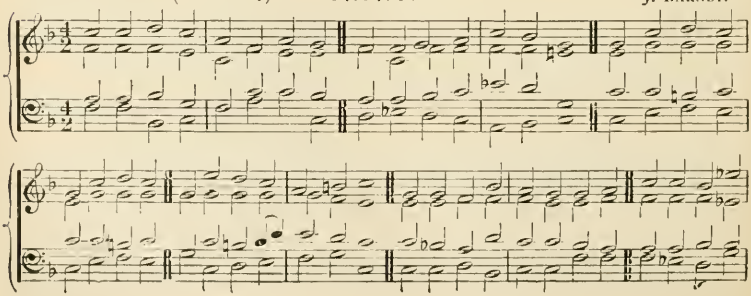
mf 2 The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:—
cr O happy saints! for ever blest, [rest!
p In that dear home, how sweet your

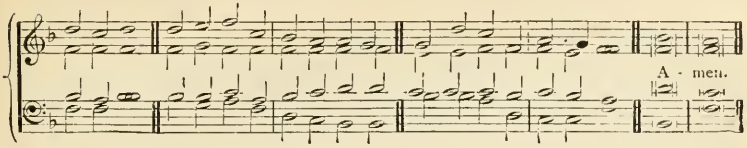
mf [3 The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:—
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that calm haven of your rest!]

mf 4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:—
cr O happy saints! rejoice and sing!
p He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

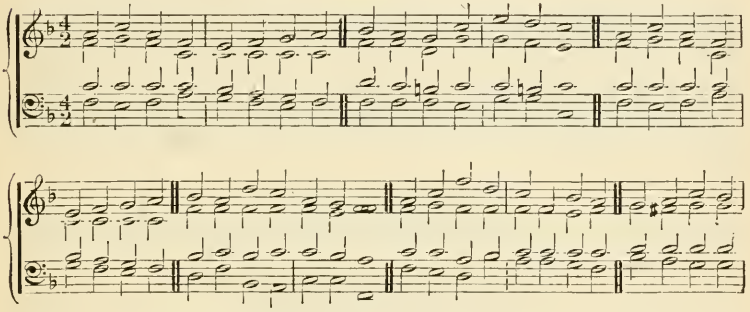
mf 5 O God of saints! to Thee we cry!
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
p Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
cr That with all saints our rest may be
f In that bright Paradise with Thee.
Amen. W. D. MACLAGAN.

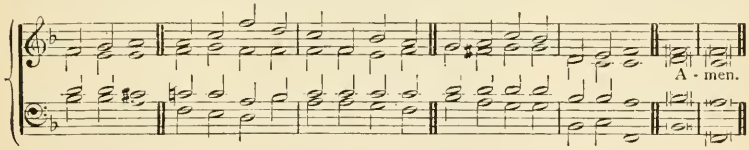
CARLTON. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87. D. J. BARNBY.





DEERHURST. (*2nd Tune.*) 87.87. D. J. LANGRAN.





506

f HARK the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee.
p Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars, in glory stands,
f Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

p 2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in Blood,
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
cr They have conquered Death and Satan,
f By the might of Christ the Lord.

(*unis.*)
f [3 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;

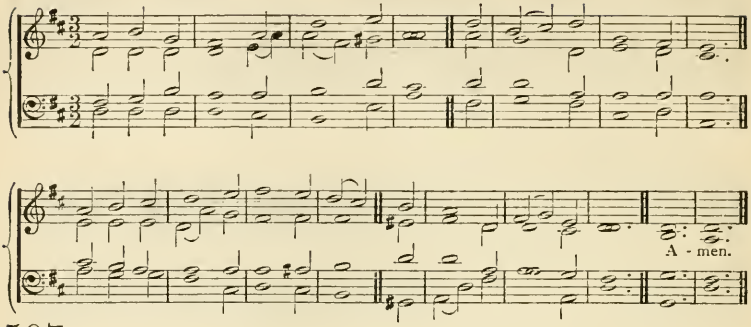
(*har.*)
dim Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.]

ff 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
(*unis.*) Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
p (*har.*) Love and peace they taste for ever;
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessèd Trinity.

f 5 God of God, the One-Begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body, joined together,
All the Saints for ever dwell;
p Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

TILTEY ABBEY. C.M. A. H. BROWN.



507

mf YE that put on the heavenly crown
And sing with seraphim,
Brethren in glory, bend ye down,
And aid our faltering hymn.

mf 2 Come let us praise the One Great Head,
The selfsame power to save,
Ye, who in bliss are perfected,
And we, so near the grave!

f 3 Glory to Him Who tasted death,
Life to us all to give!
Ye in His presence—we by faith,
In, through, and to Him live.

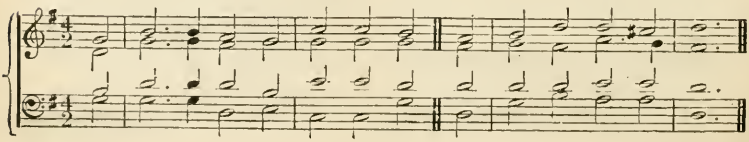
f 4 Glory to Him Who won the strife,
For you gone up on high!
The Resurrection and the Life,
By Whom we never die.

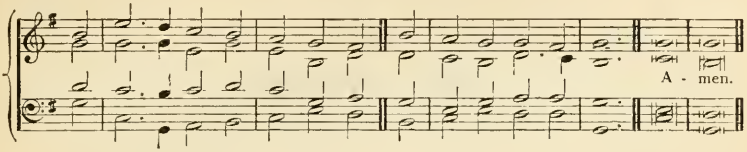
f 5 Glory from us, who think Him long,
And for His coming wait,
And glory from your palmy throng
Within the pearly gate.

mf 6 When wilt Thou be at once adored
By one Church, in one home?
Hasten the time; delay not, Lord—
Lord Jesus, quickly come. Amen.

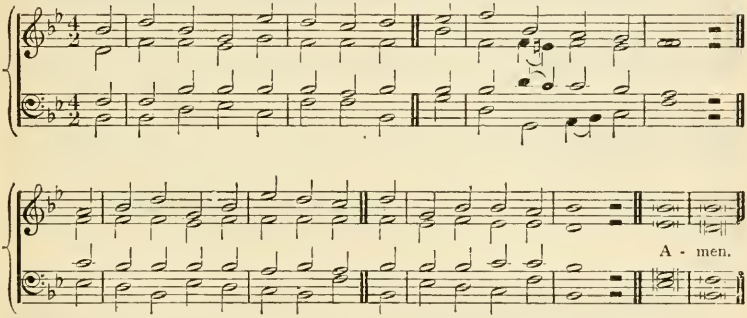
G. RAWSON.

OLD WINCHESTER. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter.*





SOUTHWICK. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. H. HILES, Mus. Doc.



508

mf HOW bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

p 2 Lo ! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
cr And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

f 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

f 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

mf 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
cr God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day

mf 6 The Lamb that dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
p Feed them with nourishment Divine,
cr And all their footsteps guide.

p 7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
cr And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

Variation from I. WATTS, and SCRIPTURE SONGS, 1745, by W. CAMERON.

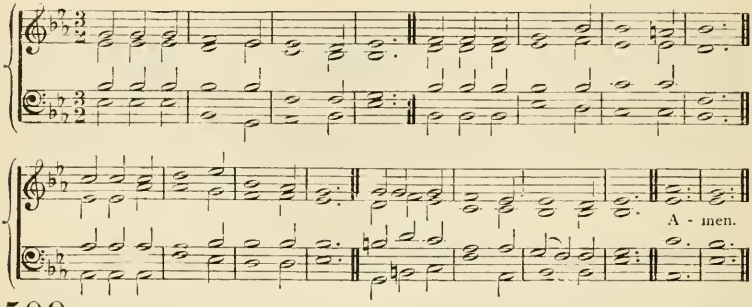
IX.

Public Worship.

I.—*THE LORD'S DAY.*

(*a*) MORNING.

SAXBY. L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS.



509

mf LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

mf 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
cr But there's a nobler rest above,
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

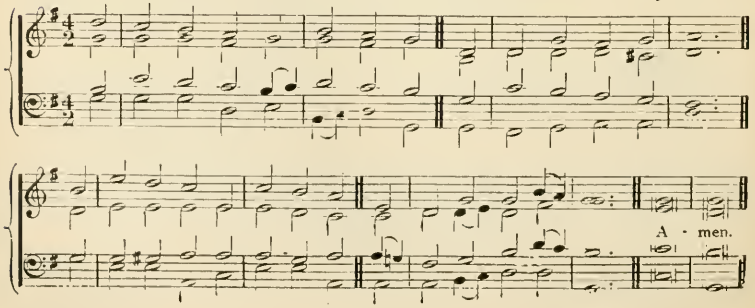
mp 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
No guilt the conscience to oppress;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:

mf 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
cr But sacred, high, eternal noon.

mf 5 O long-expected day begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
dim Fain would we leave this weary road,
p And sleep in death to rest with God. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE, *v.* 2, *l.* 4, *v.* 3, *ll.* 2, 4 altd.

FERNSHAW. C.M. J. BOOTH.



510

mf BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of mirth and praise.

mf 2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising did thee raise;
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days.

mf 3 The firstfruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they that do a Sabbath love,
A happy week shall find.

mf 4 This day must I for God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
O let me spend it in Thy fear!
Then shall the day be mine. Amen.

J. MASON.

511

p MY Lord, my Love, was crucified,
He all the pains did bear;
cr But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.

mp 2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above,
Which in Thy bosom lie;
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

mf 3 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

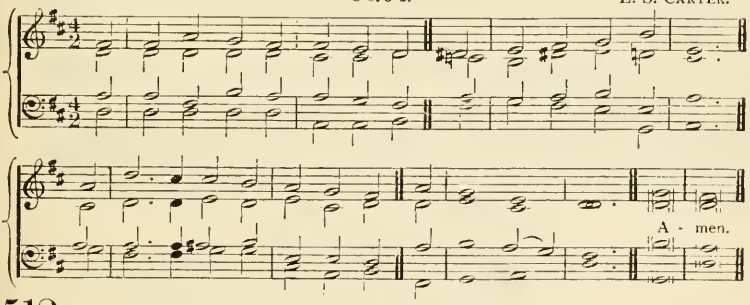
mf 4 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee.

mf 5 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
cr I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

mf 6 These are my preparation days;
And when my soul is drest,
cr These Sabbaths shall deliver me
To mine eternal rest. Amen.

J. MASON.

WREFORD. 8 6. 8 4. E. S. CARTER.



512

f HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free:
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

mp 2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

mp 3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
p Sweet songs of peace.

mf 4 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

f 5 I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soaring voices raise
To Thee, their great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise.

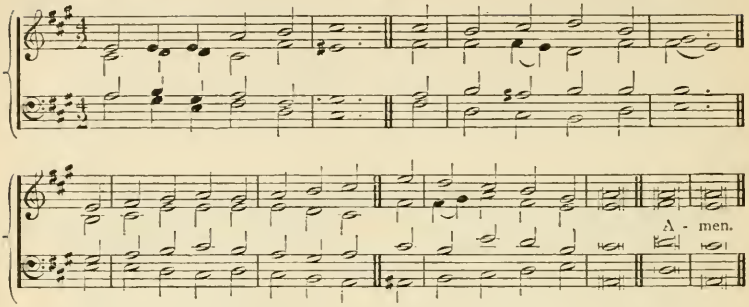
p 6 All earthly things appear to fade
As, rising high and higher,
cr The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.]

f 7 For those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing—when songs on earth have ceased—
With saints above.

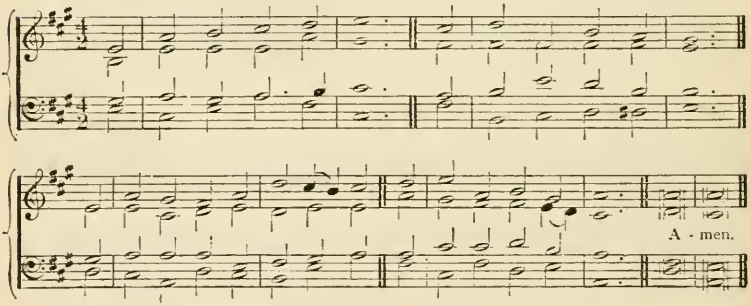
f 8 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,—
Sweet foretaste of the endless day
Of rest in heaven. Amen.

G. THRING

DOMENICA. (*1st Tune.*) S.M. H. S. OAKELEY, Mus.Doc.



HOLY ROOD. (*2nd Tune.*) S.M. A. H. BROWN.



513

f THIS is the day of Light!
Let there be light to-day!
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

p 2 This is the day of Rest!
Our failing strength renew;
dim On weary brain and troubled breast
cr Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

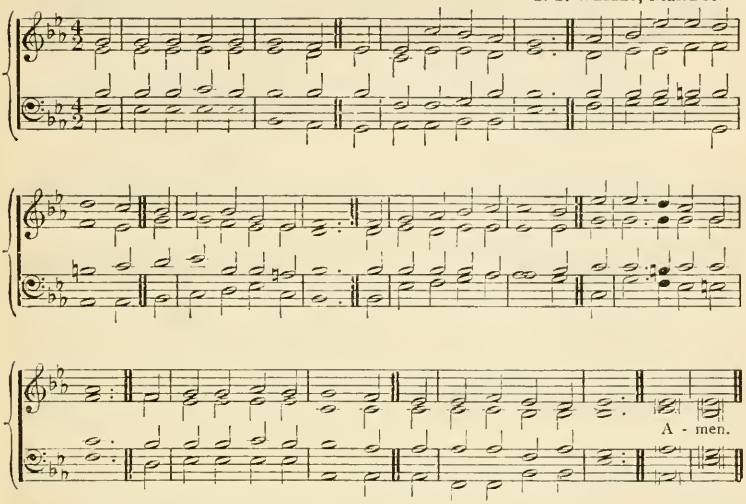
p 3 This is the day of Peace!
Thy Peace our spirits fill!
cr Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

p 4 This is the day of Prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near;
cr Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

f 5 This is the First of days!
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
ff And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death! Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

AURELIA. 7 6 7 6. D. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.



514

mf THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

p [2 O day when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy,—
cr When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest,
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast!]

mf 3 Lord! we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

p 4 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all thy work undone—
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

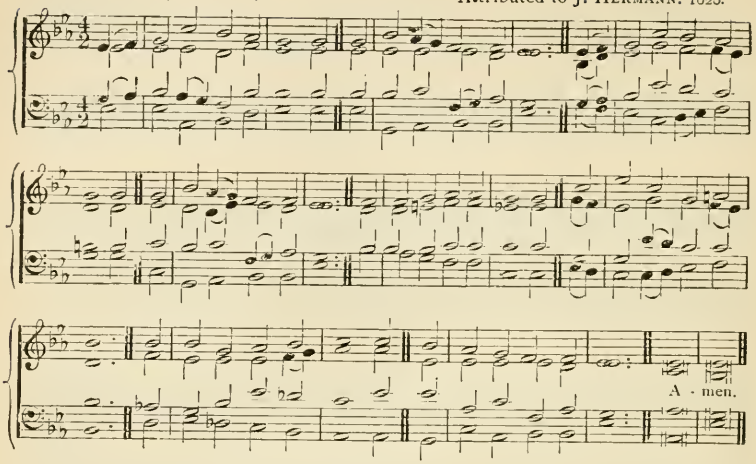
mf 5 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure:—
cr In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need;
dim And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed!

mf 6 So be it, Lord, for ever.
O may we evermore,
In Jesu's holy Presence
His blessèd name adore!
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple-walls—
Type of the stainless worship
In Sion's golden halls.

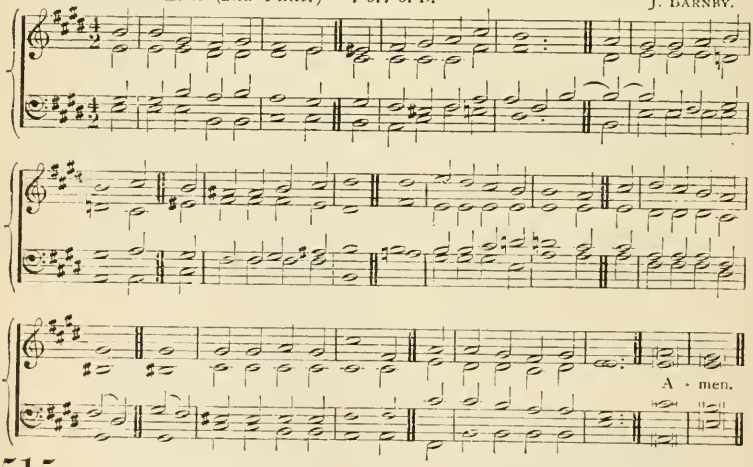
f 7 So that, in joy and gladness,
We reach that Home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow,
And sin and strife is past;
cr When Angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
ff O Father, Lord, Redeemer!
Most Holy Trinity! Amen

ADA CROSS, *v.* 4, *l.* 3 altd.

MUNICH. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. Attributed to J. HERMANN. 1620.



ST. ANSELM. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. J. BARNBY.



515

f O DAY of rest and gladness,
O Day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
s Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
cr To the great God Triune.

f 2 On thee, at the Creation,
The Light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth,
cr On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious
A triple Light was given.

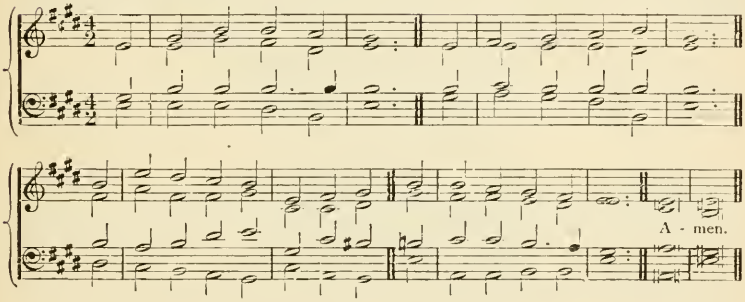
mf [3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.]

p 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls;
f To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

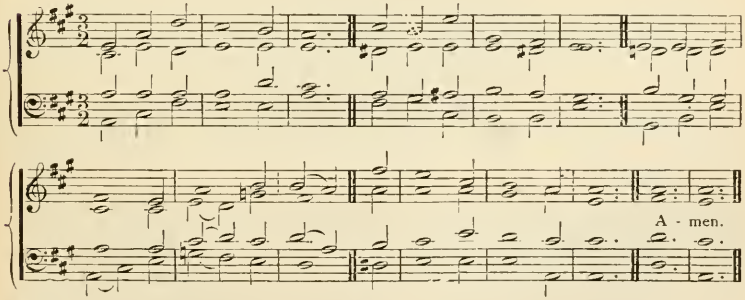
mf 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
f To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, Blest Three in One. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

WESTENHANGER. (*1st Tune.*) S. M. C. W. POOLE.



CHISELHURST. (*2nd Tune.*) S. M. J. BARNBY.



516

f WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

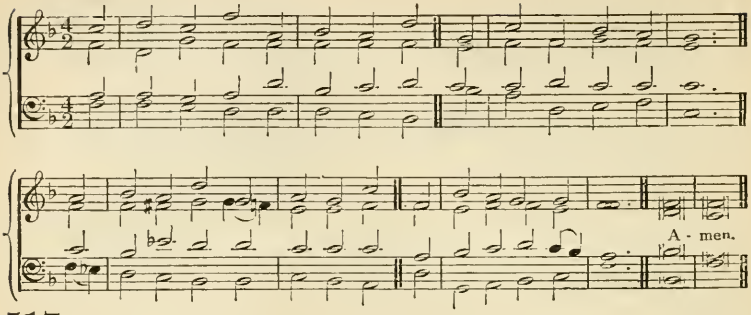
mf 2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
cr Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love and praise and pray.

mf 3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

p 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
cr And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss. Amen.

I. WATTS, *v.* 3, *l.* 2 altd

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. C.M. G. M. GARRETT, Mus.Doc.



517

f THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

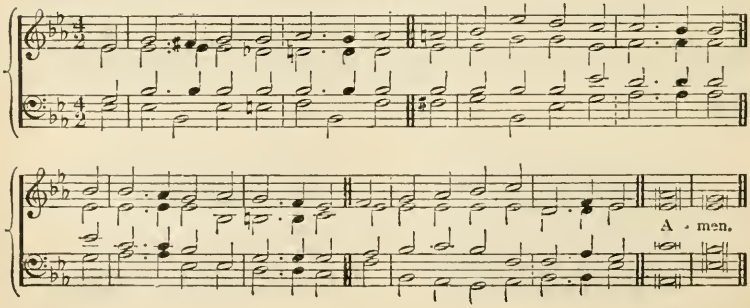
ff 3 Hosanna to the Anointed King,
To David's Holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

f 4 Blest be the Lord, Who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's Name,
To save our sinful race.

ff 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise. Amen.

I. WATTS.

WALTHAM. L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN



518

mf THIS day at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured —
cr O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

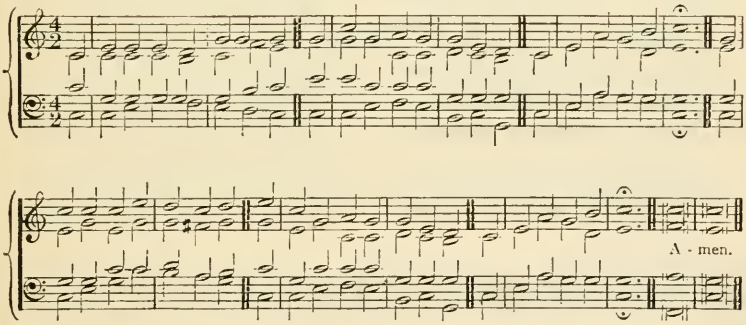
mp 2 This day the Lord for sinners slain,
cr In might victorious rose again,—
mf O Jesu, may we raisèd be
From death of sin, to life in Thee.

mf 3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven-flame :—
mp O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

mf 4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace !
From earthly toils sweet resting-place !
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

HULL. 8 8 6. 8 8 6. Old Melody.



519

f THE festal morn, O God, is come,
That calls us to Thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore ;
With joy the summons we attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

f 2 Behold to our enraptured eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;
By faith with glad survey,
We view her mansions that contain
Angelic forms, a glorious train,
And shine with cloudless day.

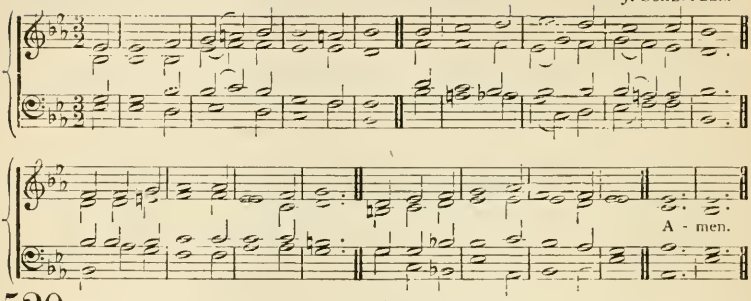
f 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute thither bring :
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the Immortal King.

mp 4 There in Thy house not made with hands,
May we amid these heavenly bands
Thy holy Name adore.
cr There all Thy works of grace resound,
When of these courts no trace is found,
f And time shall be no more. Amen.

J. MERRICK, altd. T. COTTERILL.

(*b*) EVENING.

ANGELUS. L.M. J. SCHEFFLER.



520

mf AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
p O in what divers pains they met!
cr O with what joy they went away!

p 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
cr We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 *p* O Saviour Christ our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

mf [4 And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out.

mf 5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
p And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.]

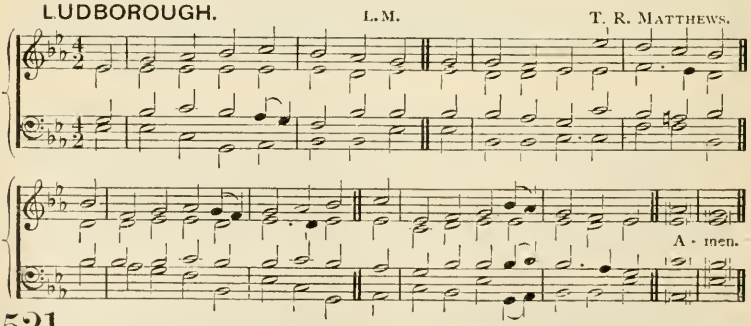
mf 6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
dim Are conscious most of wrong within.

p 7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

f 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
dim Hear in this solemn evening hour,
p And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

H. TWELLS.

LUDBOROUGH. L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS.



521

f MILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed;
Their faces Zionward were set, [vowed.
Vows with their lips to Thee they

f [2 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung
dim And offered prayer with holy hands.

mf 3 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

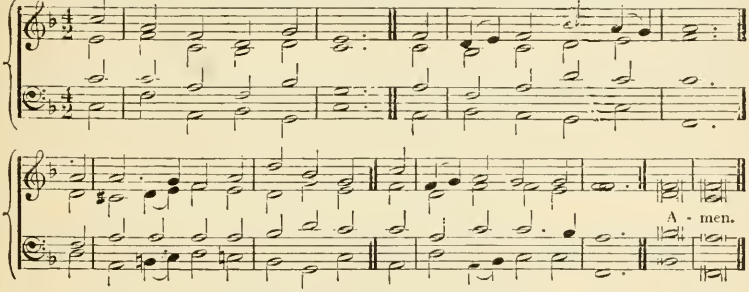
mf 4 From east to west, the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs,
And still where evening stretched her shade
The stars came out to hear their songs.]

mf 5 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain

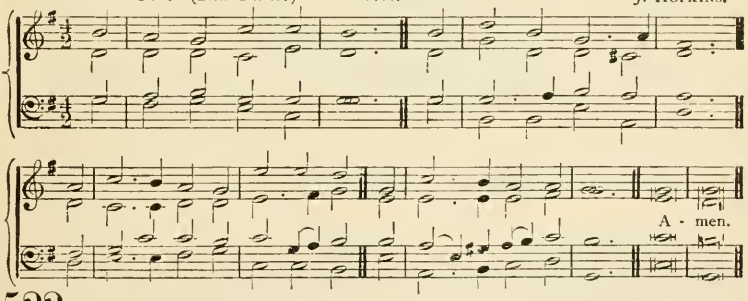
mp 6 Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

mp 7 Yet one prayer more!—and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord;—
cr Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord.
Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

THE DAY OF PRAISE. (*1st Tune.*) S.M. C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.



ALLERTON. (*2nd Tune.*) S.M. J. HOPKINS.



522

p OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
cr But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that light'nest all!

mf 2 Around the Throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

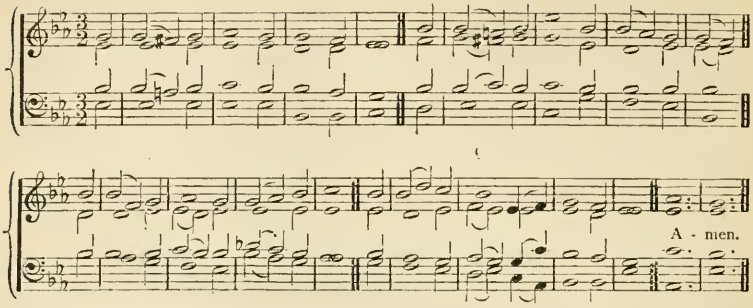
p 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
cr But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

mf 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

mp 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

p 6 A little while, and then
cr Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
f In perfect praise shall blend. Amen
J. ELLERTON.

STAINCLIFFE. L. M. R. W. DIXON.



523

mp AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls:
And evening hymn and evening prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

mf 2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

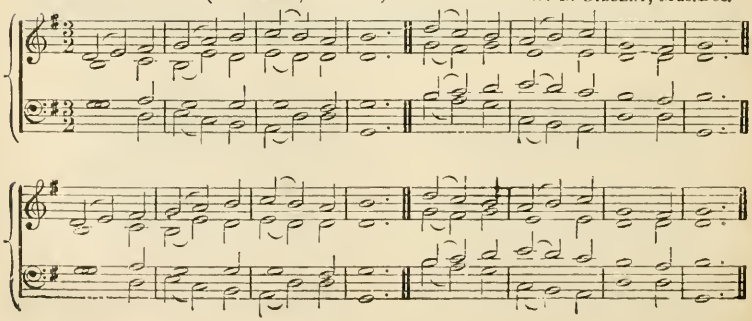
mp 3 O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou,
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

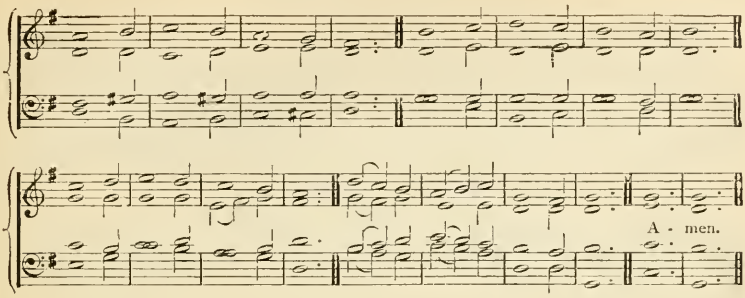
mf 4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell. Amen.

S. LONGFELLOW, *v.* 1, *l.* 3 altd.

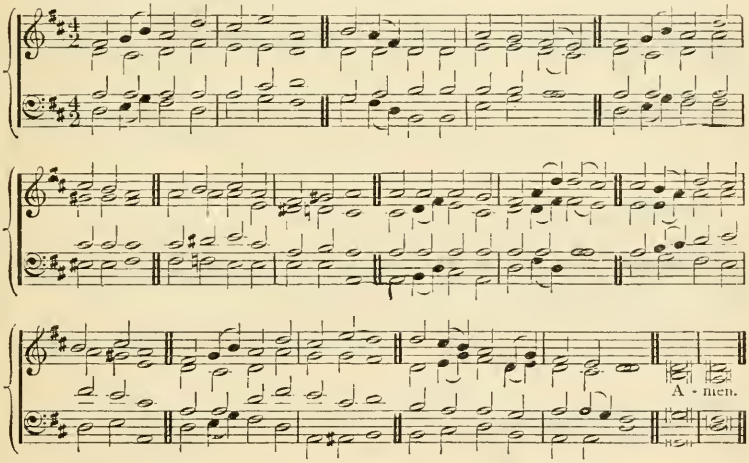
2.—*THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.*

MAIDSTONE. (*1st Tune.*) 7s., 8 lines. W. B. GILBERT, Mus.Doc.





BROMPTON. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s., 8 lines. J. R. SCHACHNER.



524

mf PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe:
cr O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

mf 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
p In a Heavenly Father's breast:
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
cr They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

mp 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
cr Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
f On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
p At thy feet adoring fall,
mf Who hast led them safe through all.

p 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place:
mf Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
cr Grace and glory flow from Thee,—
f Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me
Amen. H. F. LYTE.

TURLE. (*1st Tune.*) L.M., with Refrain. J. TURLE

A - men.

HOSANNA. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M., with Refrain. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.

A - men.

525

mf HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
f Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

mf 2 "Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry;
"Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
f Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

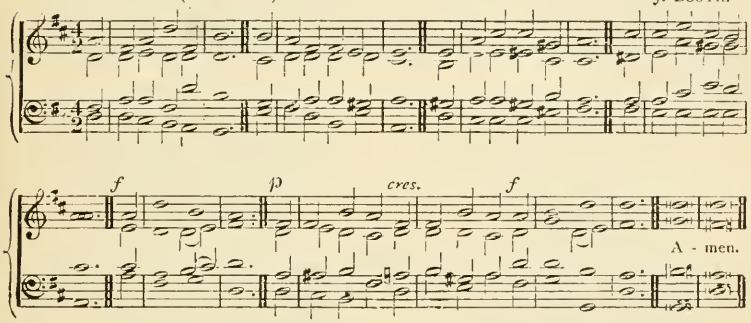
mf 3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy Sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
f Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

p 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
cr A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
f Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

p 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
cr Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
f Shall swell the sound of praise again.
ff Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

R. HEBER.

EARLHAM. (*1st Tune.*) 6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4. J. BOOTH.



526

mf LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode,
cr My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

f 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
cr They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

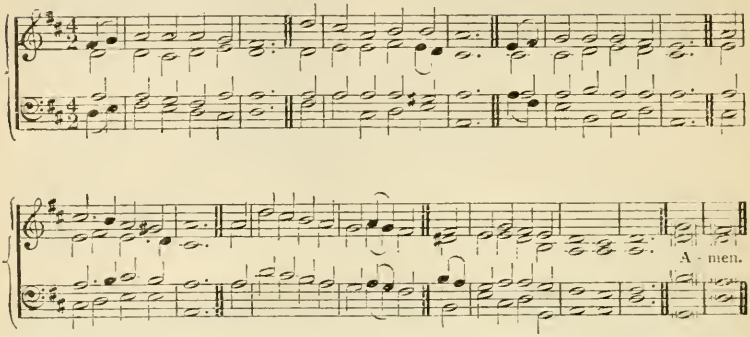
mf 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
cr Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
f When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

mf 4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
cr He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

f 5 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
cr Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
ff Alone in Thee. Amen.

I. WATTS.

OMAGH. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 6.6 6.4 4.4 4. W. A. JEFFERSON.



526

mf LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode,
cr My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

f 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
cr They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

mf 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
cr Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
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Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

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Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
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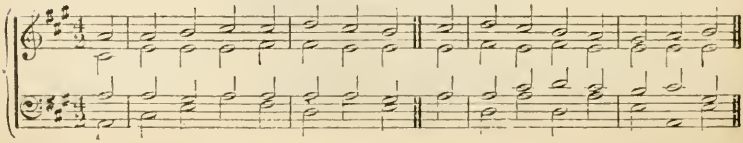
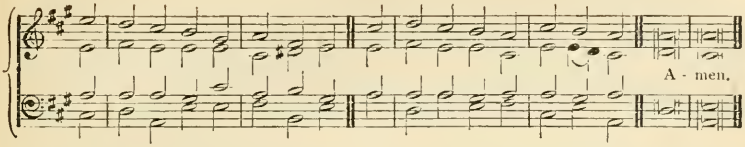
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

f 5 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
cr Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
ff Alone in Thee. Amen.

I. WATTS.

COMMANDMENTS. L. M. *Genevan Psalter*, 1652.





527

f HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

mf 2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee?

mf 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around Thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
f And all their work is praise and love.

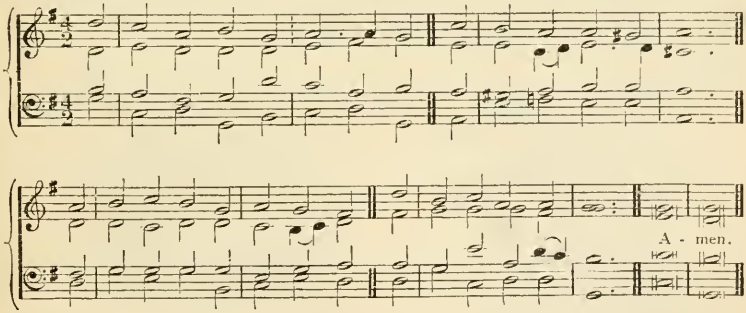
mp 4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
cr And seek Thy face and learn Thy praise.

mf 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
cr God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

mf 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length:
cr Till all before Thy face appear,
f And join in nobler worship there. Amen.

I. WATTS.

BRISTOL. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT.



528

f THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

mf 2 One privilege my heart desires:
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.

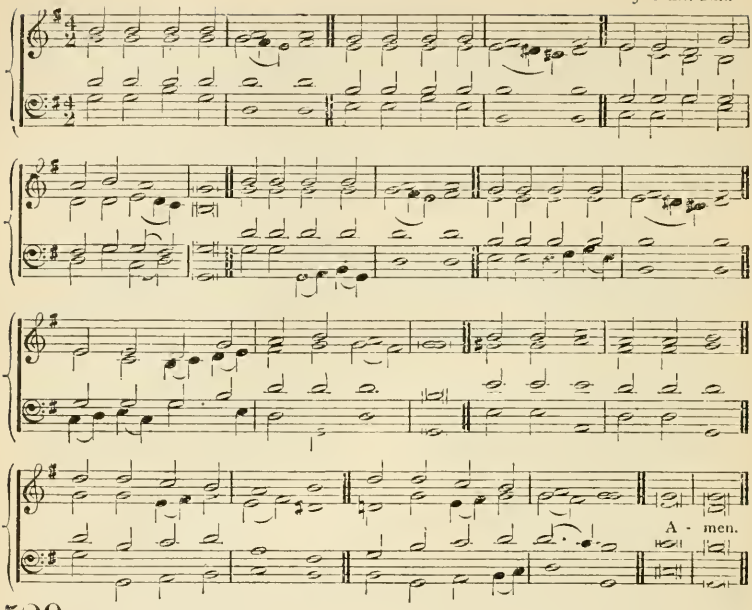
mf 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.

mp 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide:
cr God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

mf 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
f And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound. Amen.

I. WATTS.

GRÖNINGEN. 6 6. 8 6. 6 8. 3 3. 6 6. J. NEANDER.



529

mf GOD is in His temple,
The Almighty Father!
Round His footstool let us gather:—
Him with adoration
Serve, the Lord most holy,
Who hath mercy on the lowly.
cr Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For His great salvation:—
f God is in His temple!

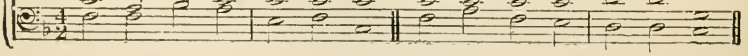
mf 2 Christ comes to His temple:
We, His word receiving,
Are made happy in believing.
Lo! from sin delivered,
He hath turned our sadness,
Our deep gloom to light and gladness!
cr Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For our bonds are severed:—
f Christ comes to His temple!

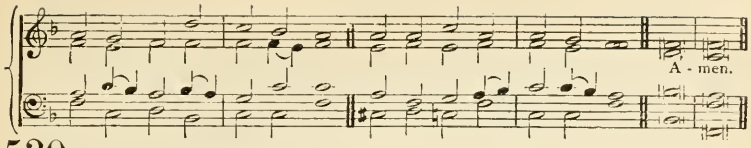
mf 3 Come and claim Thy temple,
Gracious Holy Spirit!
In our hearts Thy home inherit;—
Make in us Thy dwelling,
Thy high work fulfilling;
Into ours Thy will instilling,
cr Till we raise
Hymns of praise,
Beyond mortal telling,
In the eternal temple! Amen.

W. T. MATSON.

3.—*WORSHIP.*

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.





530

f SING the great Jehovah's praise;
Trophies to His glory raise:
Say,—How wonderful Thy deeds!
Lord, Thy power all power exceeds!

mf 2 Let the many-peopled earth,
All, of high and humble birth,
Worship our eternal King;
f Hymns unto His honour sing.

mf 3 We, through fire, with flames embraced,
We, thro' raging floods, have passed;
f Yet, by Thy conducting hand,
Brought into a wealthy land.

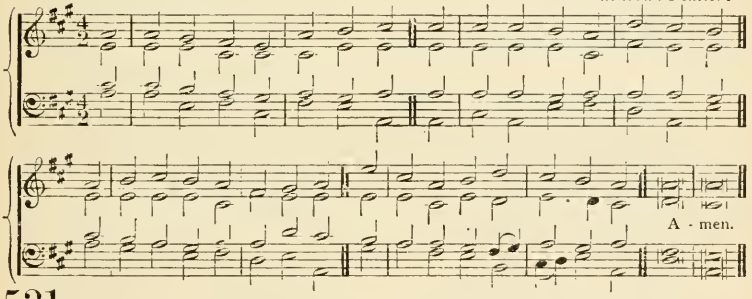
mf 4 We will to Thy house repair,
Worship, and Thy power declare:
Offerings on Thine altar lay;
All our vows devoutly pay.

dim 5 Fervently to Thee we cried;
We His goodness magnified:
cr Source of mercy, be Thou blest,
f Thou hast granted our request. Amen.

G. SANDYS.

OLD HUNDREDTH.

L. M. *Genevan Psalter.*



531

f ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth [tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

mf 2 The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

ff 3 O enter, then, His gates, with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

f 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
cr His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
Amen.

W. KETHE.

532

f BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

mf 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
p And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
cr He brought us to His fold again.

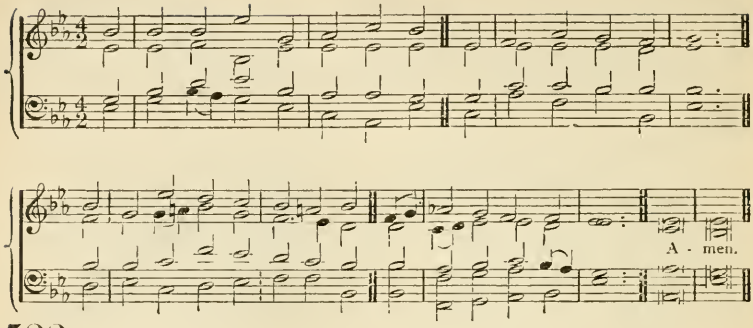
f 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

ff 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

f 5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
ff Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
Amen.

I. WATTS, altd. C. WESLEY.

GORDON. C.M. H. SMART.



533

f OUR God! our God! Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day:
To us Thy radiant steps appear,
We watch Thy glorious way.

mf 2 Thou tookest once our flesh; Thy face
Once on our darkness shone; [grace
cr Yet through each age new births of
Still make Thy glory known.

f 3 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord:
Not only with the father dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy Word.

mf 4 Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth He not still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

mp 5 Come, Holy Ghost! in us arise;
Be this Thy mighty hour!
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power!

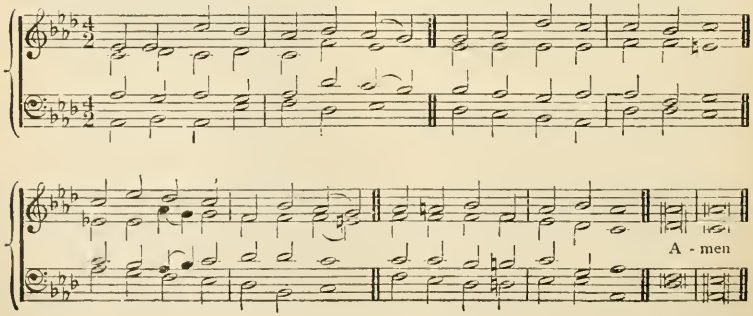
mp [6 Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell;
Again Thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell!]

cr 7 Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
On Thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our eternal King.

mf 8 He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears:
cr Come, King of grace, Thy people cry,
f And bring the glorious years. Amen.

T. H. GILL.

SPRINGFIELD. 7s. E. MINSHALL.



534

f TO Thy temple I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

f 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

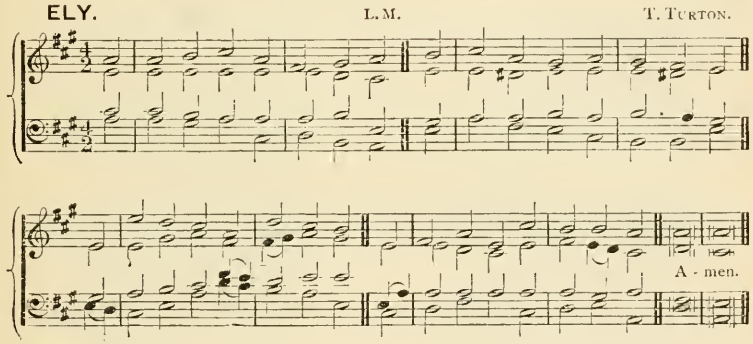
mf 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
p Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

mf 4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and Immortality.

mf 5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
p And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.



535

f O THOU, to Whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue ;

f 2 Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well ;

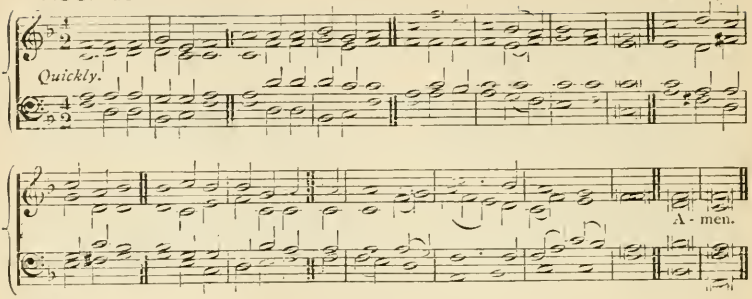
f 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

mf 4 To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee ;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

f 5 O Thou, to Whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung. Amen.

J. PIERPONT.

ASCALON. 6 6 8. 6 6 8. Crusader's Melody.



536

f HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,—
Come, let us seek our God to-day!
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

f 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

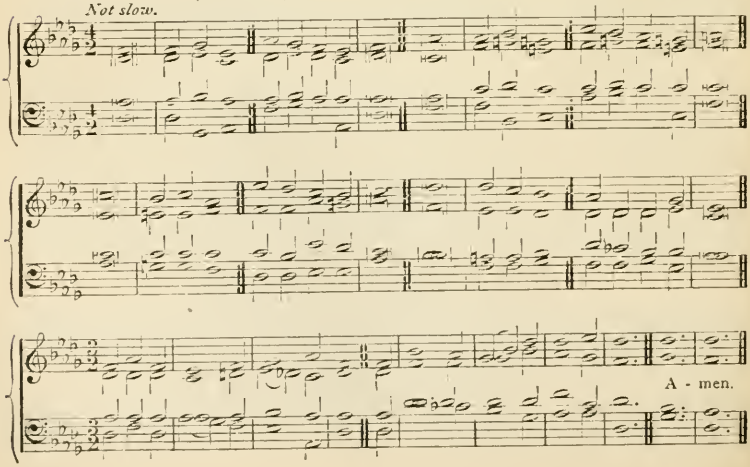
f 3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

mp 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
cr A thousand blessings on him rest.

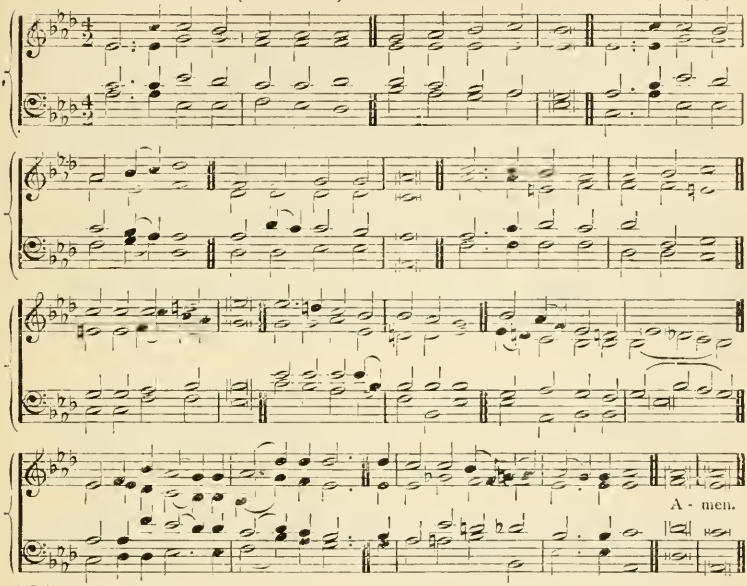
mp 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
cr And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
f My soul shall ever love thee well. Amen.

I. WATTS.

JAAZANIAH. (*1st Tune.*) 7 5.7 5.7 5.7 5.8 8. J. STAINER, Mus.Doc.



INTERCESSION. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 5.7 5.7 5.7 5.8 8. W. H. CALLCOTT.



537 [*When this Hymn is sung to the first Tune, the last line of each verse must be sung ff.*]

mf WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
p When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
cr Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

mf 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
p When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
mf When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
cr Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry.
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

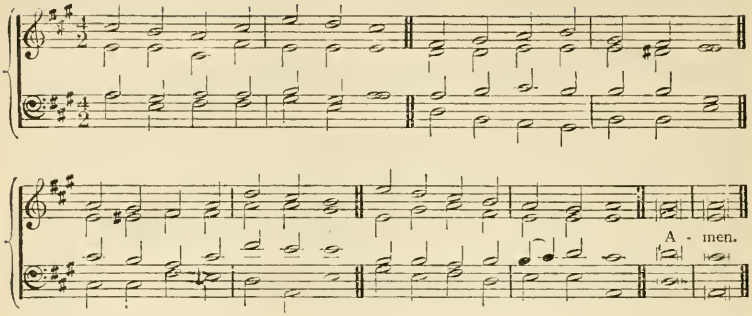
mf 3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
p When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
cr Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

mf [4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name:
cr Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.]

mp 5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth or maiden fair;
When the agèd, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
dim When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
cr Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

mp 6 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
dim When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh—
"Come, Lord Jesus, come:
cr Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry.
dim In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.
Amen. H. BONAR.

VIENNA. 7s. J. H. KNECHT.



538

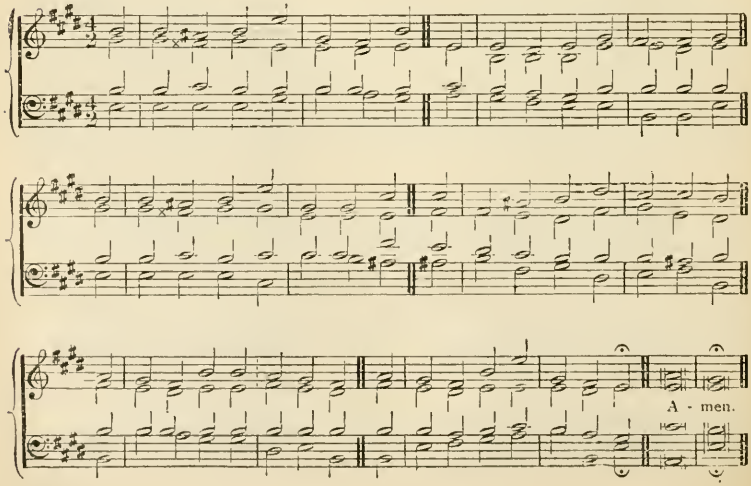
f PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.

cr 2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
ff Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

f 3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
p All that He for man hath done,
cr All He sends us through His Son:

f 4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
ff All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!
Amen. H. F. LYTE.

DURA. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



539

mf LO! God is here! Let us adore,
And own, how dreadful is this place!
p Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face! [prove,
cr Who know His power, His grace who
p Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

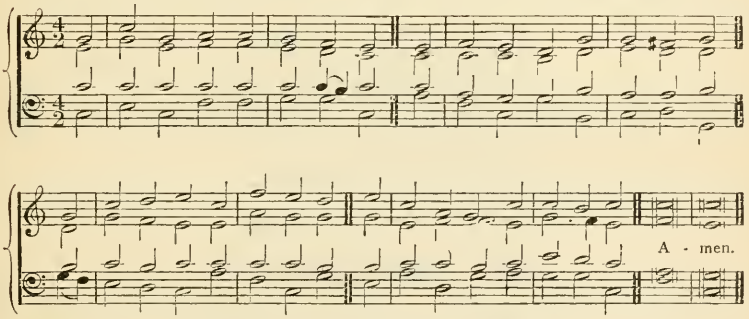
mf 2 Lo! God is here! Him day and night
cr The united quires of angels sing:
ff To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
dim Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue!

mf 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame for Thee alone:
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for Thine own!
f Thou art the God! Thou art the Lord!
Be Thou by all Thy works adored!

ff 4 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will!
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice! Amen.

G. TERSTEEGEN, tr. J. WESLEY

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch.*



540

f SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks [and sing:
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

p 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

f 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word: [shine!
Thy works of grace, how bright they
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

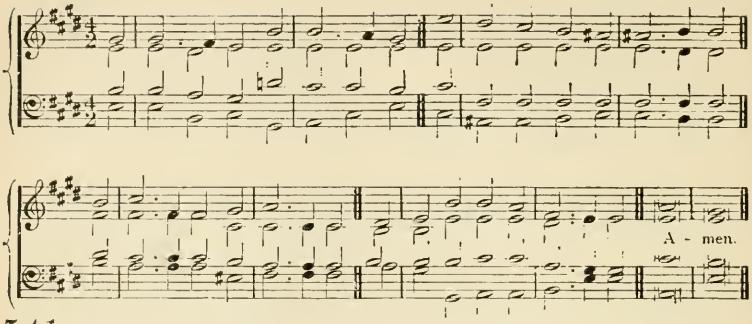
mf 4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
cr And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

mp 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

f 6 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

I. WATTS.

SEFTON. L. M. J. Baptiste Calkin.



541

f PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

p 2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

mf 3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
dim How happy they who rest in Thee!

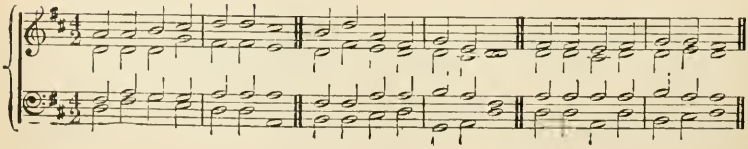
mf 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
cr Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

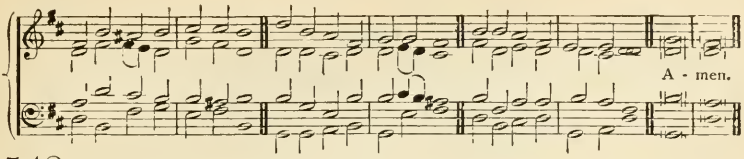
mf 5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
cr Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And Nature smiles, and owns her King.

p 6 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour:
The moral waste within restore:
cr O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

RATISBON. 7s., 6 lines. German.





542

f LORD of power, Lord of might!
God and Father of us all;
Lord of day, and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call:
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.

mf 2 Light, and love, and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good,
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

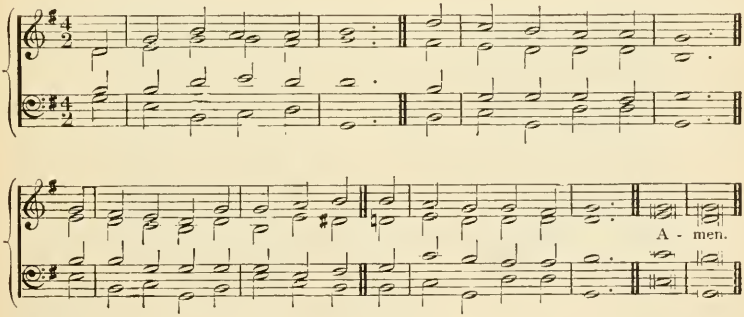
mf 3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy Name;
Bid us e'er the day departs
Spread afar our Maker's fame:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

mp 4 Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
dim And at last we sink to rest,
cr Fountain of Eternal love!
Call us to our home above. Amen.

G. THRING.

ST. MICHAEL.

S.M. DAY'S *Psalter.*



543

mf STAND up and bless the Lord
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

mf 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
p Who would not fear His holy name,
cr And laud and magnify?

mf 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
cr And wing to heaven our thought!

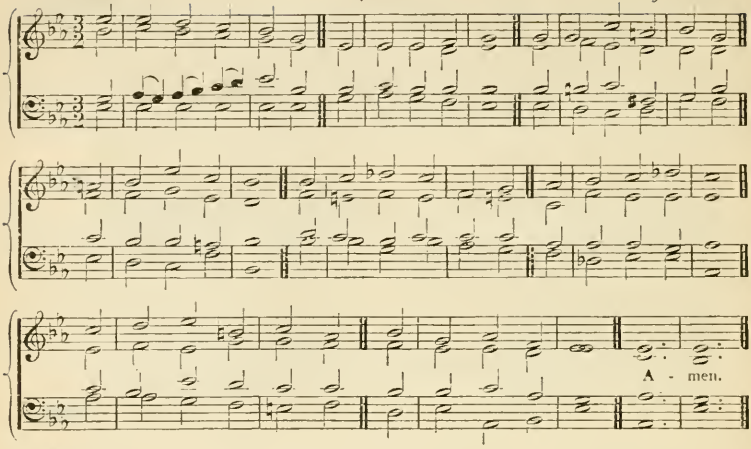
mf 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear:
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

f 5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

ff 6 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

HORNSEY. 6 5., 8 lines. J. Booth.



544

f WITH gladness we worship,
Rejoice as we sing;
Free hearts and free voices
How blessèd to bring.
The old, thankful story
Shall scale Thine abode,
Thou King of all glory,
Most bountiful God.

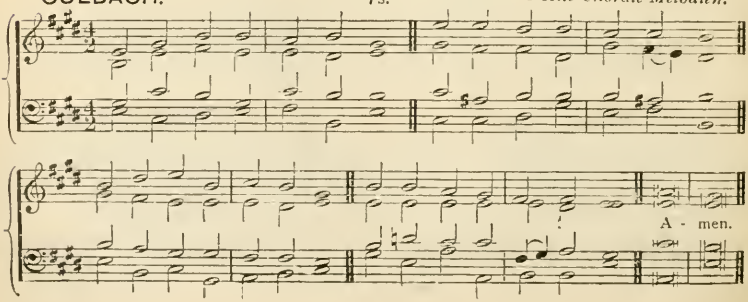
f 2 Thy right would we give Thee,
True homage Thy due,
And honour eternal
The universe through.
With all Thy creation,
Earth, heaven, and sea,
In one acclamation,
We celebrate Thee.

mf 3 Renewed by Thy Spirit,
Redeemed by Thy Son;
Thy children revere Thee,
For all Thou hast done.
O Father, returning
To love and to light.
Thy children are yearning
To praise Thee aright.

f 4 We join with the angels,
And so there is given
From earth, Hallelujah,
In answer to heaven.
Amen! Be Thou glorious
Below and above,
Redeeming, victorious,
And infinite love. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

CULBACH. 7s. Töpler's *Alte Chorale Melodien.*



545

f SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

f 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

mf 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
cr Songs of praise shall crown that day;
f God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

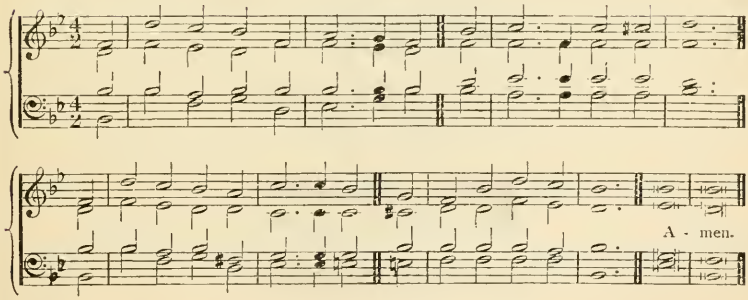
p 4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
cr No: the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

mf 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
cr Learning here, by faith and love,
f Songs of praise to sing above.

mf 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
cr Then, amidst ete nal joy,
f Songs of praise their powers employ. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

HOLY CROSS. C.M.



546

f SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

mf 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.

mp 3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim-throng;
cr Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church triumphant's song:—

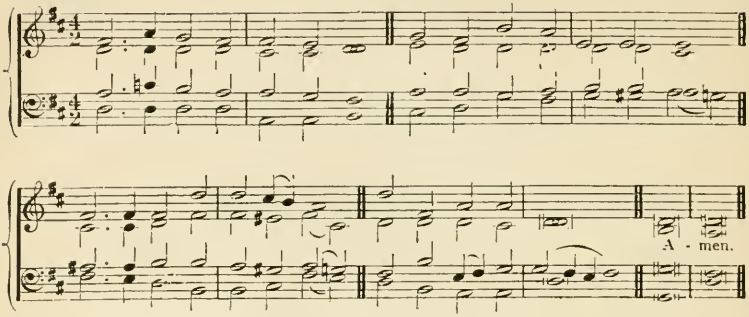
f 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

f 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

f 6 Then, Hallelujah! power and praise
To God, in Christ, be given;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain in Heaven. Amen

J. MONTGOMERY.

HORTON. 777.5. E. MINSHALL.



547

mf GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place
p Hear, forgive, and save.

mf 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
p Look from heaven and save.

mf 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill;
p Lord, accept and save.

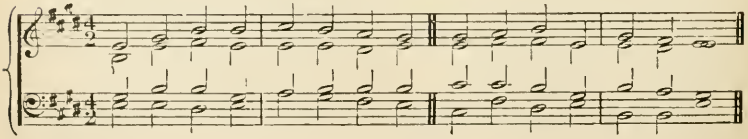
p 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
pp Lord, forgive and save.

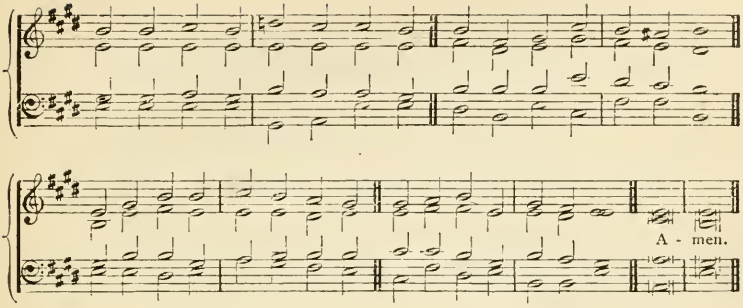
p 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
cr May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save.

mf 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
cr From our burden set us free:
p Hear, forgive, and save. Amen.

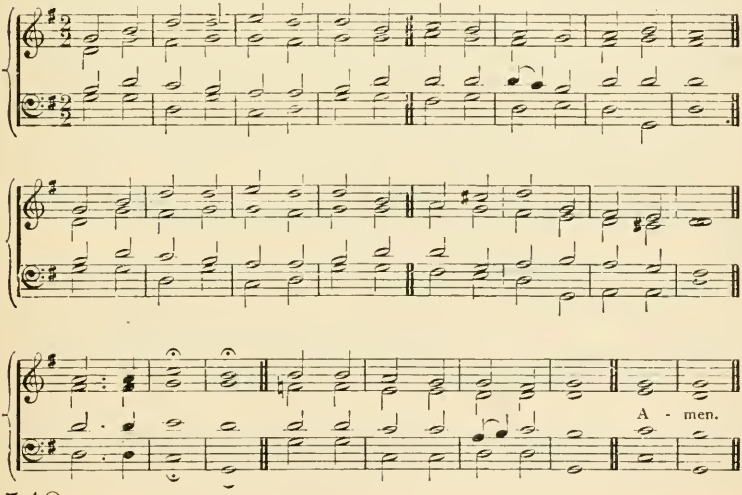
ELIZA F. MORRIS.

MANNHEIM. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87.47. F. FILITZ.





OLIVET. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. 4 7. G. HIRST.



548

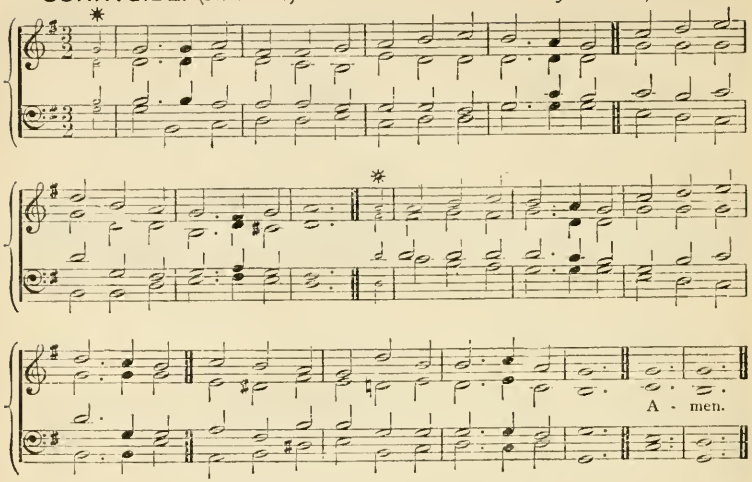
mf IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
p Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

mf 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
cr Cheered by hope, and daily strength-
May we run, nor weary be, [ened,
f Till Thy glory,
Without clouds in heaven we see.

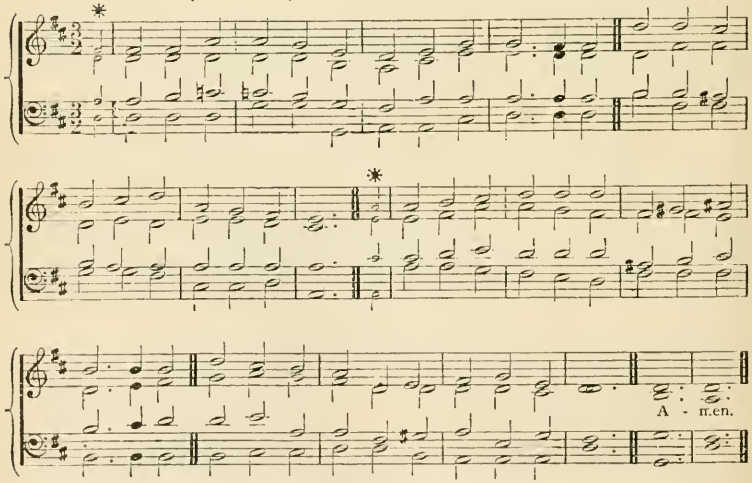
f 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far, than thought conceived before;
ff Full enjoyment;
Full, unmixed and evermore. Amen.

T. KELLY.

SUNNYSIDE. (*1st Tune.*) 12 10. 12 10. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.



EAST HILL. (*2nd Tune.*) 12 10. 12 10. J. Bowcher.



(* Small notes for 1st and 5th verses.)

549

f O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name.

mp 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

mf 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

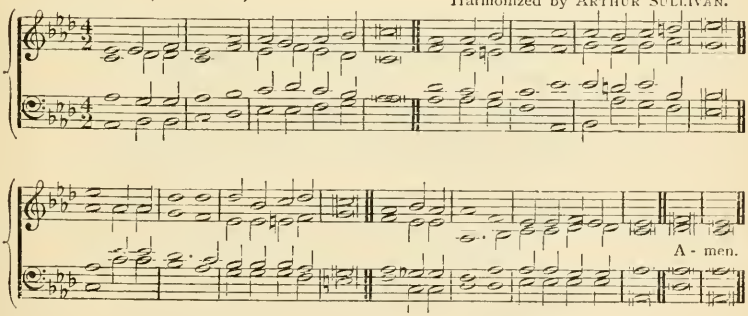
mp 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
cr Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

f 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him the Lord is His Name. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

4.—*THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.*

ELLERS. (*1st Tune.*) 10 10. 10. 10. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.
Harmonized by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



550

f SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
p Then lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

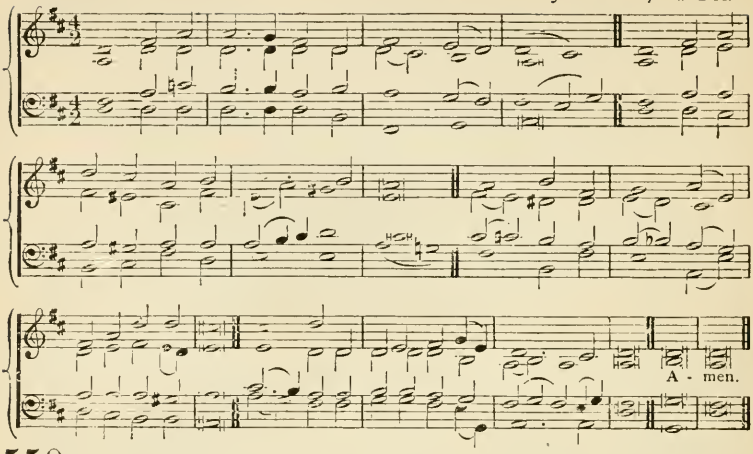
mp 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
cr With Thee begun, with Thee shall end, the day;
mf Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

mp 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
cr Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
mf From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

mp 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
mf Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
pp Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

PAX DEI. 10 10.10 10. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



550

f SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
p Then lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

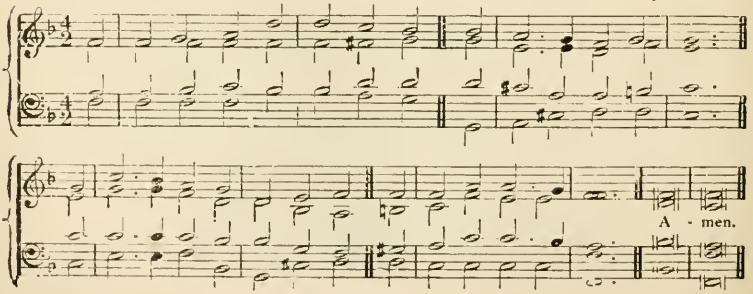
mp 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
cr With Thee begun, with Thee shall end, the day;
mf Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

mp 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
cr Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
mf From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

mp 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
mf Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
pp Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

NORTHREPPS. C.M. J. BOOTH.



551

mp THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

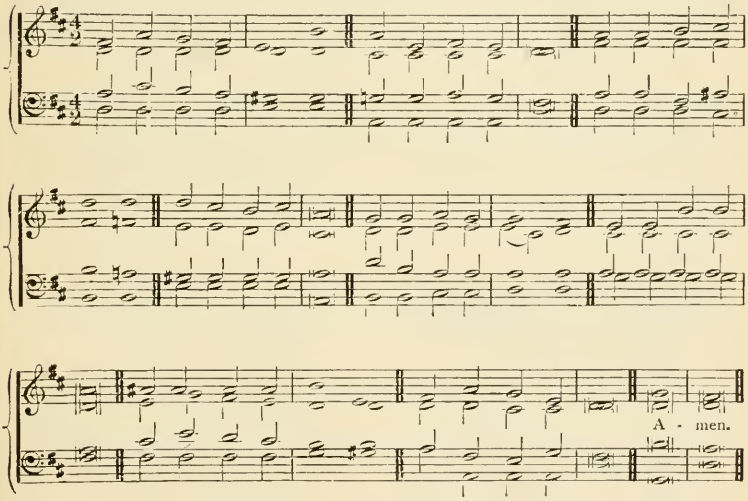
mp 2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

mp 3 The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

mp 4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

VESPERS. 6 5., 8 lines. H. A. PROTHERO.



552

f ON our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be:
If our sky be clouded,
Clouds are not from Thee.

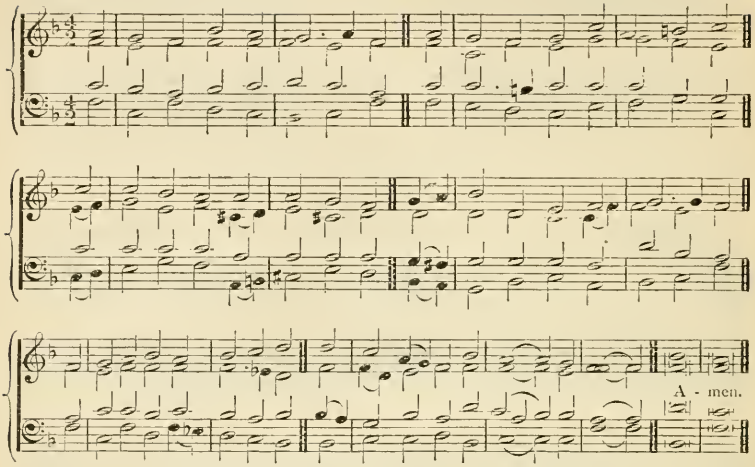
mf 2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing all we can,
Thou Who givest the seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
mp Fill the heart with peace.

f 3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
Victor is the Leader!
Vanquished is the foe!
Christ without—our safety!
Christ within—our joy!
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

f 4 Unto God the Father!
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour!
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit!
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Ever, evermore! Amen.

I. S. B. MONSELL.

ST. MATTHIAS. L.M., with Refrain. W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.



553

mf SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
cr And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
f Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr O gentle Jesus, be our light.

p [2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
f Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr O gentle Jesus, be our light.]

mp 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
f Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr O gentle Jesus, be our light.

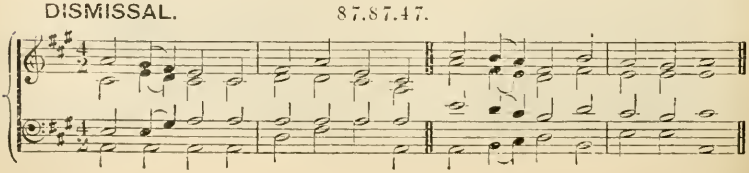
f 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty;
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr O gentle Jesus, be our light.

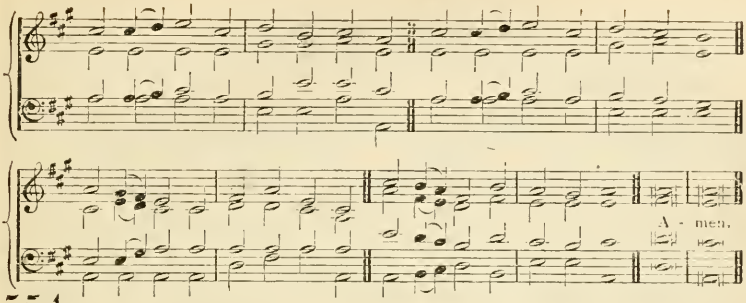
mf 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
p Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
f Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr O gentle Jesus, be our light.

p 6 For all we love—the poor, the sad,
The sinful—unto Thee we call;
cr O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
f Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen

F. W. FABER.

DISMISSAL. 87.87.47.





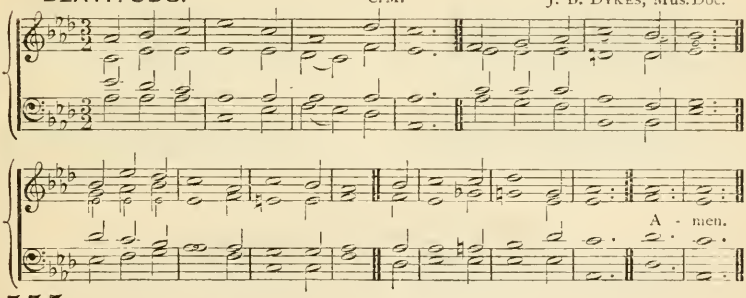
554

mf LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
cr O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness

f 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

p 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
cr Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey.
f May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.
Amen. J. FAWCETT.

BEATITUDO. C.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



555

mf AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

mf 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

mf 3 For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

mp 4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine.

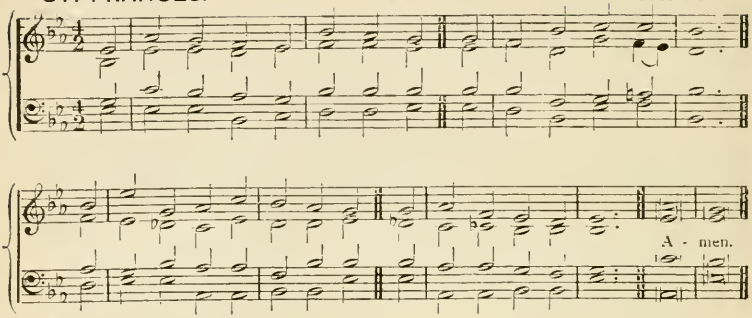
mf 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

mp 6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say—(*f*) A perfect God is He
And He is fully ours.

f 7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee
While endless ages run. Amen.
W. BRIGHT.

5.—PRAYER MEETINGS.

ST. FRANCES. C.M. G. A. LOHR.



556

mf BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space,
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

mf 2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

mf 3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

f 4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

mf 5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

mf 6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught
Itself with work be one. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

557

mp LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

mp 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

mp 3 God of all grace, we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

p [4 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
cr A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;]

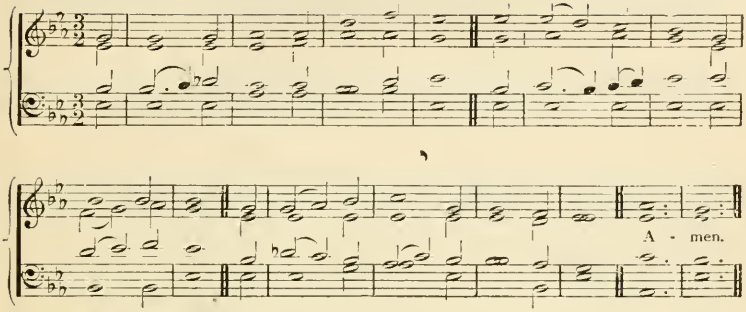
mp 5 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
cr To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;

mp [6 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
cr Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay;]

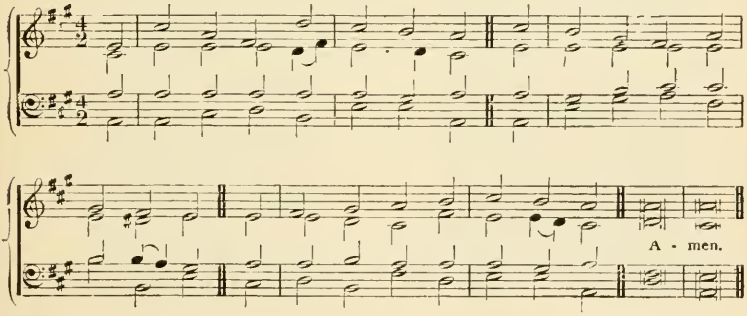
mf 7 Give these,—and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
cr We by Thy Spirit, and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ST. AIDAN. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8 8. F. N. GREV.



DELHI. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8 8. E. F. RIMBAULT.



558

mf O LORD, it is a blessèd thing
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering :—

mp 2 And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day :—

f 3 And night by night for evermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.

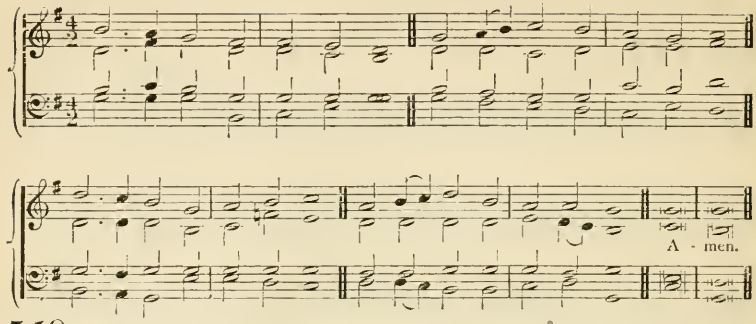
mp 4 O Jesu, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
cr With strength renewed and armour bright.

mp 5 And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
cr Oh, then be Thou our Light once more.

mf 6 Light of the world ! with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide
At morn, and noon, and eventide. Amen

W. W. HOW.

NEW CALABAR. 7s. J. D. FARRER.



559

mf COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray:
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.

mf 2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

mp 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

mp 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

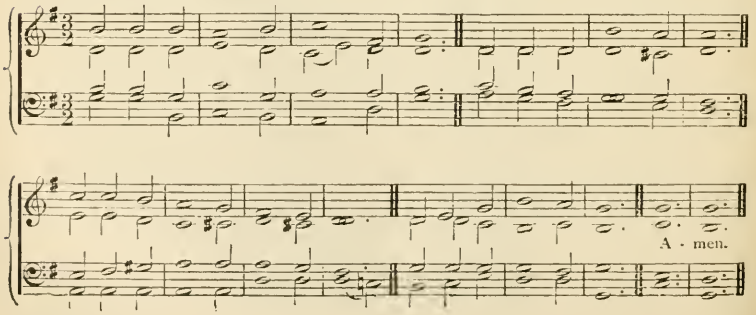
mf [5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

mp 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.]

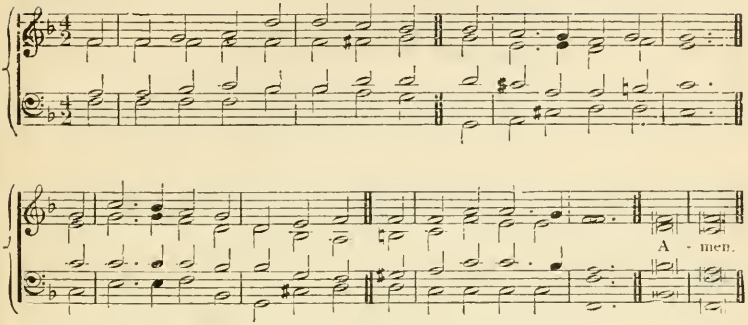
mf 7 Show me what I have to do;
cr Every hour my strength renew;
f Let me live a life of faith;
dim Let me die Thy people's death. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

ST. AGNES. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



NORTHREPPS. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. J. Booth.



560

mp SHEPHERD Divine, our wants re-
In this our evil day; [lieve,
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

mp 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
cr O let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer!

mp 3 Thy Spirit's interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
cr To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden Name.

f 4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
"I will not let Thee go."

f 5 "I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me;
cr With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee."

f 6 Then let me, on the mountain top,
Behold Thine open face,
cr Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

561

mf APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

mp 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
dim And such, O Lord, am I.

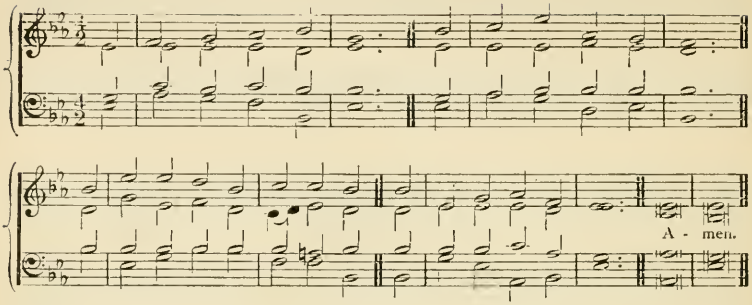
p 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

mp 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side
cr I may my fierce accuser face,
f And tell him, Thou hast died.

mf 5 O wondrous love to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name! Amen.

J. NEWTON

FRANCONIA. S. M. German.



562

mf BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

mf 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

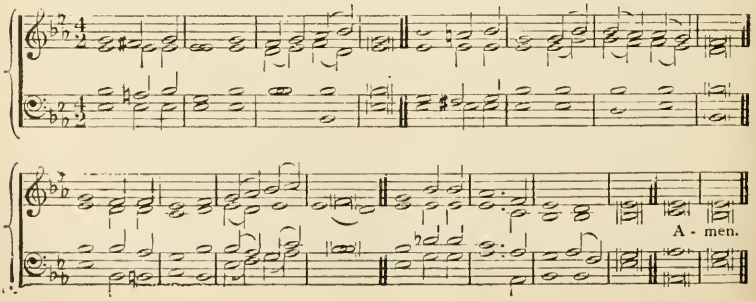
mp 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

mf 4 Beyond thine utmost wants,
His love and power can bless:
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.

mf 5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love:
cr I ask to serve Thee here below,
f And reign with Thee above. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

HOLLEY. L. M. G. Hews.



563

mp LORD, let me pray; I know not how,
Nor what to pray for—Thou must show:
The darkest, feeblest, need the most
The "praying in the Holy Ghost."

mp 2 What can man do, himself alone,
Beyond a faithless, useless moan?
Helper of man's infirmity,
O God the Spirit! help Thou me.

mf 3 Descend, O purity Divine,
And stoop to sins and wants like mine;
Humble Thyself to all my need,
And in me, for me, with me plead.

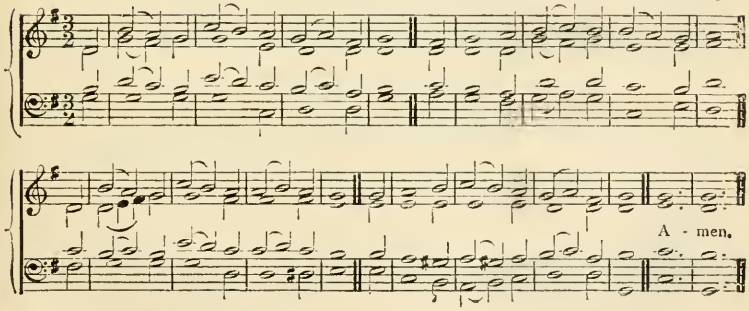
mf 4 Spirit of Holiness! control,
Dilate, inspire, pervade my soul:
Make it a harp, from whose poor strings
Thy hand the suppliant music brings.

f 5 Make it a voice for heavenly thought
Spirit of power! by Thee inwrought;
dim Thou tender Spirit! breathe in me
The tenderness of Deity.

mf 6 Then God will hear; He knows right well
The holy mind: Thy groanings tell
cr All interceding might is there;
Spirit of God! pray Thou the prayer. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

ST. LUKE. L. M. Latin Melody.



564

mf JESUS, our best belovèd Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend;
Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.

mf 2 On Thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all;
Let each Thy full salvation see.

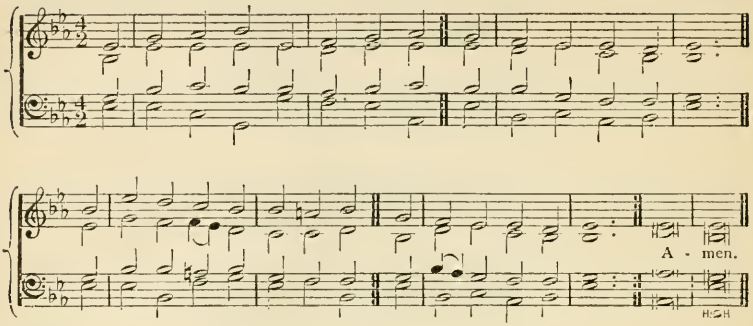
mf 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands:
O take our hearts; our hearts are Thine;
Accept the service of our hands.

f 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessèd will obey;
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

mp 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place
In heaven, at Thy right hand, prepare;
cr And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

DUNDEE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*



565

mp LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

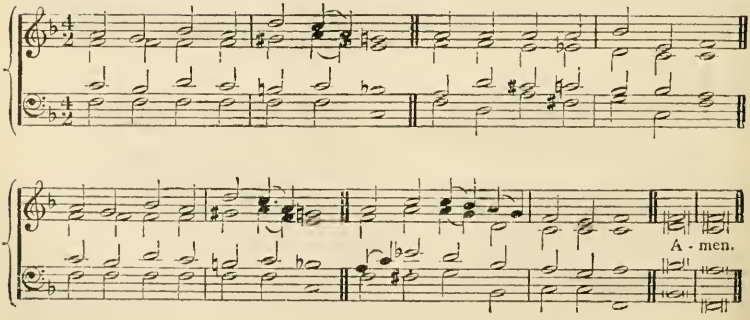
mp 2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
cr Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

mf 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share,
That is not wholly Thine.

mp 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
mf And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies. Amen.

J. D. CARLYLE.

WEBER. 7s. From WEBER.



566

mp LORD, we come before Thee now;
At Thy feet we humbly bow:
O do not our suit disdain:
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

mp 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace:
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

mp 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee: here we stay:
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

mf 4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
cr Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

p 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
cr Those that are cast down lift up;
f Make them strong in faith and hope.

mf 6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee, a God supremely kind:
cr Heal the sick; the captive free:
f Let us all rejoice in Thee. Amen.

W. HAMMOND, *v.* 3, *l.* 3; *v.* 5, *l.* 4; *v.* 6, *l.* 2 altd.

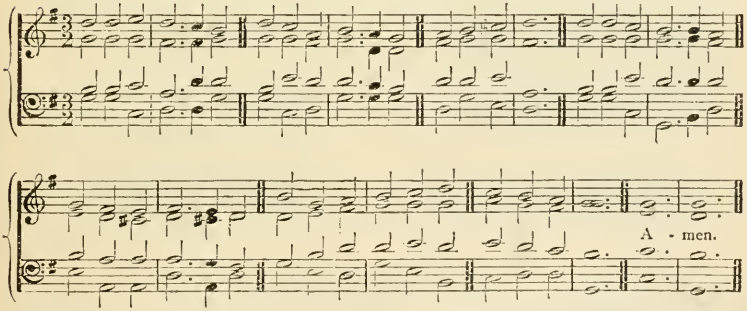
[See also Section VII. 7, 8, 11, 13, 18.]

X.

Christian Missions.

I.—*THEIR NECESSITY.*

PHILIPPI. 6 6 4.6 6 6 4. J. G. EBELING.



567

f CHRIST for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
mf The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

f 2 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
mp The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

f 3 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the Cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

f 4 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong. Amen.

S. WOLCOTT.

LUX EOI. 87.87. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

A - men.

568

mf SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be,
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;
cr Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

mf 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
dim Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

mf 3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
cr Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
f Till on earth by every creature
ff Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.

A. C. COXE.

For Sunday Schools.

569 THE GOOD FIGHT.

P.M. J. BARNBY.

CHORUS (*After each verse*).

f

1. March on, march on, ye sol - diers true, In the cross of Christ con -

♩=48. *Gt. to 15th, with Sw. coup.*

ff

- fid - ing, For the field is set, and the hosts are met, And the

Sw. *Gt.*

All verses except last. *Last verse only.*

Lord His own is guid-ing, The Lord His own is guid - ing. guid - ing. A - men.

The Lord

Add Mixtures.

SECOND VERSE.

mf

2. Thro' the earth's wide round, we the tid - ings sound Of the

Reduced to 15th.

Lord Who came from hea - ven; Of the migh - ty hope, that with death can cope,

Sw.

Repeat Chorus.

f

And the love so free - ly giv - en, The love so free - ly giv - en.

Gt.

THIRD VERSE.

f

3. We march to fight with the powers of night That hold the world in

Reduced to 15th.

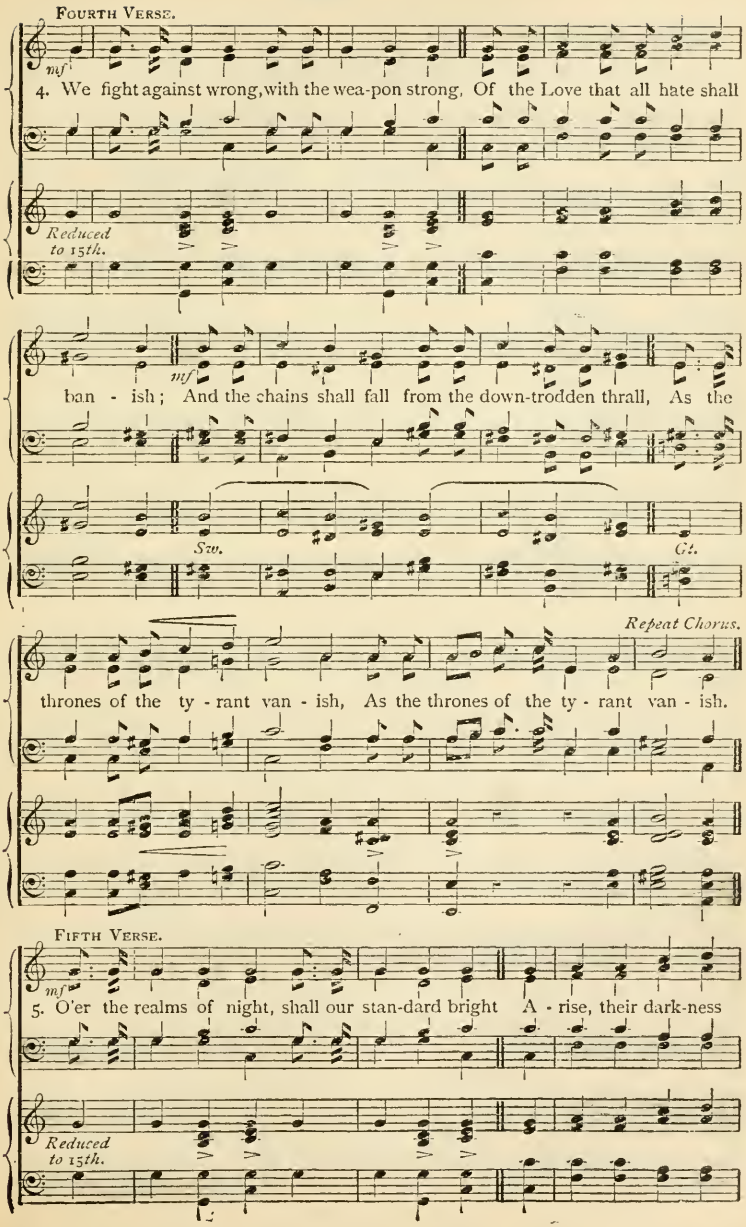
dim *cr*

sor - row; And the bro - ken heart shall be healed of its smart, And a -

Sw. *Gt.*

Repeat Chorus.

- rise to a joy - ful mor - row, And a - rise to a joy - ful mor - row.


Fourth Verse.
mf
4. We fight against wrong, with the wea-pon strong, Of the Love that all hate shall
Reduced to 15th.
mf
ban - ish; And the chains shall fall from the down-trodden thrall, As the
Sw.
Gt.
Repeat Chorus.
thrones of the ty - rant van - ish, As the thrones of the ty - rant van - ish.
Fifth Verse.
mf
5. O'er the realms of night, shall our stan-dard bright A - rise, their dark-ness
Reduced to 15th.

cr

clear - ing; And the souls that were dead to the Lord Who bled, Shall re -

Sw. *Gt.*

Repeat Chorus.

- vive at His glad ap - pear - ing, Re - vive at His glad ap - pear - ing.

SIXTH VERSE.

mf

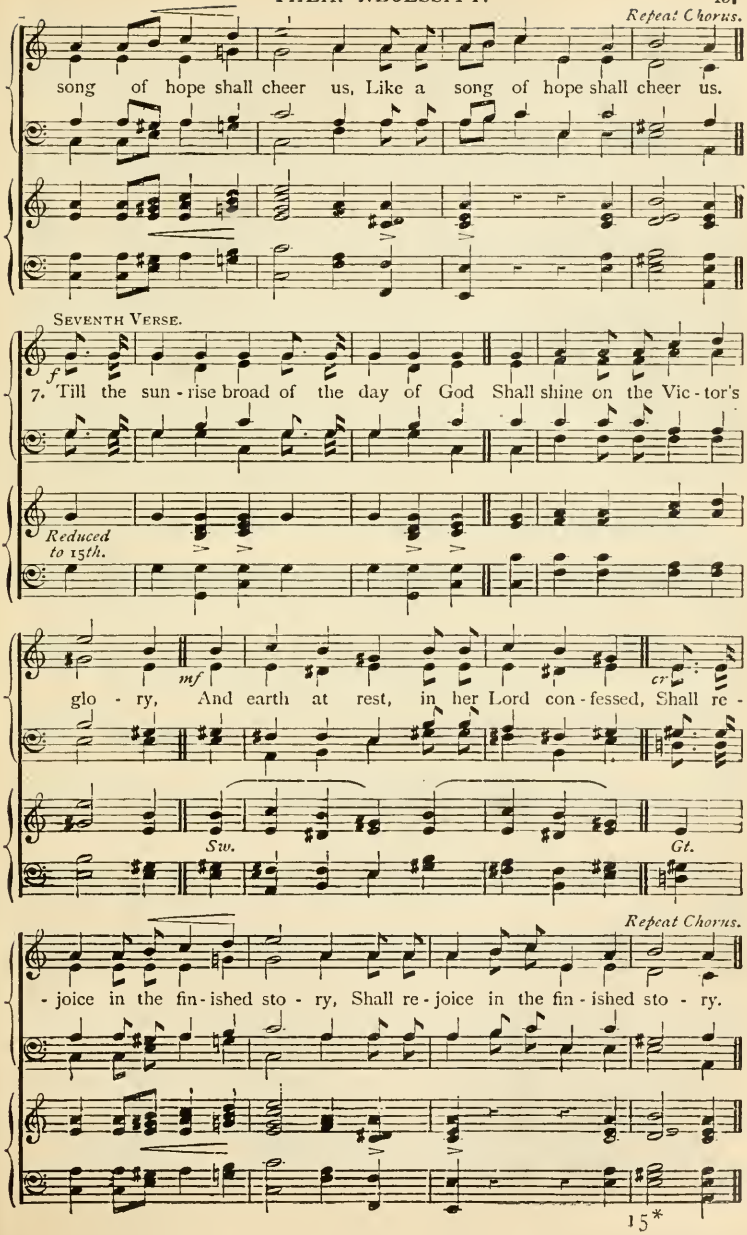
6. Long, long is the fight, but the God of light Is ev - er watch - ing

Reduced to 15th.

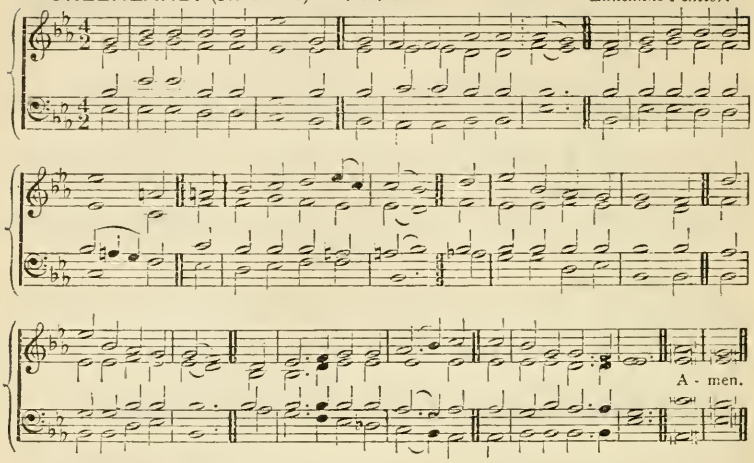
cr

near us; And prayers that rise to the list - 'ning skies Like a

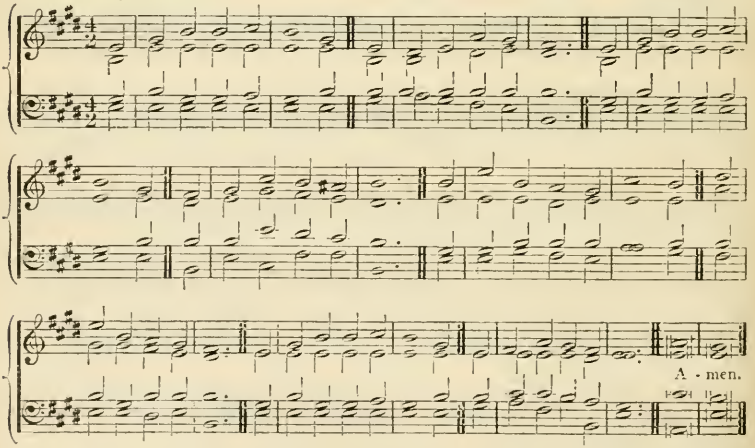
Sw. *Gt.*


Repeat Chorus.
song of hope shall cheer us, Like a song of hope shall cheer us.
SEVENTH VERSE.
f
7. Till the sun - rise broad of the day of God Shall shine on the Vic - tor's
Reduced to 15th.
mf
cr.
glo - ry, And earth at rest, in her Lord con - fessed, Shall re -
Sw.
Gt.
Repeat Chorus.
- joice in the fin - ished sto - ry, Shall re - joice in the fin - ished sto - ry.

GREENLAND. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. *Lausanne Psalter.*



MISSIONARY. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. L. Mason.



570

mf FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

mf 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
mp In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
dim The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

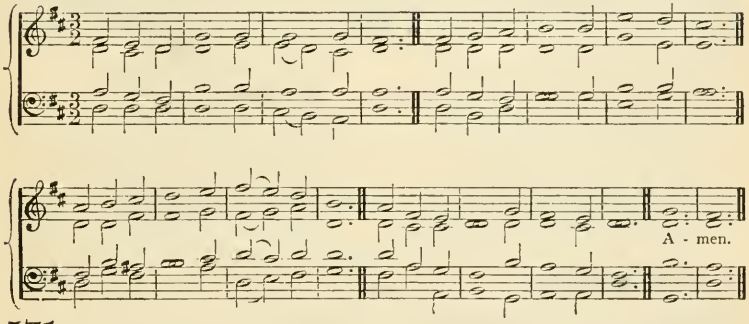
mf 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

f 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
cr Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
ff Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign. Amen.

R. HEBER.

2.—PRAYER FOR THEIR SUCCESS.

OMBERSLEY. L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



571

mf O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod
Descend on our apostate race.

f 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give peace and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

mp 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
cr Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

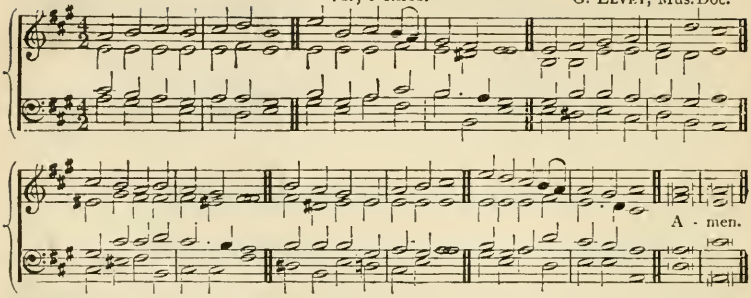
mp 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

mf 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record:
f The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

mf 6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see:
cr So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through Thee. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ELIJAH. 7s., 6 lines. G. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.



572

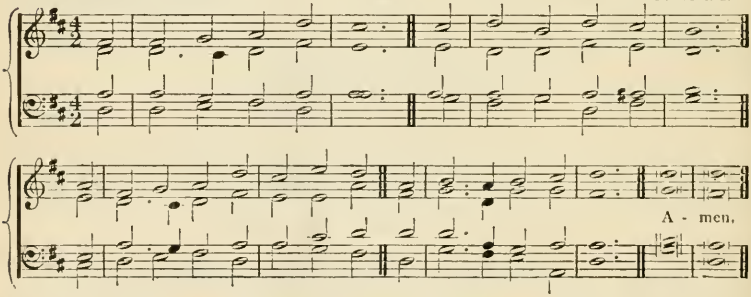
mf GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face.
cr Shine upon us, Saviour, shine!
Fill Thy Church with life divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

f 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tributes pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

f 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

KIRK BRADDAN. S.M. G. LOMAS.



573

f COME! kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

mf 2 Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign;
cr Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

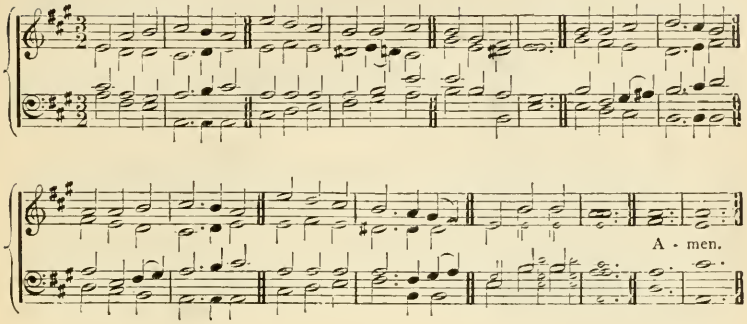
mf 3 Come! kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth Thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

mf 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from Life's glad tree
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

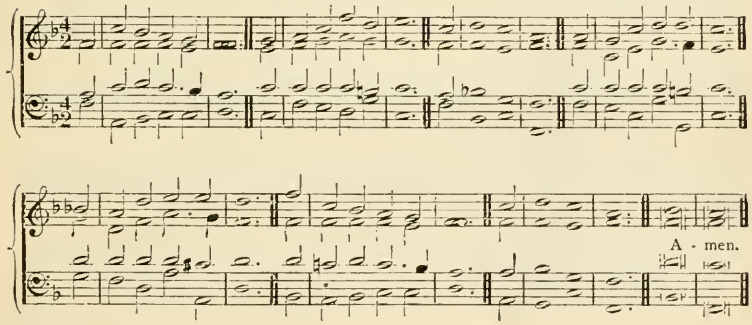
f 5 Come! kingdom of our God,
And raise Thy glorious throne
cr In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless His own. Amen.

J. JOYNS.

FIAT LUX. (*1st Tune.*) 6 6 4.6 6 6 4 J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



ST. AUSTIN. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 6 4.6 6 6 4. F. A. G. OUSELEY, Mus.Doc.



574

mf THOU, Whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
cr And took their flight,
p Hear us, we humbly pray;
cr And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
ff Let there be light.

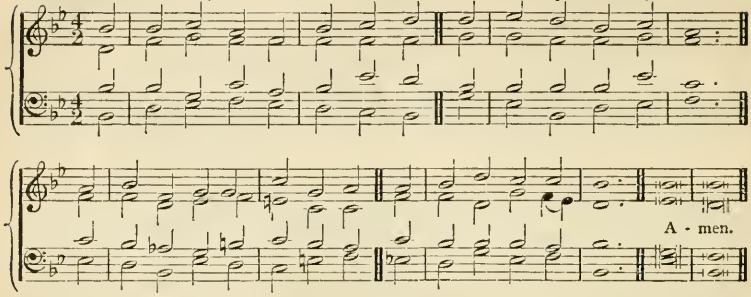
mf 2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing,
cr Healing and sight,
p Health to the sick in mind,
cr Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind,
ff Let there be light.

mf 3 Spirit of truth and love,—
Life-giving, Holy Dove,—
cr Speed forth Thy flight;
p Move on the waters' face,
cr Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
ff Let there be light.

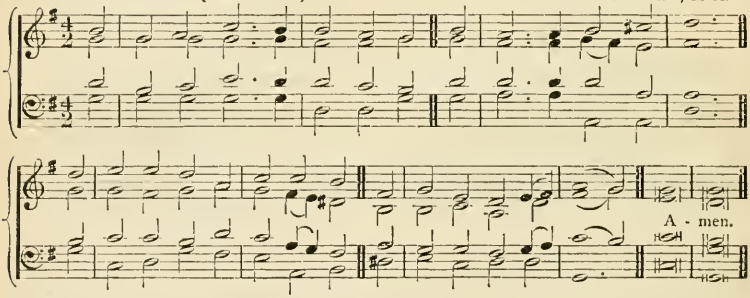
f 4 Holy and blessèd Three!
Glorious Trinity!
cr Wisdom! Love! Might!
ff Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
ff Let there be light. Amen.

J. MARRIOTT.

EDINBURGH. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



WOODOAKS. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. W. F. HURNDALL, M.A.



575

mf LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away.

mf 2 Come, blessèd Lord! bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

mf 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
f Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

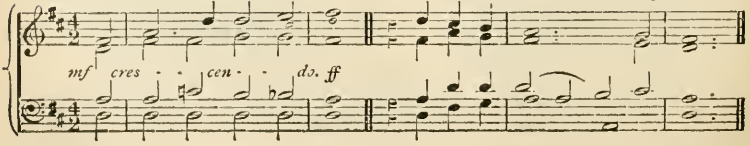
mp 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
cr In unison with all our hearts,
f And calls aloud for Thee.

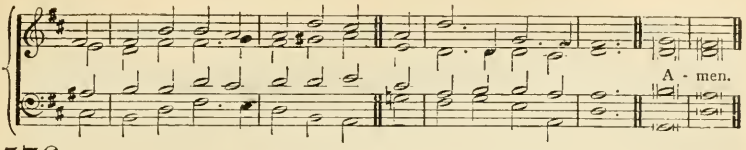
mf 5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

mf 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
cr Be Thine the crown of glory now,
f The palm of victory Thine. Amen.

E. DENNY.

WARDLAW. S.M. J. BOOTH.





576

f O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessèd reign.

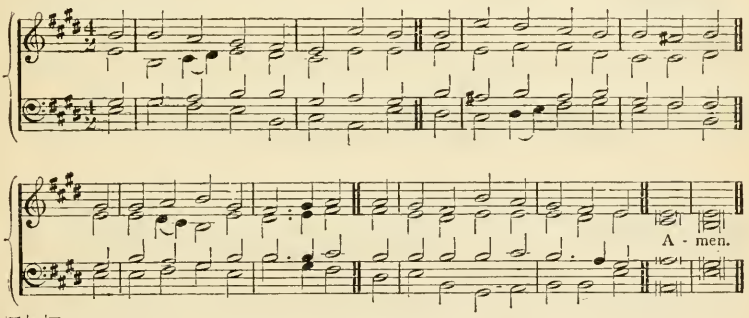
f 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

mf 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

f 4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring. Amen.

R. WARDLAW.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



577

mf ALMIGHTY God, Whose only Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;

mp 2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err or go astray,
For sinners, whereso'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

mp 3 There are who never yet have heard,
The tidings of Thy blessèd word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or hell;

mp [4 And some within Thy sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife:

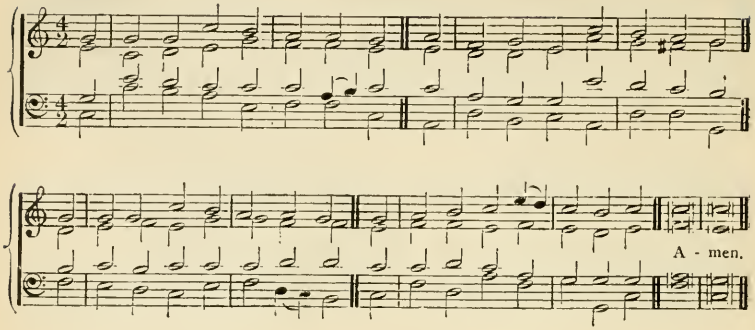
mp 5 And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.]

mf 6 O give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,
cr And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.

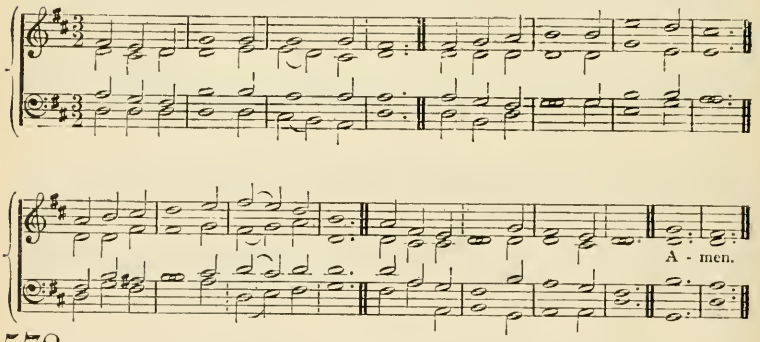
f 7 That so from angel-hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

MAINZER. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. J. MAINZER, Mus.Doc.



OMBERSLEY. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



578

mf JESUS, Thy Church with longing eyes
For Thy expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
cr And glory beam from Zion's gates?

mf 2 Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recal,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

mp 3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy Gospel with success.

mf 4 O come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world!

mf 5 Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear!
The smitten earth already reels;
cr And not far off we seem to hear
f The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.

mp 6 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour;
cr And fit us by Thy grace to share
f The triumphs of Thy conquering power.
Amen. W. H. BATHURST.

579 3.—ANTICIPATION OF THEIR FINAL SUCCESS.

f JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

mf 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

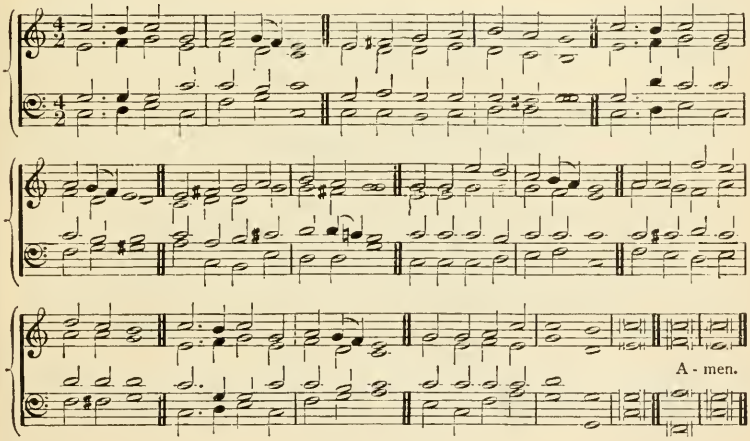
f 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
mp And infant voices shall proclaim
cr Their early blessings on His name.

f 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
dim The weary find eternal rest,
cr And all the sons of want are blest.

f 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
ff Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

I. WATTS, *v.* 2, *l.* 2 altd.

THANKSGIVING. 7*s.*, 8 lines W. B. GILBERT.



580

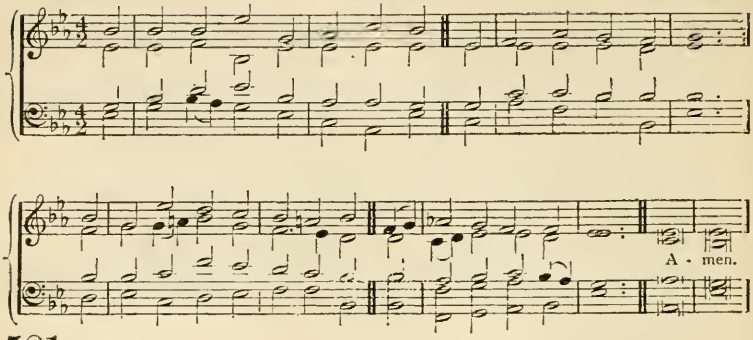
f HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore:
"Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
cr Hallelujah!" let the word
ff Echo round the earth and main.

f 2 "Hallelujah!" Hark the sound
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled, [done,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis
cr And the kingdoms of this world
ff Are the kingdoms of His Son.

f 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
cr "Hallelujah!" Christ in God,
ff God in Christ is All in all! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

GORDON. C.M. H. SMART.



581

f BEHOLD! the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days day shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

f 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

f 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King Who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

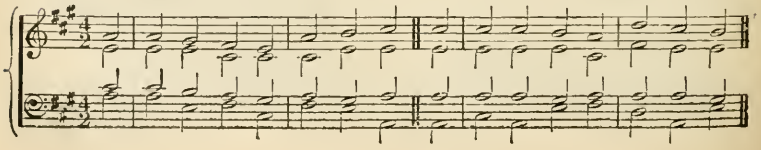
mp 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

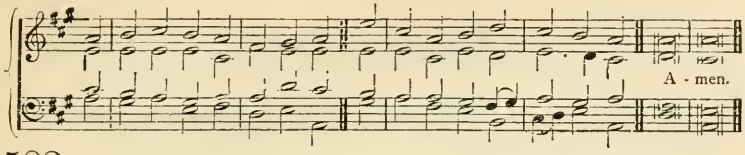
mf 5 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

mf 6 Come, then! O, come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
cr And, walking in the Light of God,
With holy beauties shine. Amen.

M. BRUCE.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. *Genevan Psalter.*





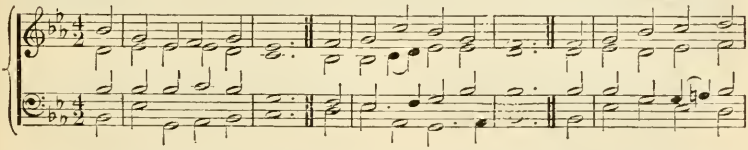
582

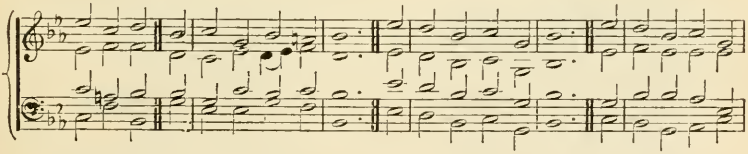
f FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

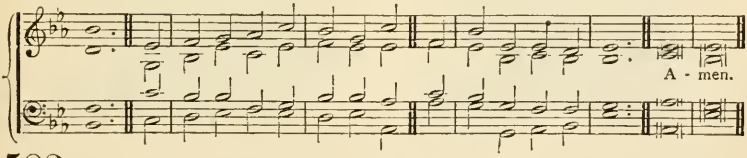
f 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
ff Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

I. WATTS.

BONAR. S.M.D. C. STEGGALL, Mus.Doc.







583

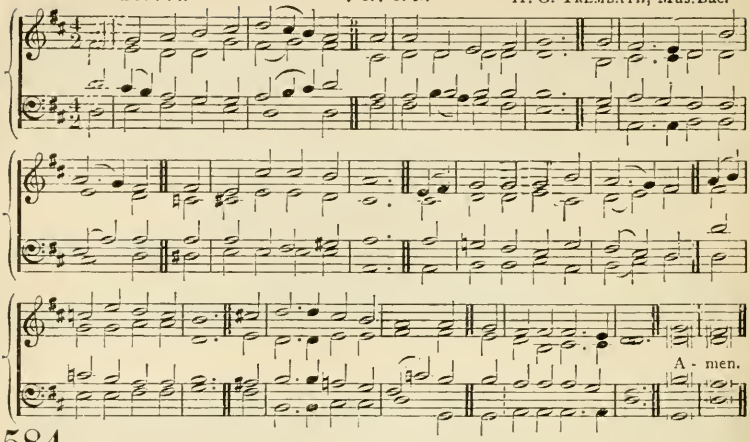
mf FATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfilled
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God Incarnate sealed:
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
cr And saw the wonders of Thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame;

mp 2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord:
The full accomplishment attend
Of Thy prophetic word.
Thy promise deeper lies,
In unexhausted grace;
cr And new-discovered worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

mf 3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
By Him redeemed of old,
All nations must come in and make
One undivided fold;
cr While gathered in by Thee,
And perfected in one,
f They all at once Thy glory see,
In Thine eternal Son. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ISLEWORTH. 7 6.7 6. D. H. G. TREMBATH, Mus.Bac.



584

mf AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
The garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

mf 2 From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from every sin;
dim With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
p Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious Name.

f 3 Jerusalem victorious
In triumph o'er her foes;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close.
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around thine open door,
While hell and Satan tremble,
And earth and heaven adore.

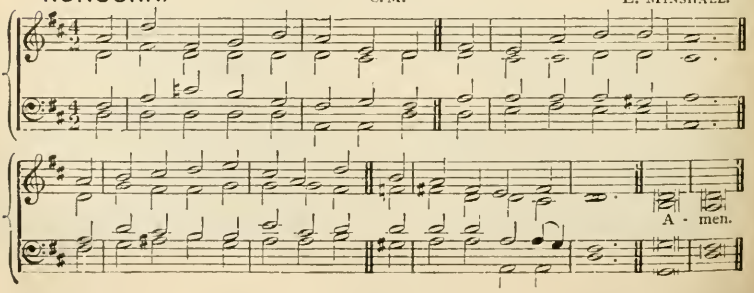
mf 4 The Lamb Who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No Sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign.
f To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone;
Oh world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne!

mf 5 Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh;
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
dim Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
cr Fair bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord. Amen.

B. GOUGH.

4.—*MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.*

RUNCORN. C. M. E. MINSHALL.



585

f WAKE, harp of Sion, wake again,
Upon thine ancient hill,
On Jordan's long deserted plain,
By Kedron's lowly rill.

2 The hymn shall yet in Sion swell,
That sounds Messiah's praise,
And Thy loved Name, Emmanuel,
As once in ancient days.

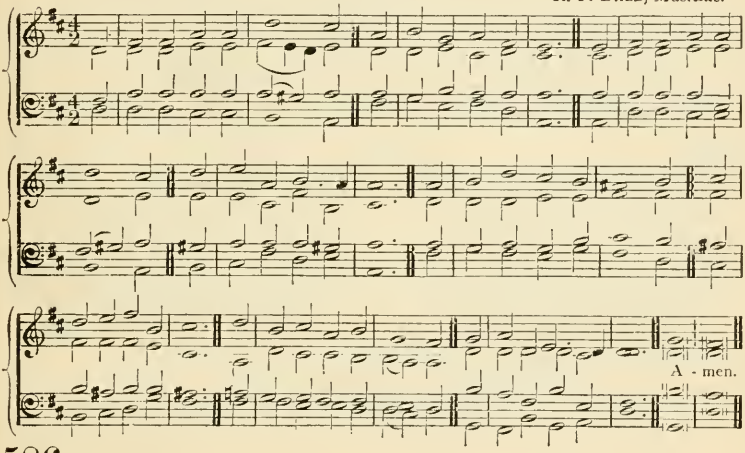
3 For Israel yet shall own her King,
For her salvation waits,
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,
With praise in all her gates.

mf 4 O hasten, Lord, these promised days,
When Israel shall rejoice;
cr And Jew and Gentile join in praise,
With one united voice! Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

5.—*COLONIAL MISSIONS.*

ST. CATHERINE. 7 6. 7 6. D. R. F. DALE, Mus.Bac.



586

mf FAR off our brethren's voices
Are borne from distant lands,
Far off our Father's children
Reach out their waiting hands.
"Give us," they cry, "our portion;
Co-heirs of grace divine!
Give us the Word of promise,
On us let glory shine."

mf 2 Yea, though the world of waters
Between us ever rolls,
No ocean wastes may sever
The brotherhood of souls;
Far from us, they are of us;
No bound of all the earth
May part the sons and daughters
Who share the second birth.

mf [3 One standard floats above us;
One old historic throne,
In nearness or in distance,
One loyal faith we own;
cr So in the things eternal
Adore we at one shrine,
And with the nation's banner
Rear we the Church's sign.

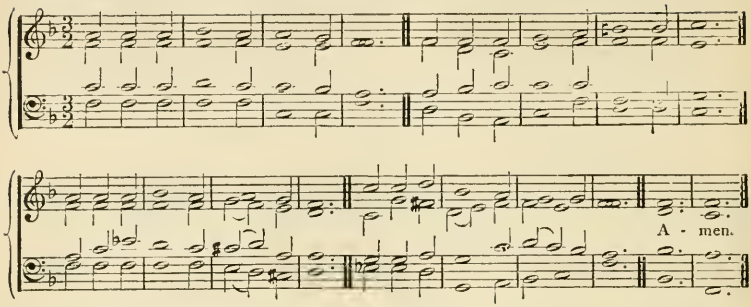
mf 4 In happiest homely commune,
When sweetest songs are sang,
Awakes those alien echoes
One sacred mother-tongue.
cr Then let us praise together!
Together let us pray,
And go together homeward
Upon the ancient way.]

f 5 Together, heavenward, homeward;
For ever in our view
One spiritual city—
Jerusalem the New;
For ever drawing nearer
To One beloved, adored,
The Crucified Who bought us,
The crowned Incarnate Lord.

mp 6 Lord God! Eternal Father!
Send down the Holy Dove,
For His dear sake Who loved us,
To quicken us in love.
cr Bless us with His compassion,
That we, or ere we rest,
May work to bless our brethren,
f And, blessing, be more blessed.
Amen. S. J. STONE, *v.* 1, *ll.* 2, 8 altd.

6.—HOME MISSIONS.

ST. ALBAN. L.M.



587

mp LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of merey and of might;
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.

mp 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

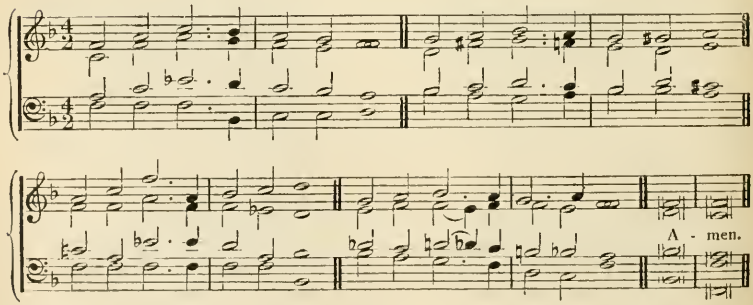
mf 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

mf 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

mf 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
dim That make us sadden as we gaze,
cr Shall grow, with living waters, green,
f And lift to heaven the voice of praise. Amen.

W. C. BRYANT.

ELI. 7s. M. COSTA.



588

f SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright,
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

mf 2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky:
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

dim 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
cr Let the voice of hope be heard.

mp [4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.]

mp 5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

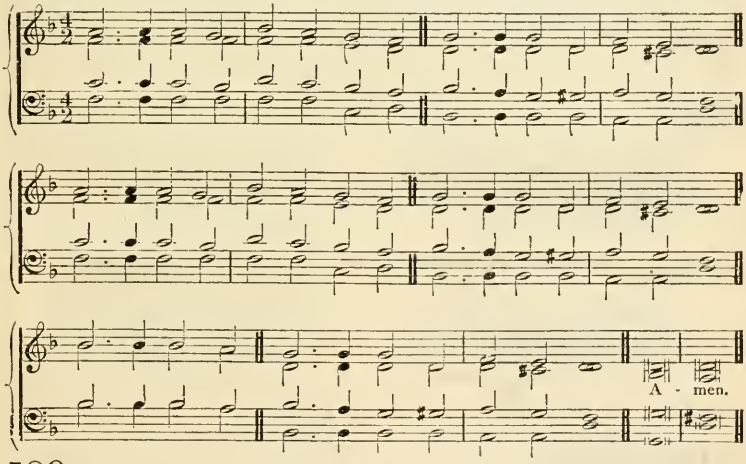
mp 6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
cr In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

mf 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
cr Till the kingdoms of the world
ff Are the kingdom of the Lord. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

7.—*DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.*

ST. AUSTIN. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87.47.



589

mf SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,
cr Thousand voices,
Call us o'er the waters blue.

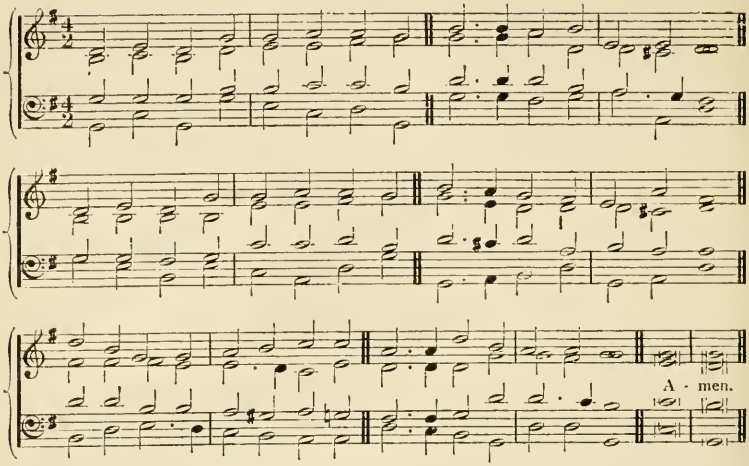
mf 2 Christians, hearken! none has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
cr Ye, who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

mf 3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
dim Rise against us, when we stand
p In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

mf 4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore;
cr Seaward far the islands brighten,—
Light of nations, lead us o'er;
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before. Amen.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

ST. AUSTELL. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 7.8 7.4 7. A. H. BROWN.



589

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Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,
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Call us o'er the waters blue.

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Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
cr Ye, who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

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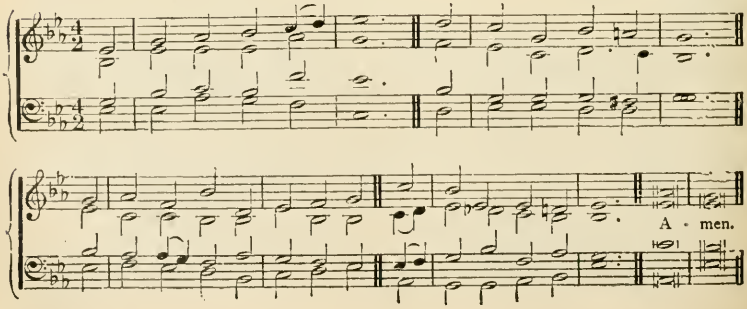
Light of nations, lead us o'er;
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before. Amen.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

BEN RHYDDING. S. M. A. R. REINAGLE.



590

f HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongue,
And words of peace reveal.

mp 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
cr Zion, behold thy Saviour-King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

mf 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound!
dim Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

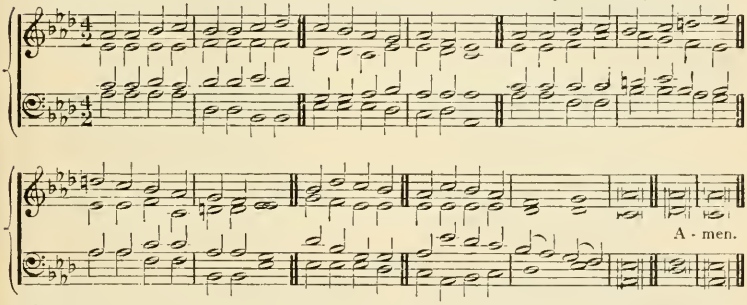
mf 4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
dim Prophets and kings desired it long
But died without the sight.

cr 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
f Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

ff 6 The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. Amen.

I. WATTS.

HEBER. 8 7. 8 7. 4 7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



591

mf SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them!
Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves:
cr Be Thou with them!
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

mp 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord! they go at Thy command;
As they stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
cr O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand!

mf 3 Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day,
When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay:
cr Be Thou with them!
Drive their terrors far away.

mf 4 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears;
cr Be Thou with them! [tears.
Hear their sighs, and count their

[*mp* 5 When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer;
Let them see that peaceful shore,
cr Where Thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more!

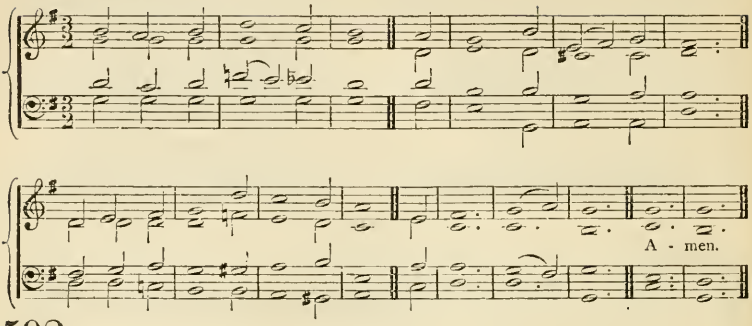
p 6 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
cr Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
f Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again!]

mf 7 In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be:
cr Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see;

f 8 There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown!
There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
ff And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone! Amen.

T. KELLY.

VERBUM PACIS. 6 6.8 4. G. LOMAS.



592

mp WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
cr Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

mp 2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

mf 3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

f 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee:
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their Help shalt be.

mf 5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.

mf 6 Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
cr Till He Whose home is ours above
f Unite us there! Amen.

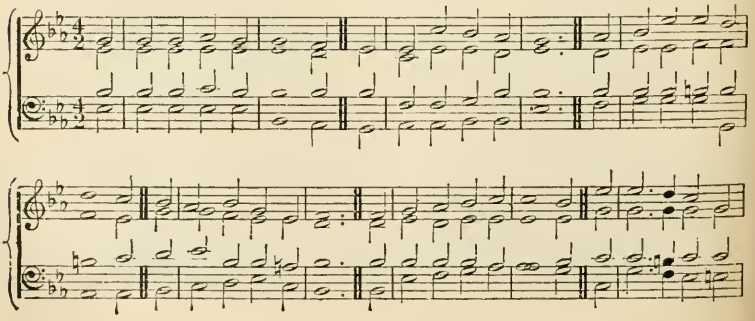
G. WATSON, altd.

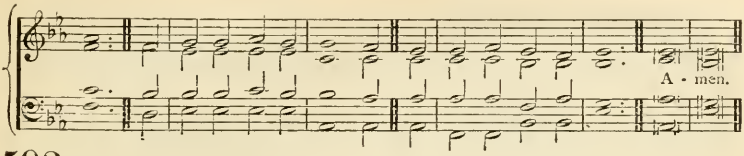
XI.

Special Occasions.

1.—*MARRIAGE.*

AURELIA. 7 6.7 6. D. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.





593

mp O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden
Looks up for life and light.
O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest!
Beneath Whose care parental
The world lies down in rest.

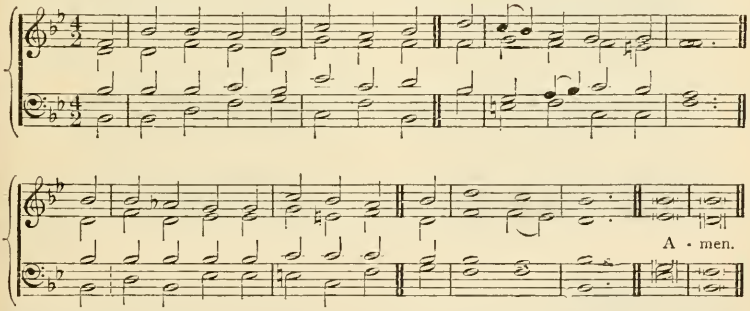
f 2 The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise:
Thou art the joy of gladness;
The life of life Thou art;
dim The dew of gentle sadness,
p That droppeth on the heart.

mp 3 O Love divine and tender!
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love,
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

cr 4 God bless these hands united;
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above;
f And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is love." Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

OLMUTZ. 8 6. 8 4. Arranged by J. Goss.



594

mf ETERNAL Love, Whose law doth sway
The worlds in ordered course,
And works in human hearts its way
With sacred force;

mp 2 To Thee our waiting hearts we lift,
This solemn, joyful hour,
And ask Thy Spirit's perfect gift,
For marriage dower.

mf 3 Thy hand the sacred links have wrought
That bind two souls in one;
Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
Thy heaven begun.

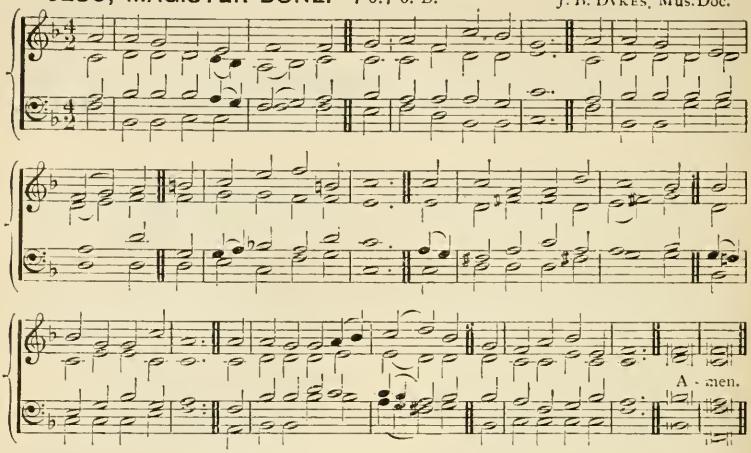
mp 4 O hallow with Thy presence now
This sacrament of love;
Breathe in the trembling human vow
Strength from above.

mp 5 Then through what scenes the unknown road
Of outward life may roam,
cr A flame that on Thine alter glowed
Shall light the home. Amen.

E. S. A.

JESU, MAGISTER BONE. 7 6.7 6. D.

J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



595

f O FATHER all-creating,
Whose wisdom and Whose power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour;
mf To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gift renew;—
cr A home by Thee made blessèd,
f A love by Thee kept true.

mf 2 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence,
With these who wait on Thee;
cr Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
dim And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

p 3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,—
So searching in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
cr That guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
mf Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

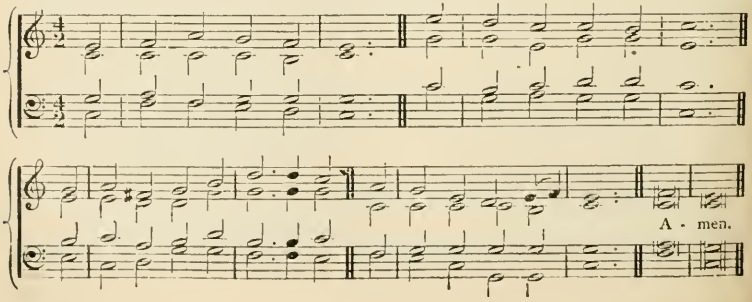
mf 4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Lord, sustain it,
dim The joy will turn to pain:
f But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love, which Thou hast hallowed,
Is endless love begun. Amen.

G. THRING.

ST. GEORGE.

S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



596

mf HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day.

f 2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He Who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

mf 3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

mp 4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

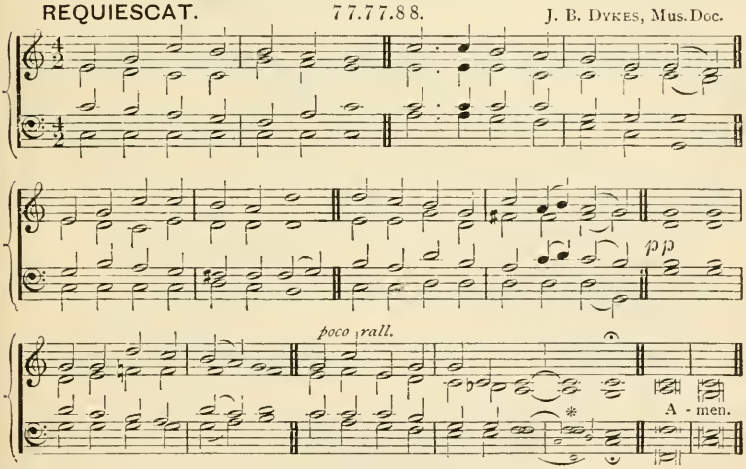
mp 5 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

mp 6 Before Thine altar throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

2.—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

REQUIESCAT. 7 7.7 7.8 8. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



(* If there is no accompaniment, the small notes may be sung.)

597

p NOW the labourer's task is o'er:
Now the battle-day is past;
cr Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
pp Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf 2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
pp Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

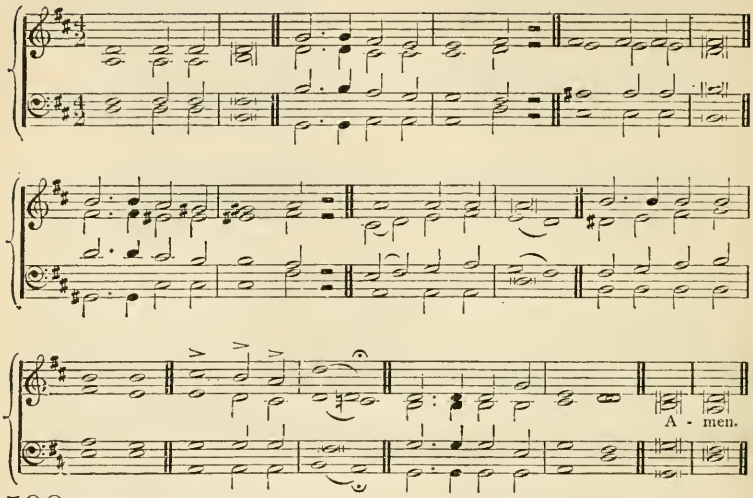
p 3 There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
cr All the love of Christ shall learn
At His Feet in Paradise.
pp Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf 4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well;
He Who died for their release.
pp Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

p 5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving him to sleep in trust,
Till the Resurrection-day,
pp Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

REQUIEM. 4 6., 8 lines. J. BARNBY.



598

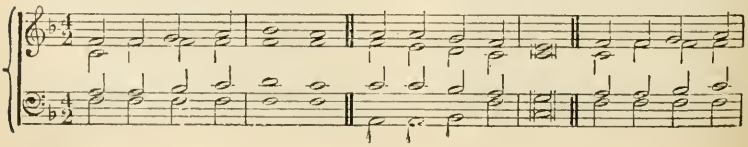
p SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest where none weep,
Till th' eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

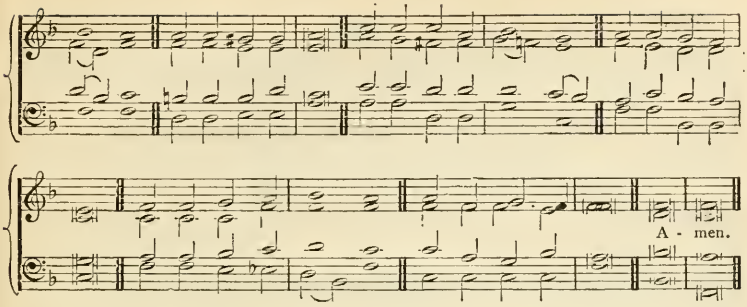
p 2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness;
cr Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
p To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

p 3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
cr They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
f Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

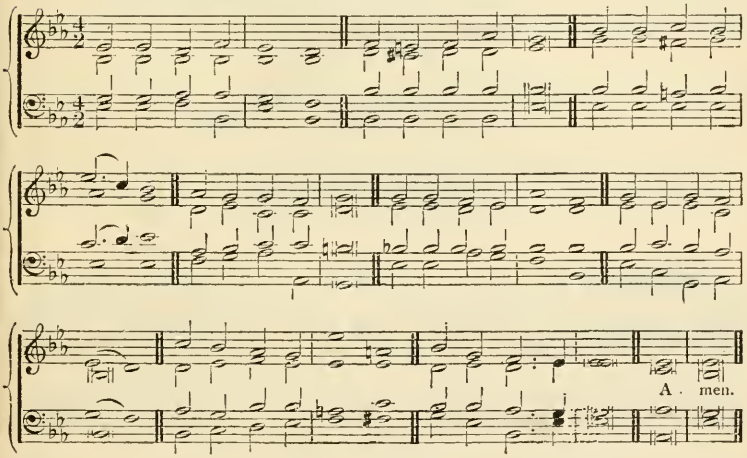
E. A. DAYMAN.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5., 8 lines. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.





ST. CEPHAS. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5., 8 lines. H. A. CROSBIE.



599

p LAY the precious body
In the quiet grave;
'Tis the Lord hath taken,
'Twas the Lord that gave:
cr Till the resurrection,
Lay the treasure by;
It will then awaken,
And go up on high!

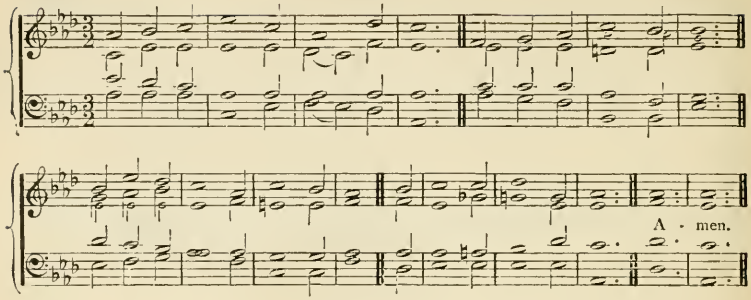
p 2 Farewell, blessèd body,
Till the morn arise:
Welcome, happy spirit,
Into paradise!

cr No more work or weeping
Gone for ever home;
In Christ's holy keeping
Rest until He come.

p 3 Here the casket lieth
Waiting for repair;
There doth Christ the jewel
In His bosom wear:
Wait a little season,
And in Him shall be
Both again united
Through eternity! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

BEATITUDO. C.M. J. B. DYKES, MUS.DOC.



600

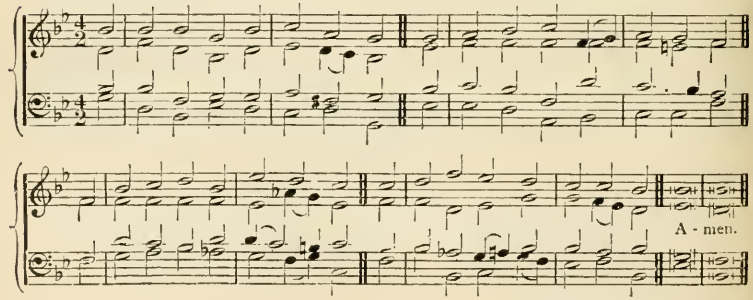
mp HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

mp 2 They die in Jesus and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

mp 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward. Amen.

I. WATTS.

BRESLAU. L.M. I. CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia.*



601

mp O GRAVE, thou hast the victory;
Beauty and strength are laid with thee;
cr Yet than earth's mightiest, mightier,
f O grave, thou hast thy Vanquisher.

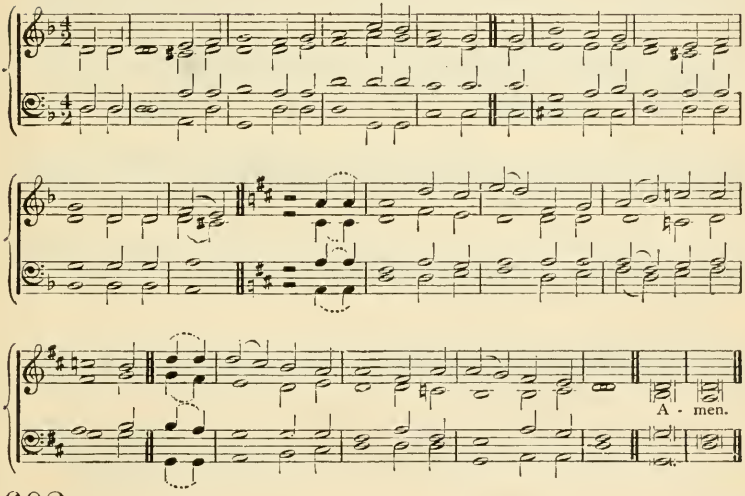
mp 2 Long in thy sight was man forlorn;
Long didst thou laugh his hope to scorn;
cr Till rose the Conqueror of Death,
f Jesus, the Man of Nazareth.

mp 3 He stood between us and despair;
He bore, and gave us strength to bear;
cr The mysteries of the grave unsealed,
f Our glorious destiny revealed.

mp 4 Our home is not this mortal clime;
Our life has not its bounds in time;
cr And death is but a cloud that lies
f Between the soul and paradise. Amen.

ELLIOT'S SELECTION.

RESURGAM. P.M. E. PROUT.



602

mp THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
cr The Saviour hath passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

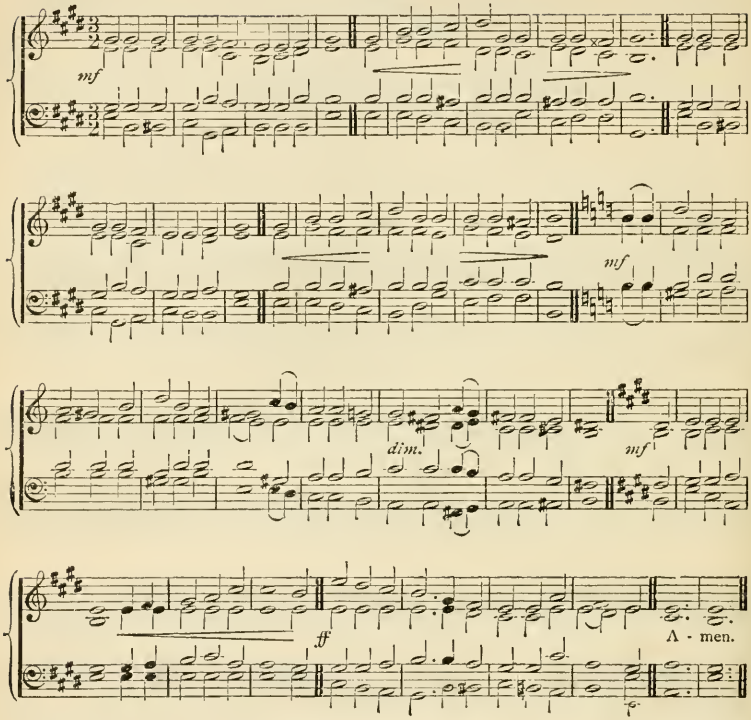
mp 2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
cr But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

mp 3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
cr But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!

mp 4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide!
cr He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died! Amen.

R. HEBER.

NAYLAND. Irregular. J. Booth.



603

mp SOON and for ever
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust;
cr Soon and for ever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings
Remembered no more;
Where life cannot fail, and where
Death cannot sever,
f Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.

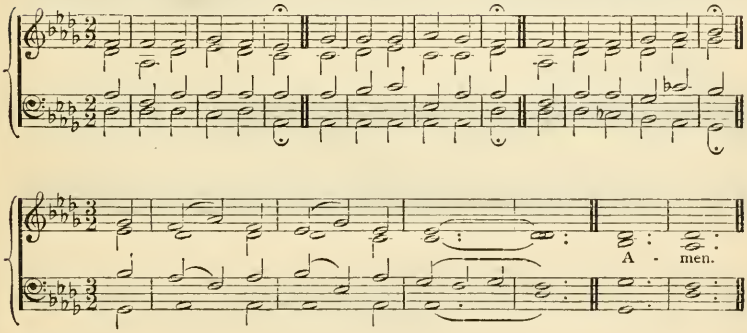
mf 2 Soon and for ever,
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away;
Soon and for ever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been.
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more in
The warfare of sin; [where
Where fears, and where tears, and
Death shall be never,
f Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and for ever.

mp 3 Soon and for ever
The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won;
cr Soon and for ever
The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown.

Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near;
When (blessed reward of each
Faithful endeavour)
f Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and for ever. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

DOLOMITE CHANT. 6 6. 6 6. Austrian Melody. Harmonized by J. T. Cooper.



604

mp HUSH! blessèd are the dead
In Jesu's arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast.

mf 2 O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

mp 3 For them the wild is past,
With all its toil and care;
Its withering midnight blast,
Its fiery noonday glare.

mp 4 Them the Good Shepherd leads
Where storms are never rife;
In tranquil dewy meads,
Beside the Fount of Life.

p 5 Ours only are the tears,
Who weep around their tomb,
The light of bygone years
And shadowing years to come.

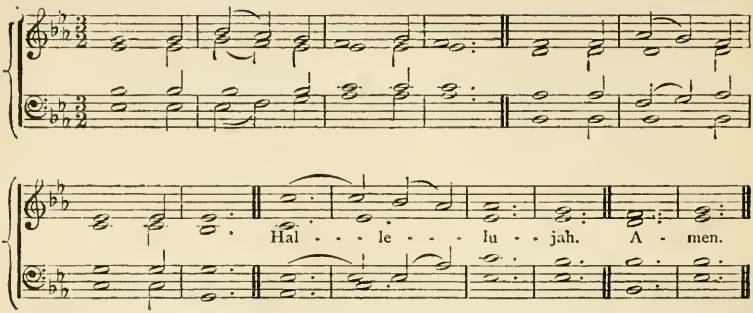
mp 6 Their voice, their touch, their smile,
Those love-springs flowing o'er;
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

mp 7 O tender hearts and true,
Our long lost vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

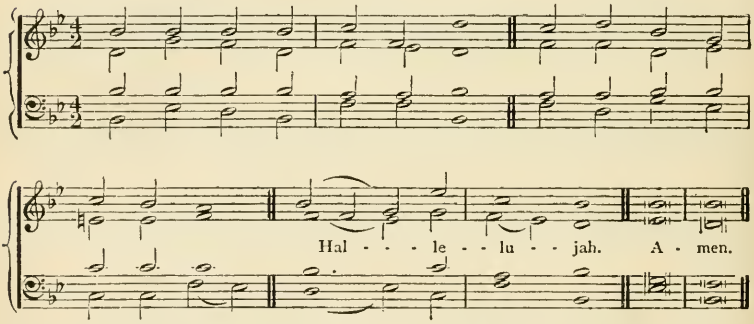
8 But soon, at break of day,
His calm almighty voice,
f Stronger than death, shall say,
ff Awake,—arise,—rejoice. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

ST. MILLICENT. (*1st Tune.*) 77.4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



HOPE. (*2nd Tune.*) 77.4. E. MINSHALL.



605

(*For the death of a child.*)

mp LET no tears to-day be shed,
Holy is this narrow bed.
Hallelujah!

mf [2 Death eternal life bestows,
Open heaven's portal throws.
Hallelujah!

cr 3 And no peril waits at last
Him who now away hath past.
Hallelujah!]

mp 4 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run.
Hallelujah!

mp 5 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward.
Hallelujah!

mf 6 Grants the prize without the course;
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Hallelujah!

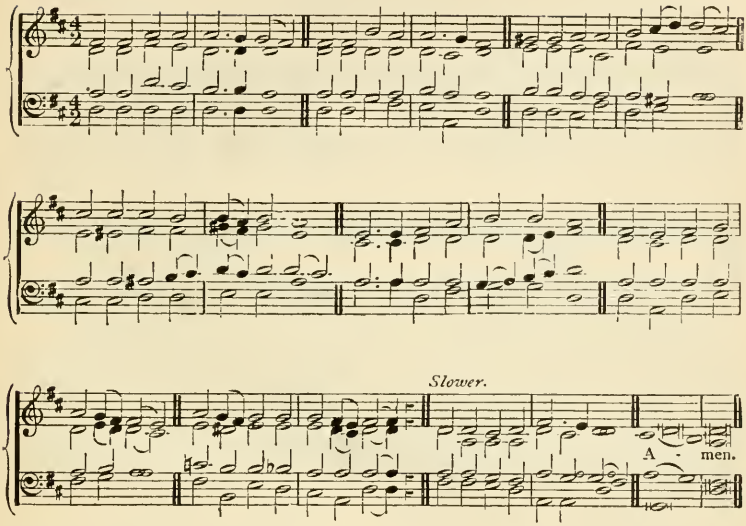
p 7 God, Who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence.
Hallelujah!

p 8 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Hallelujah!

mp 9 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Hallelujah! Amen.

PARIS MISSAL, 18TH CENTURY, tr. R. F. LITTLEDALE

MONICA. 7s., 8 lines. MYLES B. FOSTER.



606

mp SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
p For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath passed from earthly care:
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His belovèd—sleep.

mp 2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death, for thee, is truest gain:
cr For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

mp 3 Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
p God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life,
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love;
f Jesu, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet. Amen.

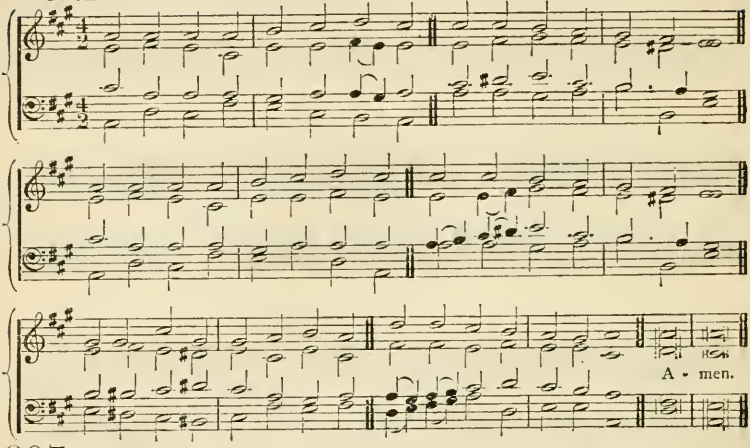
H. O. DOBREE.

[See also Section VII. 20, 21, 22.]

3.—*LAYING FOUNDATION STONE.*

(1) OF A CHURCH.

ORIEL. 87.87.87. Ancient "Tantum Ergo"



607

mf BLESSÈD city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
f Who, of living stones upbuilded,
Art the joy of heaven above,
mf And, with angel-hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move.

f 2 Christ is made the sure foundation,
And the precious corner-stone,
mf Who, the two walls underlying,
Bound in each, binds both in one;
f Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

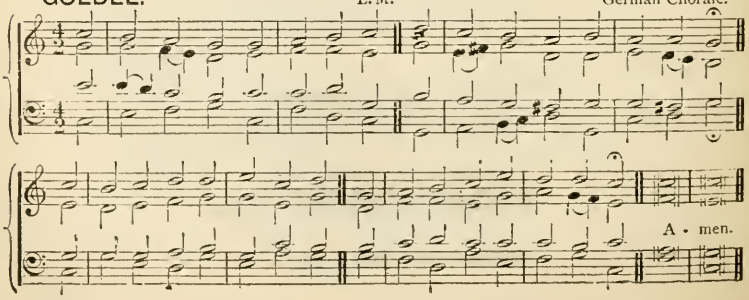
nf 3 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high.
f In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
p God, the One in Three, adoring
cr In glad hymns eternally.

mf 4 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy people as they pray;
cr And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for aye.

p 5 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
cr What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
f And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

LATIN, 7TH CENT., tr. J. M. NEALE, altd. by COMPILERS *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

GÖLDEL. L.M. German Chorale.



608

mf O LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

mf 2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

mp 3 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

mp 4 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect:
cr Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O Ever-blessèd Trinity! Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

609

mf THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

p 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live, [place,
cr Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-
And, when Thou hearest, O forgive!

mf 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd gospel of Thy Son,
cr Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

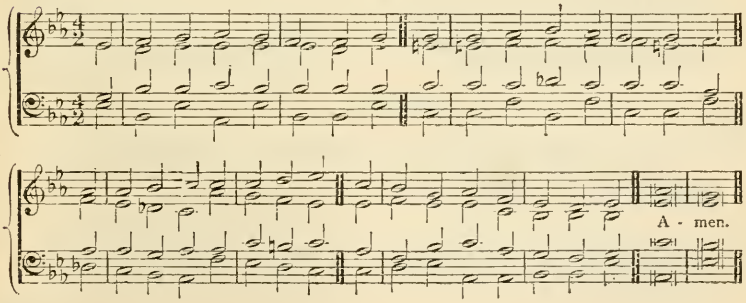
mf 4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

f 5 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
ff Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

(2) OF A SCHOOL.

HAUGHLEY. L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS.



610

mf EXCEPT the Lord the temple build,
In vain their toil the workmen yield;
Except the Lord shall guard the bounds,
In vain the watchman's voice resounds.

mp 2 O Lord, the Master-builder Thou,
Make us Thy fellow-workers now;
Builders of souls here may we be,
And living shrines be raised for Thee.

mf 3 Give to our teachers words of fire,
To kindle every high desire;
And form in all the constant mind
To serve their God and serve mankind.

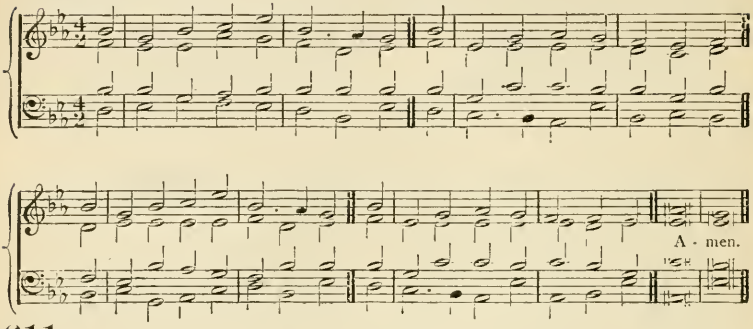
mp 4 Watch Thou within, lest we should spoil
Thy work, or fail in earnest toil;
May Thine abiding presence keep
Our hearts from strife, our souls from sleep.

mp 5 Thus may we train, in Thy blest will,
Young ardent souls to serve Thee still,
cr To bear, in bright and eager bands,
The torch that leaves our drooping hands.
Amen.

E. S. A.

4.—*OPENING AND DEDICATION OF CHURCHES.*

ST. GREGORY. L.M. German.



611

mf JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

mf 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

mf 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
cr Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

mp 4 Hear may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
cr To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

p 5 Lord we are few, (*cr*) but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear.
cr O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
f And make a thousand hearts Thine own
Amen. W. COWPER.

612

mf ALL things are Thine: no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts! to offer Thee;
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

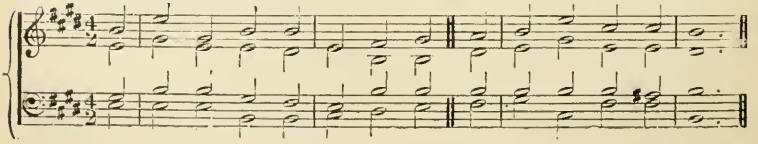
mf 2 Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

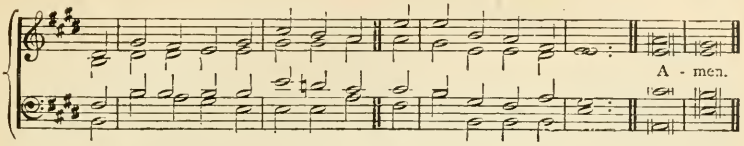
mp 3 In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for Whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

mp 4 O Father! deign these walls to bless;
Fill with Thy love their emptiness:
cr And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee! Amen.

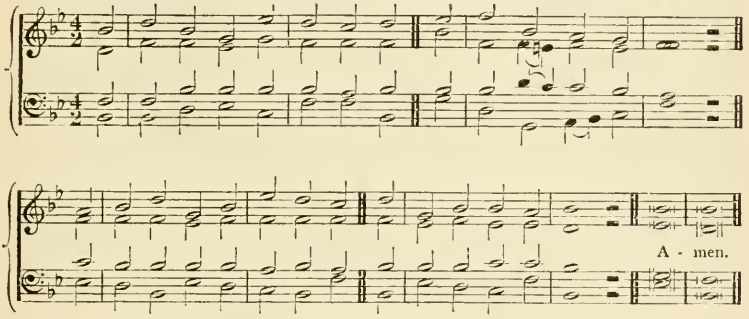
J. G. WHITTIER.

BRADFIELD. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.





SOUTHWICK. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. H. HILES, Mus.Doc.



613

mf LIGHT up this house with glory, Lord;
Enter, and claim Thine own;
Receive the homage of our souls,
Erect Thy temple-throne.

mp 2 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place;
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.

mp 3 We rear no altar—Thou hast died;
We deck no priestly shrine;
What need have we of creature-aid?
The power to save is Thine.

mp 4 O Thou, Who, risen, cam'st to bless,
Gently as comes the dew,
dim Here, entering, breathe on all around,
p "Peace, peace be unto you."

mf 5 No rushing, mighty wind we ask;
No tongues of flame desire;
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.

f 6 Light up this house with glory, Lord—
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a church below,
And makes a heaven above. Amen.

J. HARRIS.

614

mf O THOU, Whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

mp 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to 'bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by Thy side.

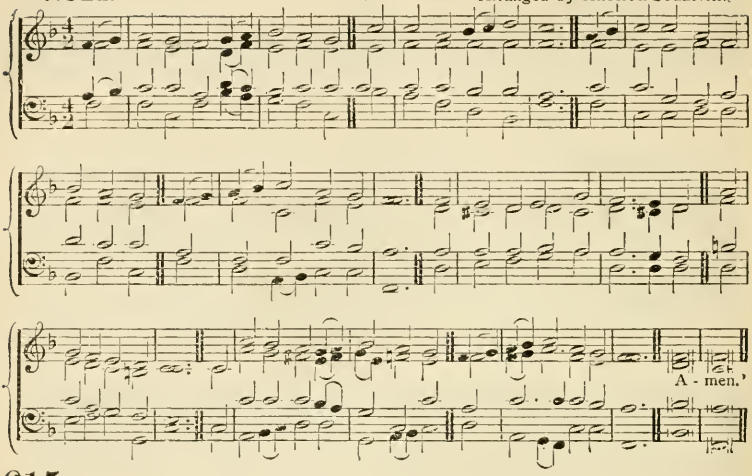
mp 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

mf 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies. Amen.

W. C. BRYANT.

5.—*OPENING OF A SCHOOL.*

NOEL. C.M.D. Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



615

mf O LORD of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life might be,
If in Thy service every hour
We lived and moved with Thee!
If youth in all its bloom and might
By Thee were sanctified,
And manhood found its chief delight
In working at Thy side.

mp 2 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
A new life to begin;
'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
And break with self and sin:
cr And we this day, both old and young,
Would earnestly aspire
For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
And purified desire.

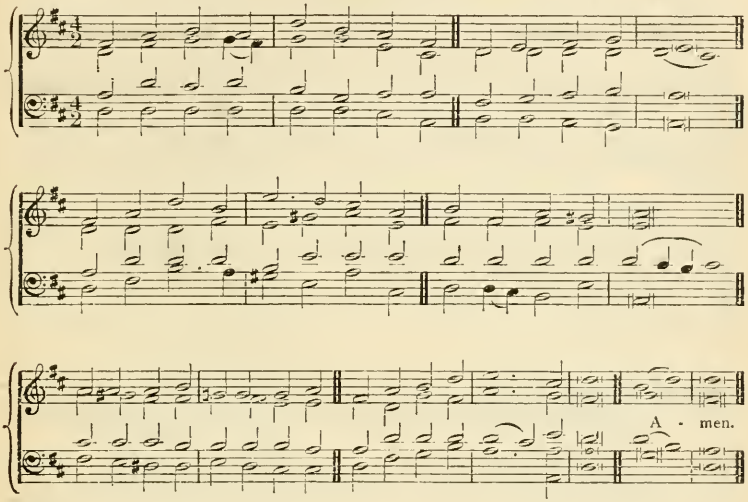
mf 3 In this new house our hands have raised,
Thy service to pursue,
O may Thy Name henceforth be praised
By work more pure and true;
May child and teacher evermore
Come here with earnest heart,
And those who never worked before
Stand forth and bear their part.

mf 4 Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
But for all faithful souls
Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
Whose names Thy book enrols.
cr O speed Thy work, victorious King!
And give Thy workers might,
That through the world Thy truth may ring,
f And all men see Thy light! Amen.

E. S. A.

6.—DEDICATION OF AN ORGAN.

ANGEL VOICES. 8 5.8 5.8 4 3. E. G. MONK, Mus.Doc.



616

f ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might!

mf 2 Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
Yea! we can.

mf 3 Yea! we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

mf 4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Psalmody.

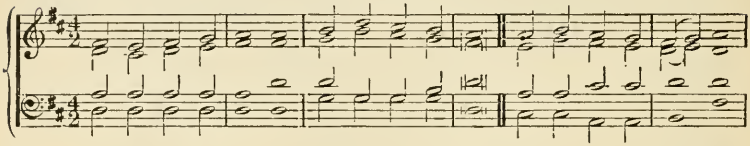
f 5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and Heaven.
Render Thee. Amen.

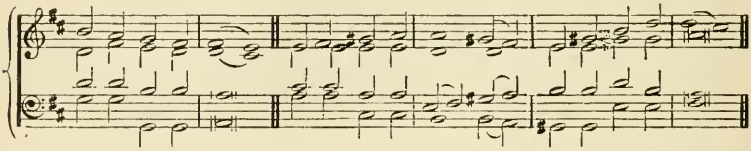
F. POTT.

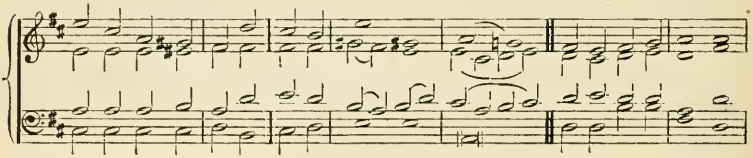
7.—*ANNIVERSARY.*

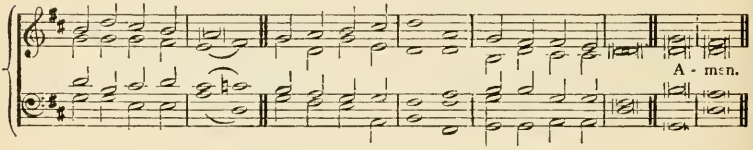
(1) OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

DEVA. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5., 12 lines. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

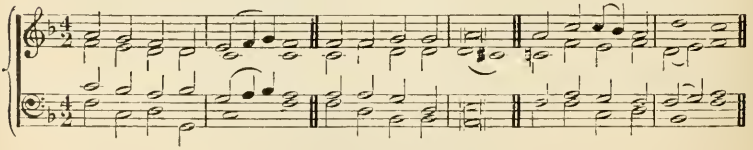


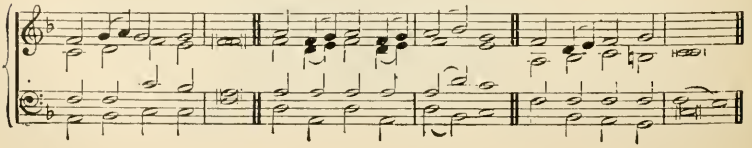


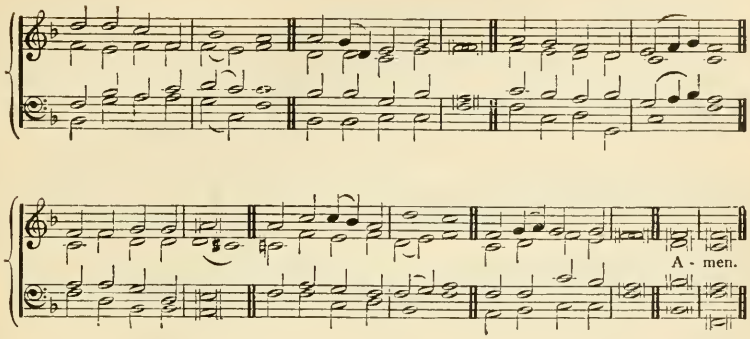




AMBLESIDE. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5., 12 lines. A. LOWE.







617

mf JESUS, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.
dim Pardon our transgressions,
Cleanse us from our sin;
By Thy Spirit help us
Heavenly life to win.
mf Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
dim Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

mf 2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;—
cr Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth:
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

mp 3 For the little children
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
dim For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
cr For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face;
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry

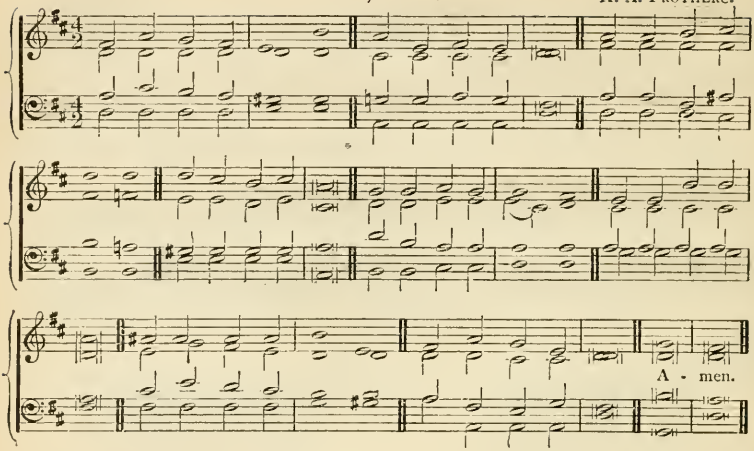
mf 4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory;
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

mf 5 Help us ever steadfast
In the faith to be:
In Thy Church's conflicts
Fighting valiantly.
cr Loving Saviour, strengthen
These weak hearts of ours,
Through Thy cross to conquer
Crafty evil powers.
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

mp 6 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day:
dim When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
cr Grant us with the faithful
Palms and crowns of life.
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry. Amen.

W. H. DAVISON.

VESPERS. 6 5., 8 lines. H. A. PROTHERO.



618

f IN God's holy dwelling,
Spared to meet again,
Hark! glad voices swelling,
Raise their yearly strain;
dim Children, bending lowly,
Join the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy,
Is the Lord most High!"

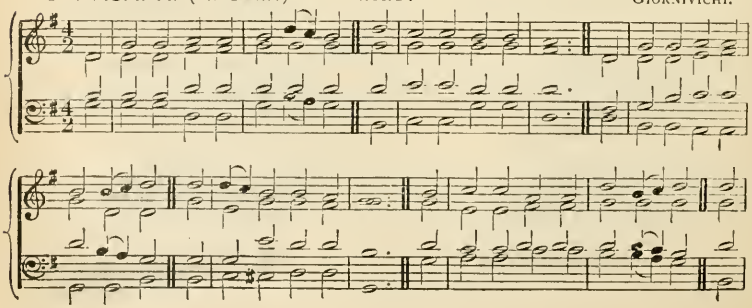
f 2 All things tell His glory—
Earth and heaven above,
And the Gospel story
Tells His wondrous love:
dim How the Father gave us
His own Son to die;
How the Son, to save us,
Left His throne on high.

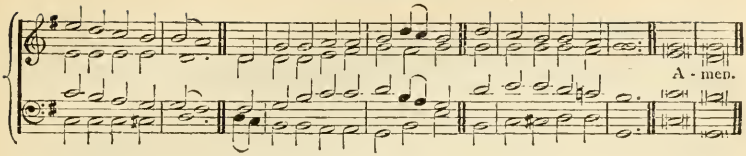
mf 3 Oh, how blest to know Him,
And His love so true!
cr Oh, what joy to show Him
How we love Him too!
f For to us is given,
Here to taste His grace,
And the hope in heaven
To behold His Face.

f 4 Then, within His dwelling,
Raise the yearly song;
Let glad voices swelling
Still the strain prolong;
dim Children, bending lowly,
Join the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy,
Is the Lord most High!" Amen.

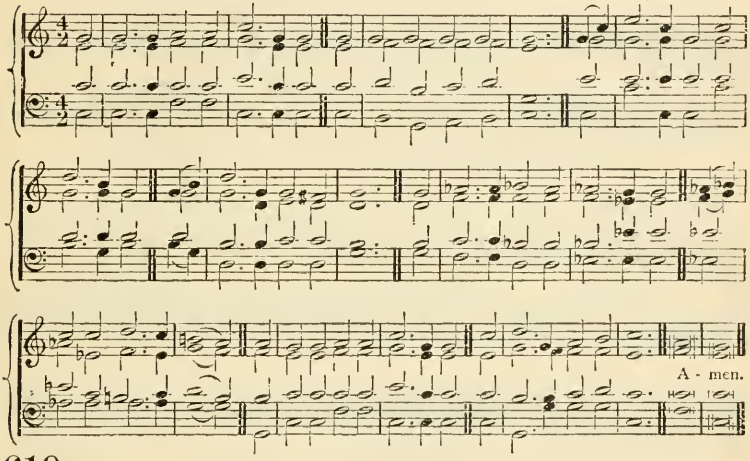
T. A. STOWELL.

ST. ASAPH. (*1st Tune.*) C.M.D. GIORNIVICHI.





ROTHERHAM. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M.D. G. A. MACFARREN, Mus.Doc.



619 (*For Children.*)

f O LORD of all, we bring to Thee our sacrifice of praise,
To Thee with glad and thankful hearts our festal hymn we raise;
mf We are but children here on earth, and Thou art high above;
cr But yet we dare to come to Thee, because Thy name is Love.

f 2 We praise Thee now for life, and health, and earthly happiness,
For all the sacred human love that still our lives doth bless,
For Thy dear Son Whom Thou hast sent, Whose kind and tender voice
Bids the young children come to Thee, and in Thy love rejoice.

mf 3 What shall we render Thee, O Lord? what tribute shall we bring?
O let us give our hearts, our lives, in thankful offering.
Although we are but children, yet Thou dost our service ask,
And each in Thy great work may find his own appointed task.

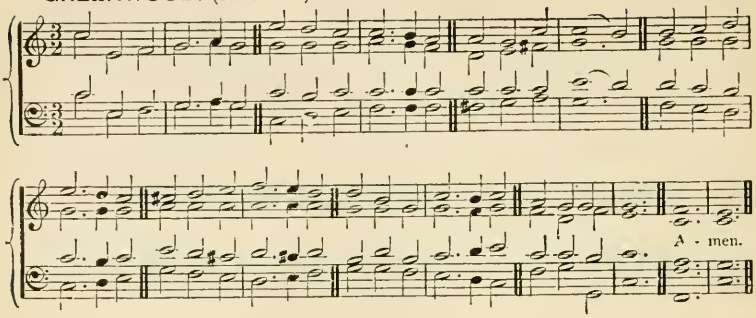
mp 4 O make us watchful, lest by sin our hearts be overborne;
O make us true in word and work, though all the world should scorn;
O make us willing here to serve, in lowliness and love,
For Him Who in a servant's form came down from heaven above.

mp 5 The night of sin must wane at last, the morn of joy begin,
When Christ in every human heart His royal throne must win;
cr O let us give Him now in youth our ardour and our strength,
f Work for His glorious kingdom here, and share His joy at length!

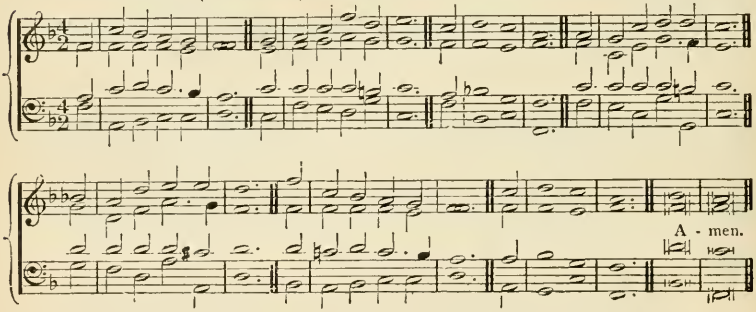
mf 6 Already breaks the early dawn of that great day of God;
Already sounds the Master's voice through all the earth abroad.
f Then cast the works of night away, gird on the arms of light,
And on the side of Christ our King stand ready for the fight. Amen.

E. S. A.

GREENWOOD. (*1st Tune.*) 6 6 4. 6 6 6 4. E. PROUT.



ST. AUSTIN. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 6 4. 6 6 6 4. F. A. G. OUSELEY, Mus. Doc.



620

mf SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways:
f Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
Hither our children bring,
ff To shout Thy praise.

mf 2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
p Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
cr Thou mightest save our race,
f And give us life.

mf 3 Thou art the Great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
p While in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain:
Help Thou dost not refrain,—
f Help from above.

mf 4 Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our staff and song :
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod ;
f Make our faith strong.

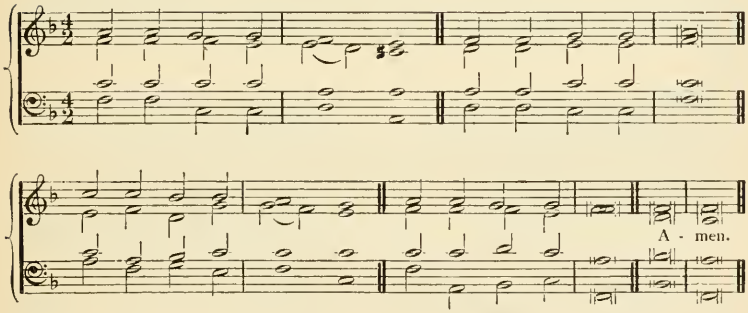
mf 5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
cr Unite to swell the song
ff To Christ our King. Amen.

H. M. DEXTER, from CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

[**See also Section for Children's Services.**]

(2) OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OR BAND OF HOPE.

BEMERTON. 6 5.6 5. F. FILITZ.



621

mf CHRISTIAN, work for Jesus,
Who on earth for thee
Laboured, wearied, suffered,—
Died upon the tree.

mp [2 Work with eye that rangeth
Over sin's great deep ;
dim Where lie thousands drifting,
Rocked to fatal sleep.

mf 3 Work with hands that Jesus
Maketh strong to bring
Souls to Him their Saviour,
Trustfully to cling.]

mf 4 Work with feet untiring
By the Master led,
Help to free the drunkards
From their bondage dread.

mf 5 Work with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

mp 6 Work with heart that burneth ;
Humbly at His Feet
cr Priceless gems to offer,
For His crown made meet.

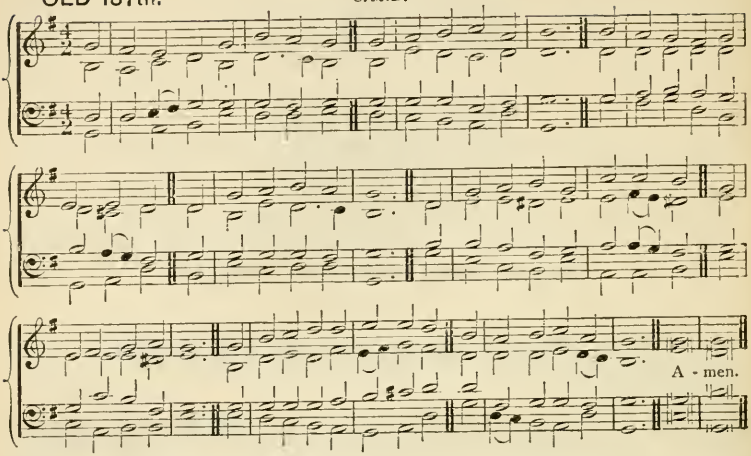
mp 7 Work with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
cr Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

mf 8 Work while strength endureth,
Until death draw near ;
cr Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear. Amen.

M. HASLOCK.

8.—*HOSPITAL SUNDAY.*

OLD 137th. C.M.D.



622

f THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave:
p To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

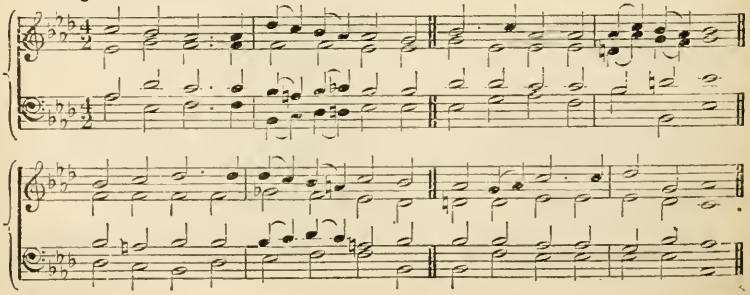
cr 2 And, lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
f And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.

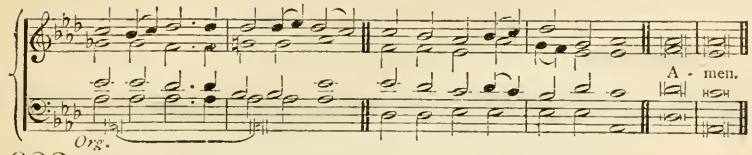
p And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

mf 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death,
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath:
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
cr That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
f May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

REQUIEM. 8 7.8 7.7 7. W. SCHULTHES.





623

mf THOU to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain;
dim Hear us, Jesu, as we meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

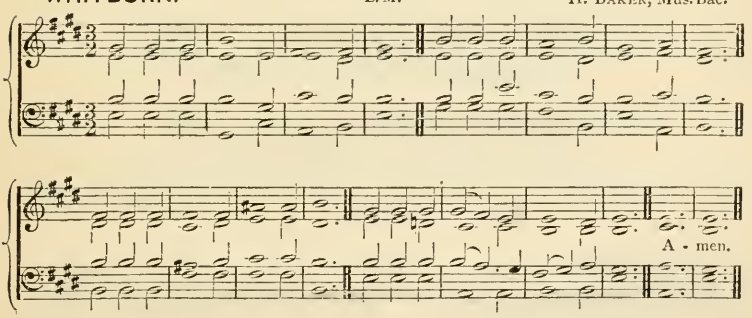
mp 2 Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday,—to-day,—to-morrow,—
When,—where'er it may befall,
dim Lay we humbly at Thy Feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

p 3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
cr On Thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share,
f Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

mf 4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
cr Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

mp 5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad in gladness—
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,—
cr One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.
Amen. G. THRING.

WHITBURN. L. M. H. BAKER, Mus. Bac.



624

mp O THOU through suffering perfect made,
On Whom the bitter cross was laid;
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

mf 2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

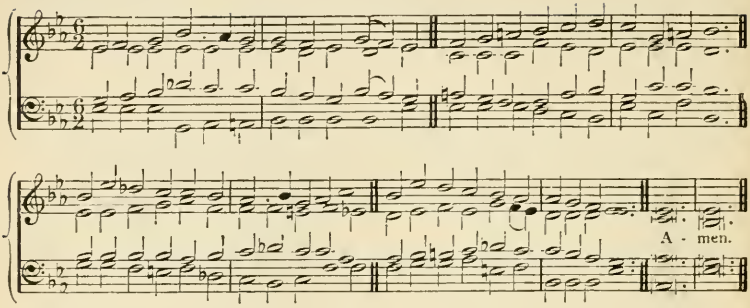
mf 3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure:
cr For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

p 4 But, O! far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

cr 5 O! heal the bruisèd heart within:
O! save our souls all sick with sin:
Give life and health in bounteous store,
f That we may praise Thee evermore.
Amen. W. W. HOW.

9.—*FLOWER SERVICES.*

ROSENTHAL. 11 10.11 10. J. W. ELLIOTT.



625

mf HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field;
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou earest
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

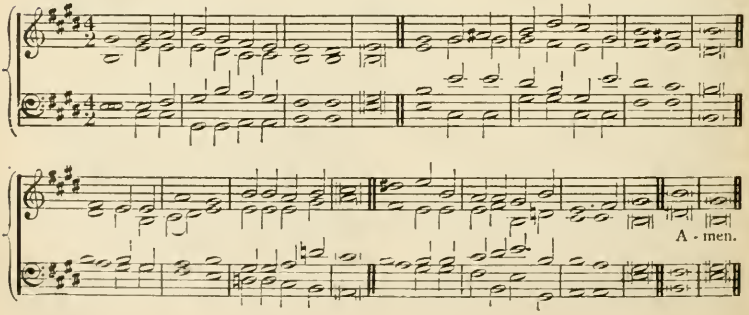
mp 2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying;
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace:
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying;
Grant the departing a gentle release.

cr 3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

mp 4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither,
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
cr Gather us, Lord, to Thy Bosom for ever,
mf Grant us a place in Thy House in the sky. Amen.

A. G. W. BLUNT.

LONGWOOD. 10s. J. BARNBY.



626

mf NOT only for the goodly fruit-trees tall
The Master cares, Whose love is over all;
The tiny herbs which blossom everywhere
No less His watchful toil and patience share.

mp 2 The little ones who in the kingdom grow,
The weak, the tender, He delights to know;
His Spirit loves the humble and the meek,
And 'tis the lowly whom He deigns to seek.

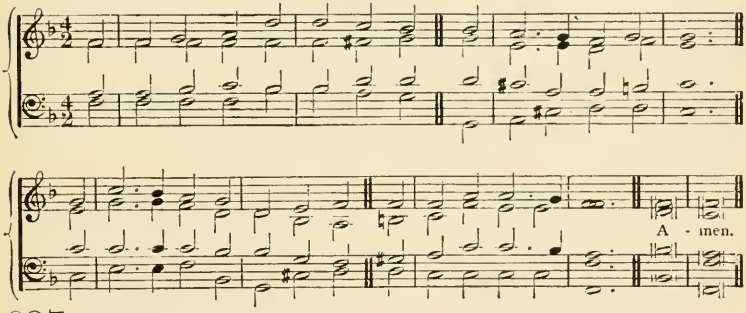
mp 3 And all small flowers of fair humility,
Sweet temper, daily patience, charity,
Kind words and cheerfulness to Him are dear,
More than most deeds whose praise men tell and hear.

mp 4 For these sweet virtues, meet for daily food,
Grow near His cross, are watered by His blood;
Were no such flowerets in their circle wrought,
The hero's and the martyr's crown were nought!

mf 5 Thou, who wouldst till thy garden-plot to please
The Master's eye, oh, tend and water these!
Weave from these blossoms, wet with tears divine,
cr A garland meet for His most holy shrine. Amen.

E. S. A.

NORTHREPPS. C. M. J. Booth



627

mf IT is the Lord Himself Who tends
His garden here below;
The sunshine and the rain He sends,
That it may thrive and grow.

mf 2 Within this garden-plot are found
Both goodly cedars tall,
And little herbs upon the ground;
The Master cares for all.

mp 3 One thing is ever His pursuit,
And fills His loving mind,
That each should grow and bring forth fruit
According to its kind.

p 4 It is the Lord Who lays His knife
Upon the tender shoot,
And though it pierce the very life,
'Tis needful for the fruit.

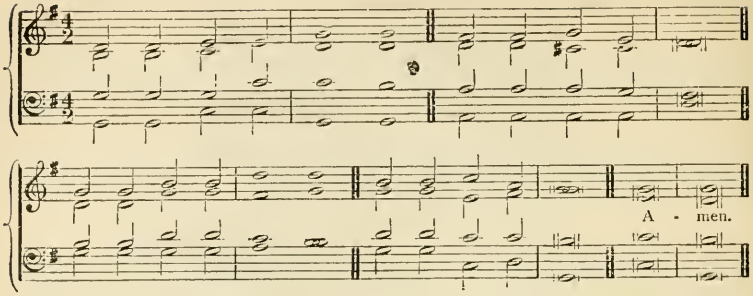
mf 5 The richer is the soul He tends,
The more doth He desire
cr That it should serve yet nobler ends,
More nobly still aspire.

mp 6 Withhold not, Lord, Thy pruning knife,
If dead leaves of decay,
Or overgrowth of worldly life,
In us are gaining sway.

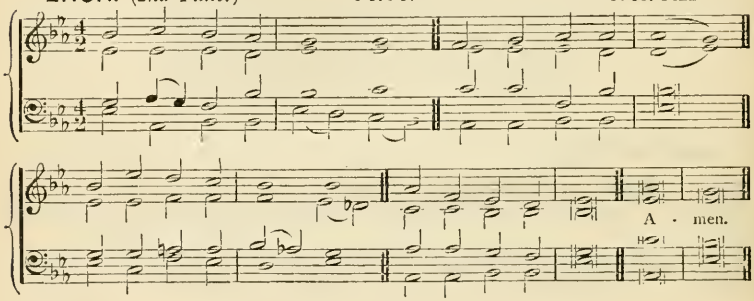
mp 7 We ask Thee not for gladsome lives
Untouched by earthly ill;
We ask but for the soul that strives
Thy pattern to fulfil. Amen.

E. S. A.

NORTH COATES. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5.6 5. T. R. MATTHEWS.



ENON. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5.6 5. O. M. FIELDEN.



628

(*For Children.*)

mf IN our dear Lord's garden,
Planted here below,
Many tiny flowerets
In sweet beauty grow.

mp 2 Christ, the loving Gardener,
Tends these blossoms small;
Loves the little lilies
As the cedars tall.

mp 3 Nothing is too little
For His gentle care;
Nothing is too lowly
In His love to share.

mf 4 Jesus loves the children,
Children such as we,
Blessed them when their mothers
Brought them to His knee.

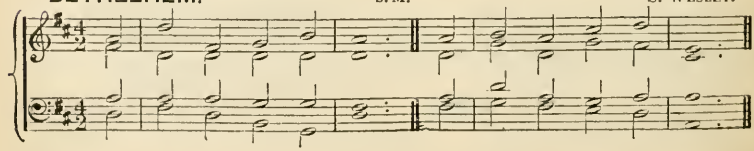
mf 5 Jesus calls the children,
Bids them come and stand
In His pleasant garden,
Watered by His hand.

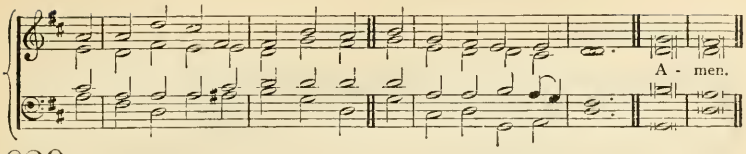
mp 6 Lord, Thy call we answer;
Take us in Thy care,
Train us in Thy garden,
In Thy work to share. Amen.

E. S. A.

10.—*GENERAL CHARITIES AND ALMSGIVING.*

BETHLEHEM. S. M. S. WESLEY.





629

mf WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

mf 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our firstfruits give.

mp 3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold, [bled,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd
Are straying from the fold.

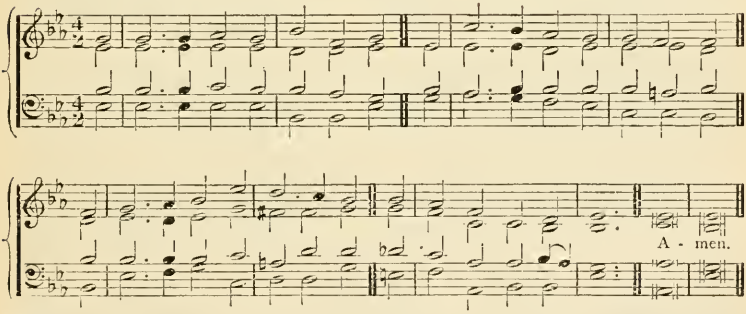
mp 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

mp 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

mf 6 And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
cr Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

ELMHURST. 8 8 8. 6. E. DREWETT.



630

mf O GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

mp 2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

mp 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy Blood hath bought;
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

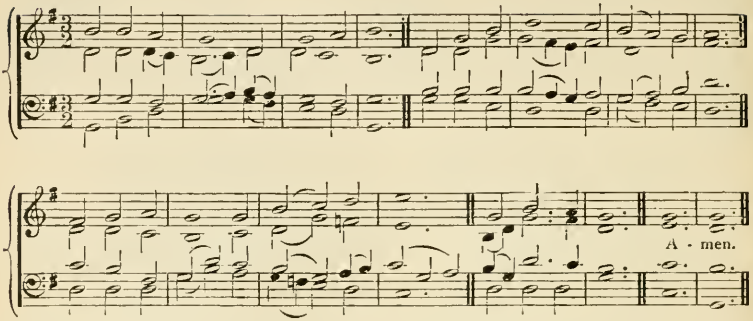
mf 4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:—
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

p 5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
cr May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

mf 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
cr Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee. Amen.

G. THRING.

ALMSGIVING. 888.4. J. B. Dykes, Mus.Doc



631

f O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

mf 2 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
cr We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.

p 3 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
cr And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
f And give us all.

mf 4 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

cr 5 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
dim Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all!

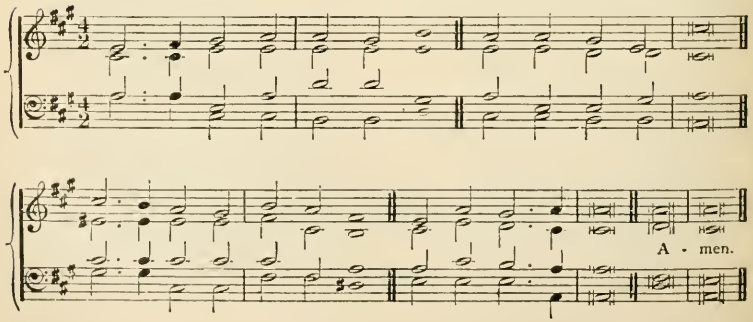
p 6 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
cr We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
f Who givest all.

mf 7 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
f Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all;

mf 8 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
p Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
f Giver of all! Amen.

WORDSWORTH.

ST. PIRAN. 75. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.



632

mp THINE are all the gifts, O God!
Thine the broken bread;
Let the naked feet be shod,
And the starving fed.

mp 2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

mf 3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.

f 4 Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring. Amen.

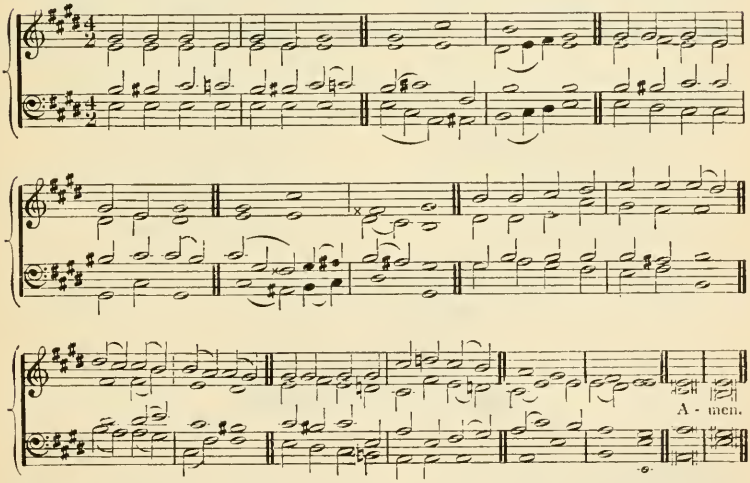
J. G. WHITTIER.

XII.

Special Intercession.

I.—*FOR CHILDREN AND HOME.*

BETHEL. (*1st Tune.*) 7 4. J. BOOTH.



633

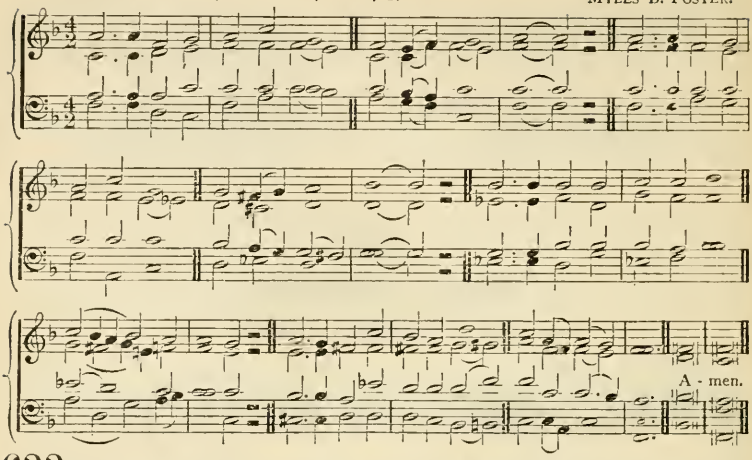
mf STANDING forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
May betide them;
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

mp 2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them:
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

mf 3 Unto Thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them:
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them. Amen.

W. C. BRYANT.

HAVERLAND. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 4. MYLES B. FOSTER.



633

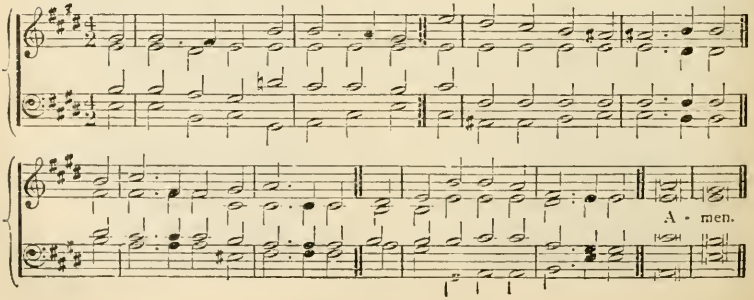
mf STANDING forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
May betide them;
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

mp 2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them:
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

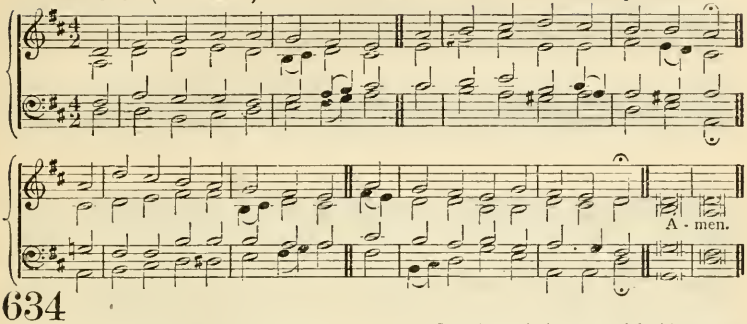
mf 3 Unto Thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them:
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them. Amen.

W. C. BRYANT.

SEFTON. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



LEIPSIC. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. J. H. SCHEIN.



634

mp O HOLY Lord, content to fill
In lowly home the lowliest place,
Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
Obedience meek Thy brightest grace,

mp 2 Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thine own guileless way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey!

mp 3 O let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

p 4 Gather Thy Lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there!

mf 5 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour both with God and man.
Amen. W. W. HOW.

635

2.—*FOR MINISTERS AND STUDENTS.*

mf SPIRIT of Christ! be earnest given
That these our prayers are heard, and they
Who grasp, this hour, the sword of heaven
Shall feel Thee on their weary way.

mp 2 Oft as at morn or soothing eve
Over the holy Fount they lean,
cr Their fading garland freshly weave,
Or fan them with Thine airs serene.

mp 3 Spirit of Light and Truth! to Thee
We trust them in that musing hour;
cr Till they with open heart and free
Teach all Thy word, in all its power.

mp 4 When foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
cr Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.

p 5 And O! when worn and tired, they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
cr When passion's storms are loud and high,
And, brooding o'er remembered sin,

p 6 The heart dies down—O Mightiest! then
Come, ever true; come, ever near;
cr And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear! Amen.
J. KEBLE, *v.* 1, *l.* 1 altd.

636

mp FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer.
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

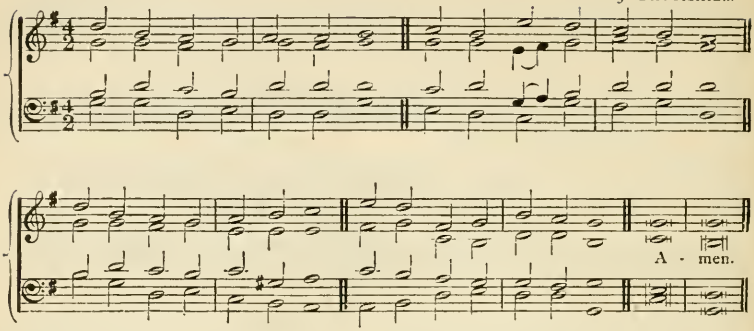
mp 2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

mf 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine [Thine
Their words, and let those words be
To them Thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

mf 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
cr Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

mf 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power. Amen.
B. BEDDOME.

BATTISHILL. 7s. J. BATTISHILL.



637

f MIGHTY One, before Whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath Thy feet!

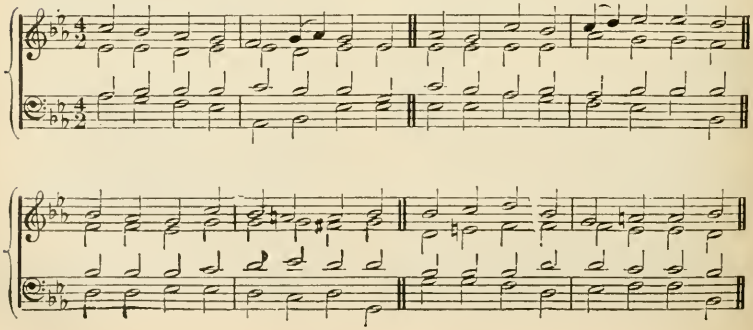
mf 2 Source of truth, Whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind!
God of love, Who from Thy throne
Watchest over all mankind!

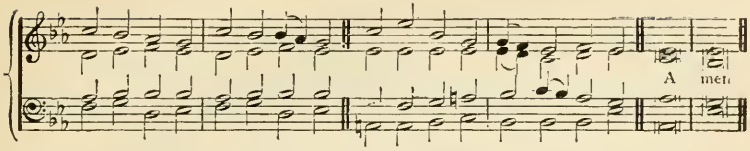
mf 3 Shed on those who in Thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light. Amen.

W. C. BRYANT.

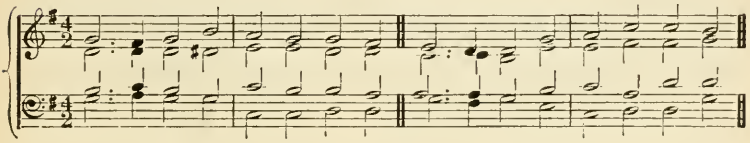
3.—*FOR THE SORROWING AND AFFLICTED.*

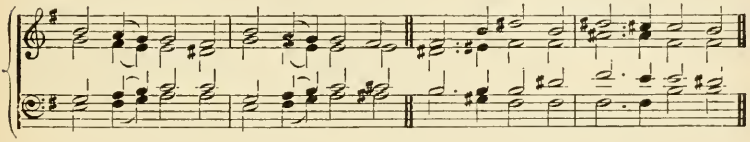
COMPASSION. (*1st Tune.*) 8s., 6 lines (trochaic). J. W. ELLIOTT.

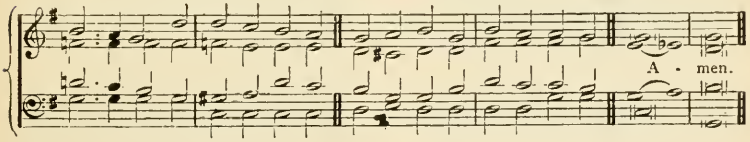




WESTFIELD. (*2nd Tune.*) 8s., 6 lines (trochaic). J. KINROSS







638

mp HOPE of those that have none other,
Left for life by father, mother,
All their dearest lost or taken,
Only not by Thee forsaken,
Comfort Thou the sad and lonely,
Saviour dear, for Thou canst only.

mp 2 When the glooms of night are o'er us,
Satan in his strength before us;
When despair, and doubt, and terror
Drag the blinded heart to error;
Comfort Thou the poor and lonely,
Saviour dear, for Thou canst only.

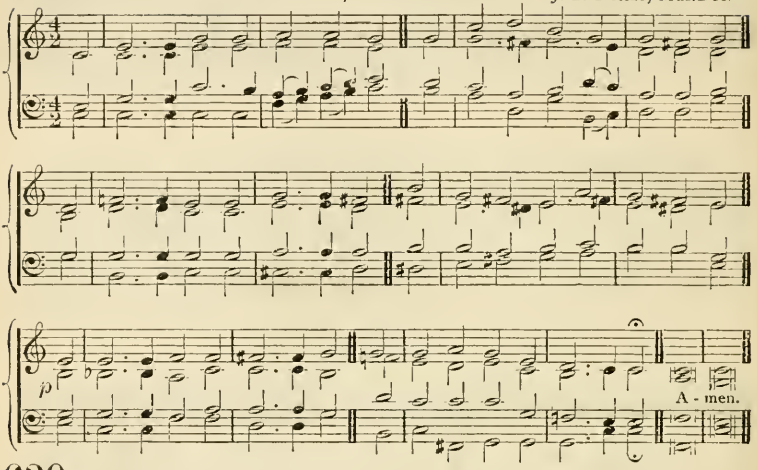
mp 3 By Thy days of earthly trial,
By Thy friend's foreknown denial,
By Thy cross of bitter anguish,
Leave not Thou Thy lambs to languish;
Comforting the weak and lonely,
Lead them in Thy pastures only.

mp 4 Sick with hope deferred, or yearning
For the never-now-returning;
When the glooms of grief o'ershade us,
Thou hast known, and Thou wilt aid us!
To Thine own heart take the lonely,
Leaning on Thee only, only. Amen.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

4.—*FOR THOSE AT SEA.*

MELITA. L.M., with Refrain. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



639

mf ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
p O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

mf 2 O Saviour, Whose almighty word
p The winds and waves submissive heard,
f Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
dim And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
p O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

mf 3 O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
p O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

f 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
ff And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

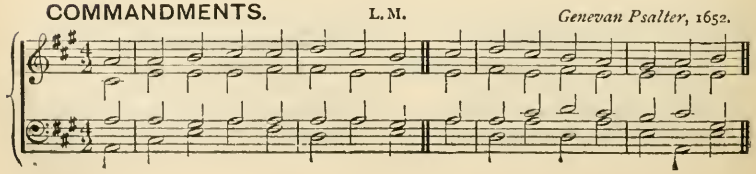
W. WHITING, *v.* 3, *l.* 1, *v.* 4, *ll.* 3, 4 altd.

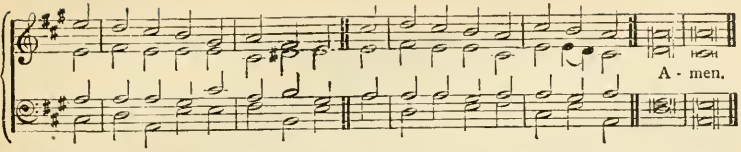
XIII.

National Hymns.

1.—*THE THRONE.*

COMMANDMENTS. L.M. *Genevan Psalter*, 1652.





640

f O KING of kings, Thy blessing shed
On our anointed sovereign's head;
And, looking from Thy holy heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

mf 2 Him with Thy choicest mercies bless,
To all his counsels give success;
In war, in peace, Thy succour bring,
f Thy strength command, God save the King.

mf 3 Him may we honour and obey,
Uphold his right and lawful sway,
Remembering that the powers that be
Are ministers ordained of Thee.

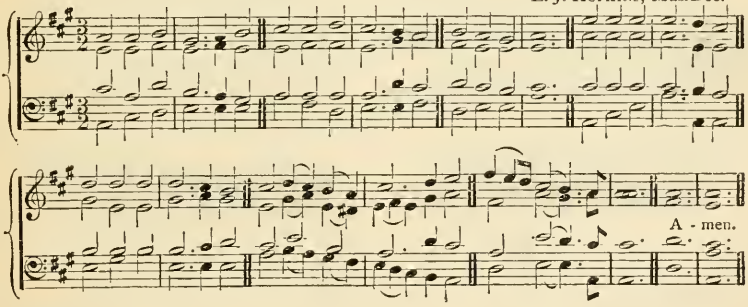
mf 4 Thou, ever mindful of his want,
Through all his days Thy blessing grant;
And bid the golden circlet spread
Its purest splendours round his head.

p 5 And oh! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
cr Grant him a throne in worlds on high,
f A crown of immortality. Amen.

COTTERILL'S SELECTION, 1819.

GOD SAVE THE KING. 6 6 4. 6 6 6 4.

Harmonized by E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



641

f GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

f 2 O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix.
God save us all.

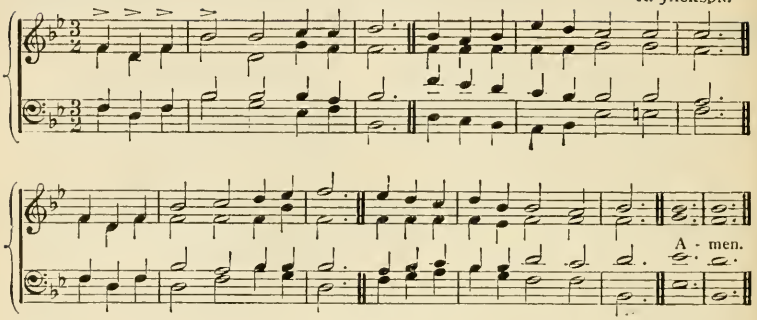
f 3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King. Amen.

(?) HENRY CAREY (—1743).

2.—*THANKSGIVING.*

(1) GENERAL.

NIAGARA. L.M. R. JACKSON.



642

mf PRAISE to our God, Whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, bold, and free.

mf 2 Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast,
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

mf 3 Praise to our God; the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

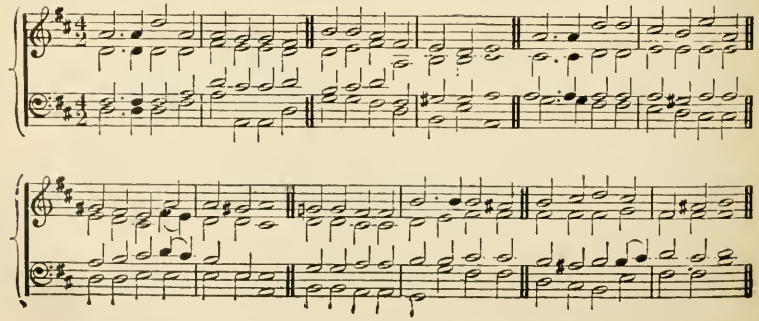
mf 4 Praise to our God; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

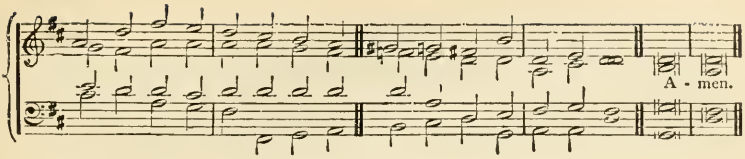
mf 5 Praise to our God; Who still forbears,
Who still this guilty nation spares;
Who calls us still to seek His face,
And lengthens out our day of grace.

f 6 Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn,
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage! Amen.

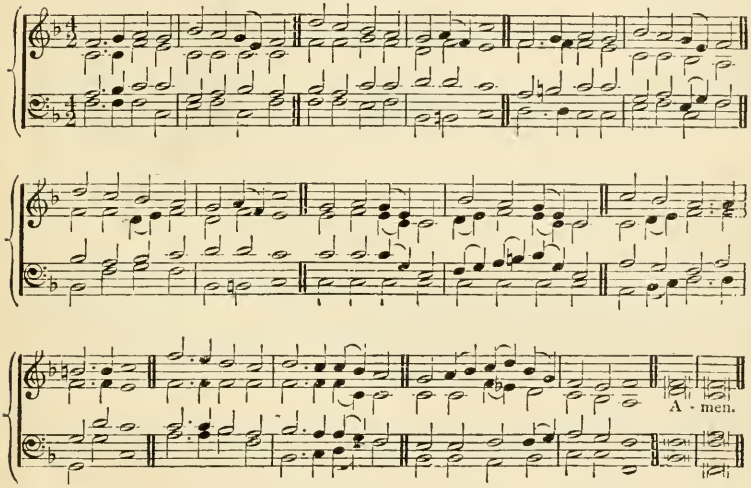
J. ELLERTON.

LUX EOI. (*1st Tune.*) 8 7.8 7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.





AUSTRIA. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. D. J. HAYDN.



643

f LIFT thy song among the nations,
England of the Lord beloved!
Sing the grace for generations
That hath kept thy lamp unmoved;
Sing how vainly hosts assembled
'Gainst the isle of His delight;
Sing how tyrants turned and trembled
When His arm upheld thy right!

mf 2 Sing how He, the Lord, hath brought thee
Onward still from height to height,
How the Heavenly Lustre sought thee
Ere it made the world more bright.
Let the freedom long-descended
Gloriously uplift thy voice!
In the Good Old Cause defended
By thy men of might rejoice!

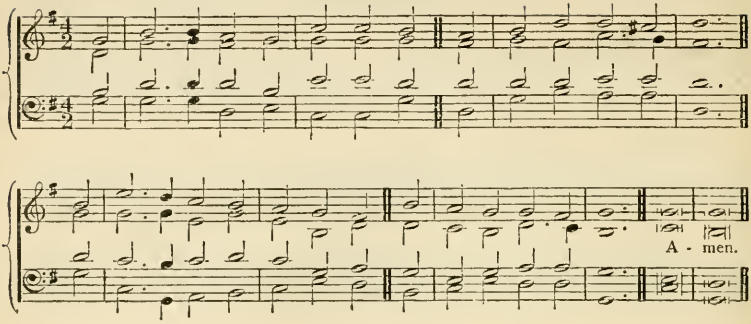
mf 3 Sing how He His England crownèd
When He loosed the yoke of Rome;
Sing how He His truth enthronèd
In this consecrated home;
How He trusts thee with the treasure
Of His Word to send it forth:
Mightily fulfil His pleasure;
Send His Word o'er all the earth!

f [4 Sing how gleamed His sword victorious
In the hands of heroes thine!
How His fire more sweetly glorious
Streamèd from thy souls divine!
Let no marvel of thy story
Lose its place amidst the praise!
Praise Him for thine olden glory!
Praise Him for these latter days!]

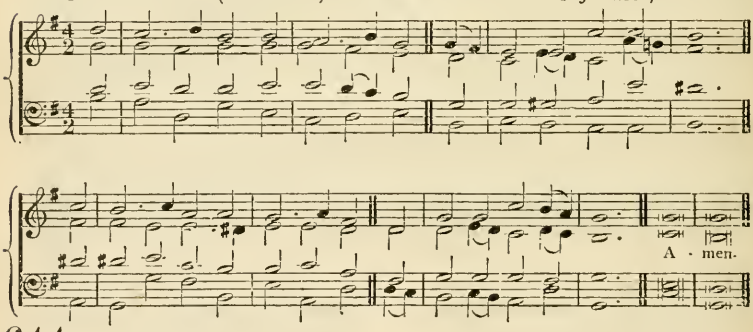
f 5 Sing how freedom's fire abideth
Where it first did burn and shine;
How for thee the Lord provideth
Boundless realms and tasks divine!
As ascends and spreads thy glory,
So thy strain advance, prolong!
With the fulness of thy story
Blend the fulness of thy song! Amen.

T. H. GILL.

OLD WINCHESTER. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter.*



DUMBLETON. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. C. J. FROST, Mus.Doc.



644

mf SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

mf 2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the favoured land.

mf 3 When shall Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

f 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud, with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt His praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

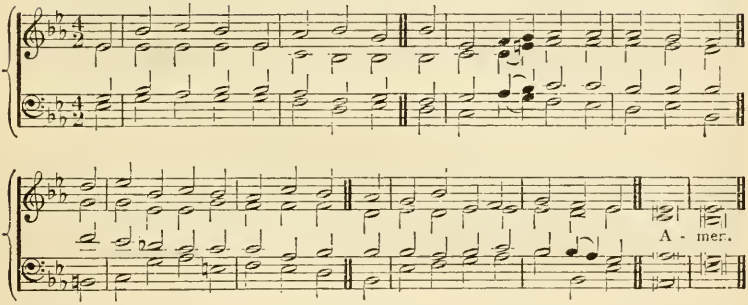
mf 5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made
In justice and in love.

mf 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace. Amen.

I. WATTS.

(2) FOR PEACE.

SEPULCHRE. L.M. G. COOPER.



645

mf O LORD of Hosts, Thou God of might,
Who hold'st the issues of the fight,
Who in the tumult of the strife
Dost rule the scales of death and life:

mp 2 The day is Thine, the night is Thine,
Thou mak'st the sun of peace to shine;
The night of war is fled away,
The dawn of peace we hail to-day.

mf 3 We thank Thee, Lord, Thou Prince of Peace,
That Thou dost bid war's fears to cease;
With Thee the message comes again—
"Be peace on earth, goodwill to men."

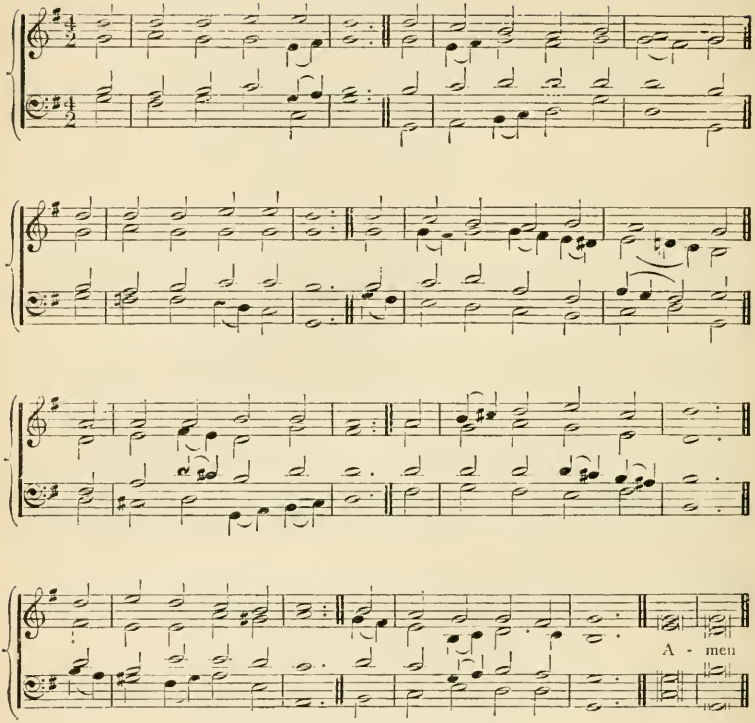
mp 4 The cannon's voice is heard no more,
Is hushed the furious battle roar,
dim And silent sinks the deadly blast—
The earthquake and the storm are past.

mp 5 And while we hear their echo still
Fade faintly on the distant hill,
Be present, Lord, as we rejoice,
Be present in the still small voice.

mp 6 Speak Thou, and with the battle-fray
Bid wrath and malice pass away;
Forgotten be all hatred then,
For sake of Jesus Christ: Amen. Amen.

G. MOULTRIE.

WITTEMBURG. 6 7. 6 7. 6 6. 6 6. J. CRÜGER



646

mf LORD God, we worship Thee,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us:
cr We praise Thy love and power
f In loud and happy chorus.
To heaven our song shall soar;
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er;
Lord God, we worship Thee.

mf 2 Lord God, we worship Thee,
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
cr Our land with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee.

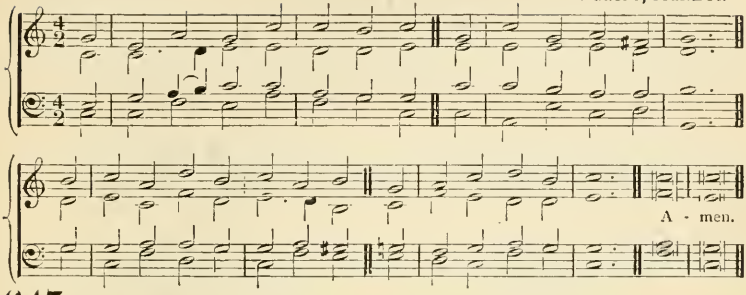
mf 3 Lord God, we worship Thee:
Thou didst indeed chastise us:
Yet still Thy goodness spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us.
Once more our Father's hand
Has bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee.

mf 4 Lord God, we worship Thee,
And pray Thee, Who hast blest us,
That we may live in peace,
And none henceforth molest us.
O crown us with Thy love,
And our Defender be;
Thou, Who hast heard our prayer,
Lord God, we worship Thee. Amen.

J. FRANCK, tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

(3) FOR VICTORY.

ST. ANN. C.M. W. CROFT, Mus. Doc.



647

f GREAT God of hosts, our ears have heard,
Our fathers oft have told,
What wonders Thou has done for them,
Thy glorious deeds of old.

mf 2 Not by their might was safety wrought,
Nor victory by their sword;
But Thou didst guard the chosen race
Who Thy great Name adored.

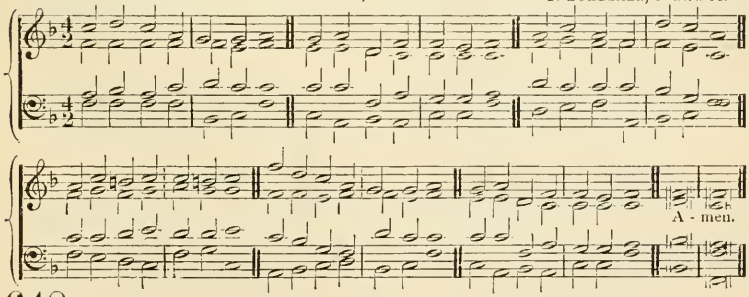
mf 3 Great God of Hosts, their God and ours!
Our only Lord and King!
Let that right arm which fought for them
To us salvation bring.

mf 4 To Thee the glory we'll ascribe,
By Whom the conquest came,
f And, in triumphant songs of praise,
Will celebrate Thy Name. Amen.

E. OSLER.

(4) FOR REMOVAL OF PESTILENCE.

ST. CLEMENT. 7s., 6 lines. C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.



648

f GOD the Lord has heard our prayer,
God has lightened all our care;
To His glorious throne on high
Rose His children's mournful cry:
ff Hallelujah! praises sing
To our Father and our King.

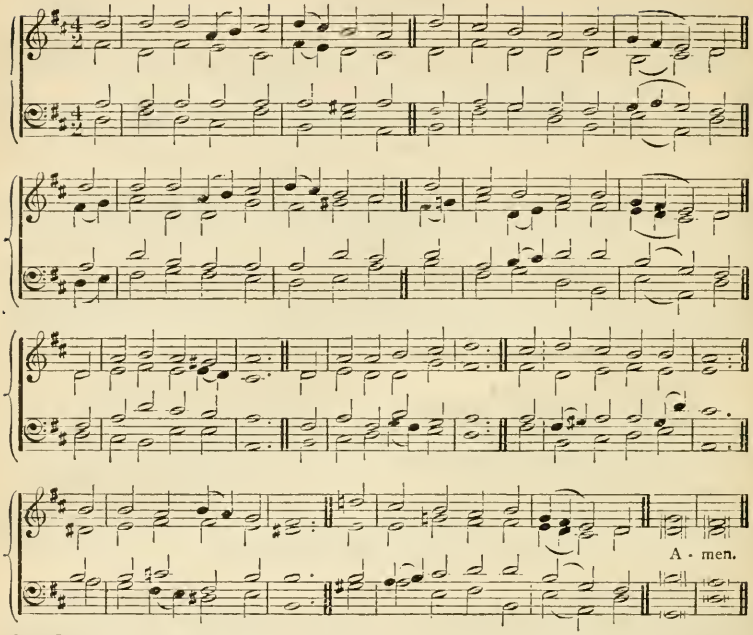
mp 2 Helpless, Lord, Thy face we sought,
Thou hast our deliverance wrought;
God, Who gave us faith to pray,
cr Gives us thankful hearts to-day:
ff Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee
Sing we, though unworthily.

mf 3 Now the night of grief is gone,
Now with joy breaks forth the morn;
cr Trust in God, if ye would prove
All the riches of His love:
ff Hallelujah! praise the Lord,
Trust His love, and plead His word!

f 4 Praise to God, Who heard our cry!
Praise to Christ, Who pleads on high!
And the Holy Ghost, Who gave
Strength our Father's help to crave:
ff Hallelujah! glory be
To the Blessed Trinity! Amen.

H. H. WYATT.

EIN' FESTE BURG. 87.87.66.667. German.



649

f REJOICE to-day, with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose Arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
dim Let all His saints adore Him.

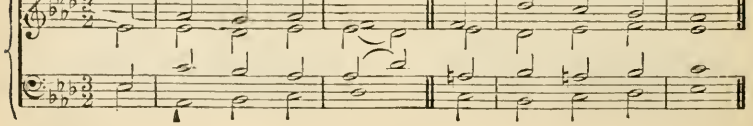
p 2 When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
cr O trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining:
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"O praise our God alway;
dim Let all His saints adore Him."

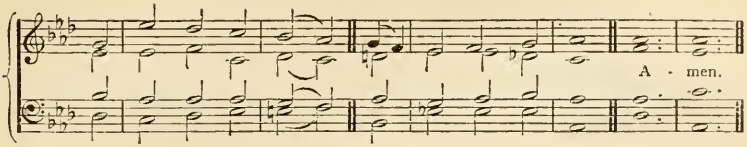
ff 3 Rejoice to-day, with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose Arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
dim Let all His saints adore Him. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

(5) FOR RAIN.

WESTMEATH. 55.55. O. A. KING.





650

f O SING to the Lord,
Whose bountiful hand
Again doth accord
His gifts to the land.

mf 2 His clouds have shed down
Their plenteousness here;
His goodness shall crown
The hopes of the year;

3 And every fold
Shall teem with its sheep,
With harvests of gold
The fields shall be deep;

4 The vales shall rejoice
With laughter and song,
And man's grateful voice
The music prolong.

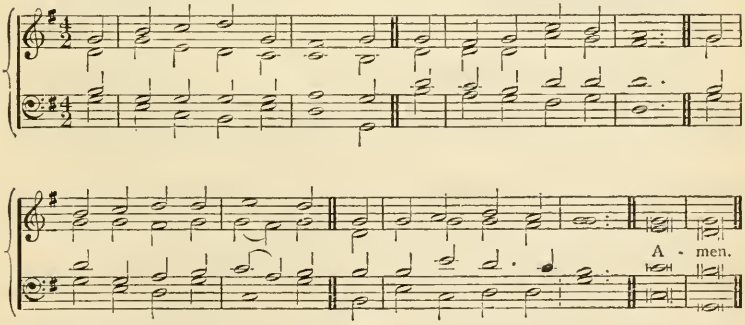
5 So, too, may He pour,
The Last and the First,
His graces in store
On spirits athirst,

mf 6 Till when the great day
Of harvest hath come,
cr He takes us away
To garner at home. Amen.

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

(6) FOR FAIR WEATHER.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7 6.7 6. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



651

mf THE wintry time hath ended,
The rain is past and gone;
Where genial glory splendid
Once more shines out the sun.

mp 2 The chill and wasting showers
Yield now to radiant morn;
cr The earth is gay with flowers,
The fields are thick with corn.

f 3 We praise Thee, Sun unsetting,
Whose bountiful right Hand
In mercy unforgetting
Hath blest again the land.

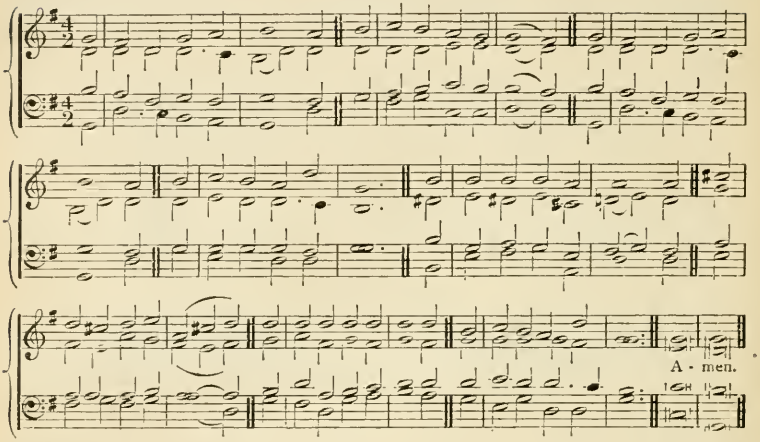
mp 4 And when is closed earth's story,
And past its rain and storm,
cr Illume us with the glory
mf Of Thine all-beauteous form. Amen

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

3.—*PRAYER AND HUMILIATION.*

(1) GENERAL.

BONCHURCH. 7 6.7 6. D. L. V. BEETHOVEN.



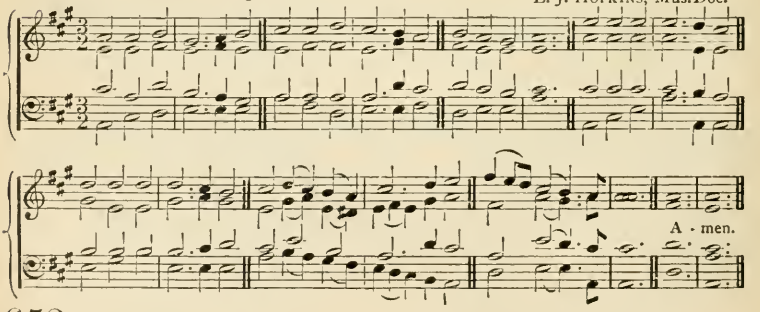
652

mp NOW pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy, and the happy,
And the gloriously free.

Who blesseth her is blessèd!
So peace be in her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages and halls Amen.

A. C. COXE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. 6 6 4. 6 6 6 4. Harmonized by E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



653

mf GOD bless our native land!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard her shore;
May peace her sway extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

mp 2 Through every changing scene,
O Lord! preserve the Queen;
Long may she reign.
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love,
Her throne maintain.

mf 3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our Isle.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile.

mf 4 And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
cr Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er. Amen.

W. E. HICKSON.

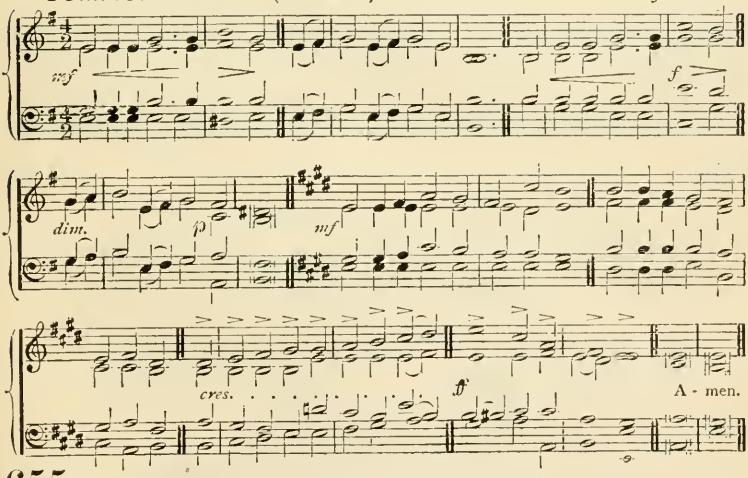
654

mf GOD bless our native land:
Her strength and glory stand
Ever in Thee!
Her faith and laws be pure,
Her throne and hearths secure;
And let her name endure—
Home of the free.

mf 2 God guard our sea-girt land,
And save by Thy right hand
From all her foes;
The reign of peace prolong,
Till freedom's rising song
Loud tells the end of wrong
And nature's throes!

mp 3 God smile upon our land,
And countless as the sand
Her blessings be!
cr Arise, O Lord, Most High!
And call her children nigh,
Till heart and voice reply—
f Glory to Thee. Amen.

COMMONWEALTH. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6.8 8.8 5. J. BOOTH.



655

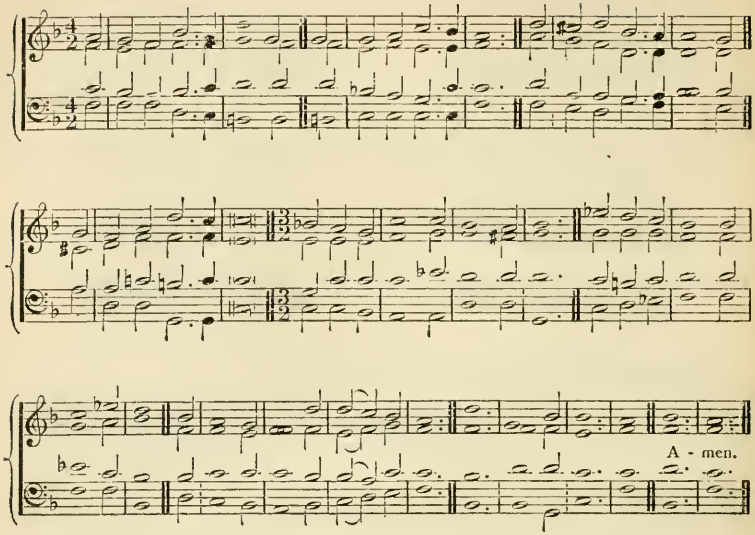
mp WHEN wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
cr God save the people!

mp 2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
cr God save the people!

mp 3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
cr God save the people! Amen.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

REIPUBLICÆ SALUS. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6.8 8.8 5. E. PROUT.



655

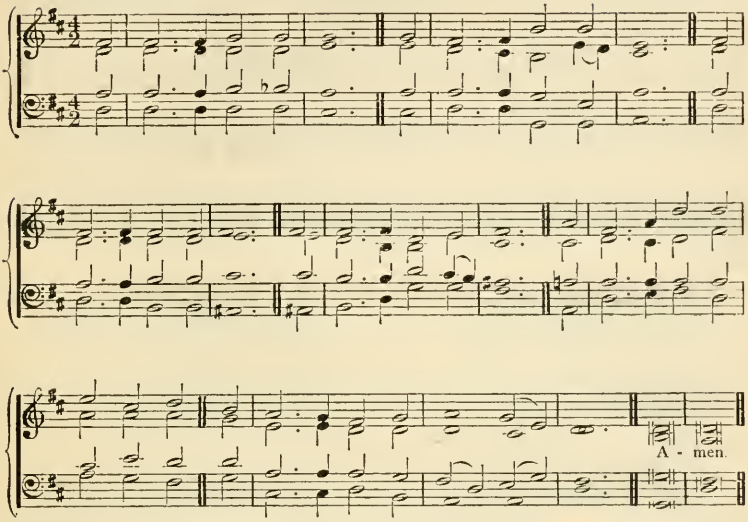
mp WHEN wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
cr God save the people!

mp 2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
cr God save the people!

mp 3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
cr God save the people! Amen.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

WAVERTON. 6 6. 6 6. 8 8. R. JACKSON.



656

mp TO Thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face,
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

f 2 Arise, O Lord of Hosts!
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

f 3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

mf [4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

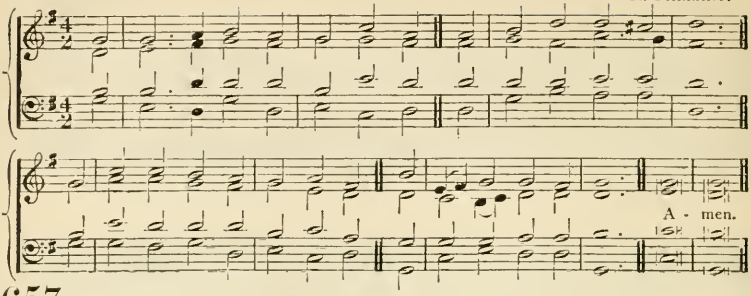
mf 5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.]

p 6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
Oh! let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

p 7 Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
And for our God we will
None other have but Thee,
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

FARRANT. C.M. R. FARRANT.



657

mp LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most,

mp 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children too;—how should we love
Another land so well!

mp 3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless:
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

f 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

mp 5 Here may religion pure and mild
Upon our Sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

mp 6 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
cr Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend. Amen.

J. R. WREFORD.

658

Before a Parliamentary Election.

mf O God, Who holdest in Thy hand
The islands of the sea;
Whose bounty makes our native land
So glorious, great, and free:

mf 2 We bless Thee for Thy guardian care,
Who dost our foes restrain,
And for the freedom, large and fair,
Our fathers died to gain.

mp 3 Now bend our hearts to Thy command;
And grant us wisdom true
To know the times, and understand
What England ought to do.

mp 4 The heat of party strife abate,
And teach us how to choose
Good men and wise to guide the State—
The evil to refuse.

mf 5 Let all our chosen rulers hail
The kingdom of Thy Son,
And strive that virtue may prevail,
That justice may be done:

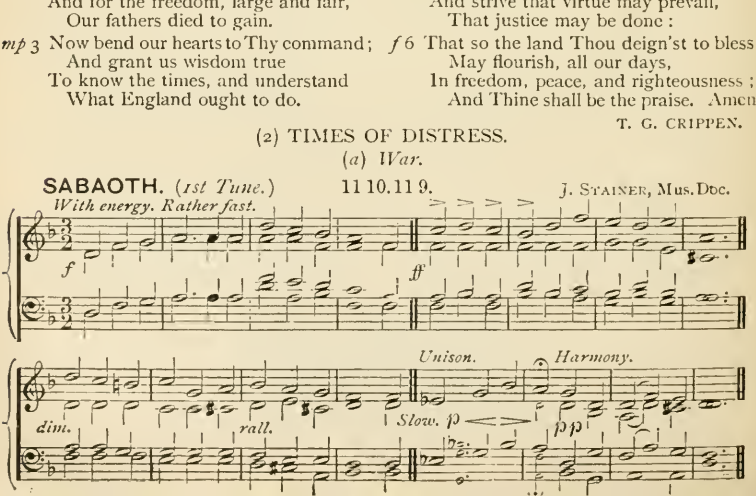
f 6 That so the land Thou deign'st to bless
May flourish, all our days,
In freedom, peace, and righteousness;
And Thine shall be the praise. Amen.

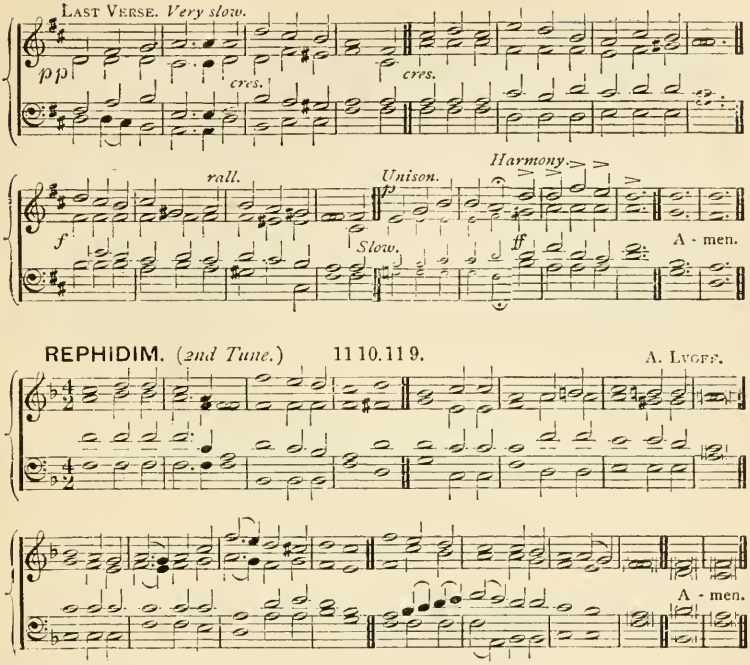
T. G. CRIPPEN.

(2) TIMES OF DISTRESS.

(*a*) *War.*

SABAOTH. (*1st Tune.*) 11 10. 11 9. J. STAINER, Mus. Doc.





659

f GOD the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
dim Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

f 2 God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
dim Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

mf 3 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy way of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
dim Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

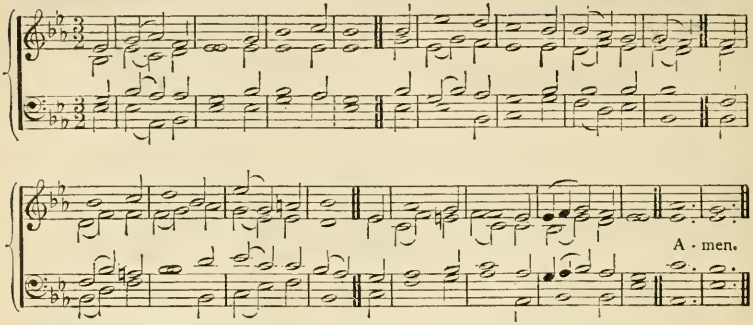
f [4 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!]

mf 5 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
cr Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

ff 6 So shall Thy children in thankful devotion
Laud Him Who saved them from peril abhorred,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
"Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord." Amen.

H. F. CHORLEY, altd. by J. ELLERTON.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. E. MILLER, Mus.Doc.



660

mf O GOD of Love, O King of Peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

mf 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
dim Remember not our sin's dark stain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

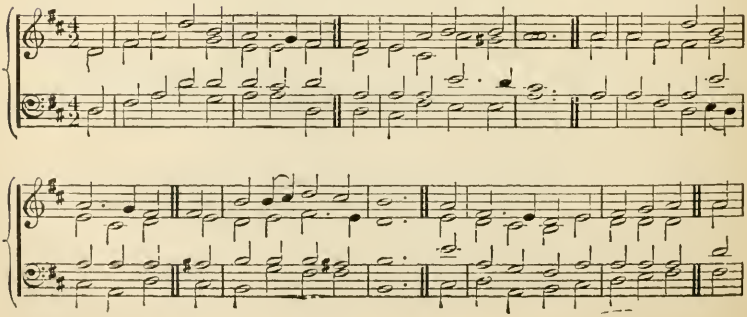
mf 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
cr None ever called on Thee in vain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

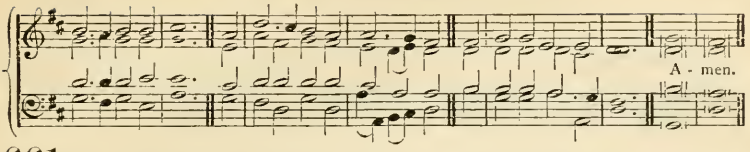
f 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again. Amen.

H. W. BAKER

(*b*) *Pestilence.*

PETERSHAM. C.M.D. C. W. POOLE.





661

mp GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away;
cr But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

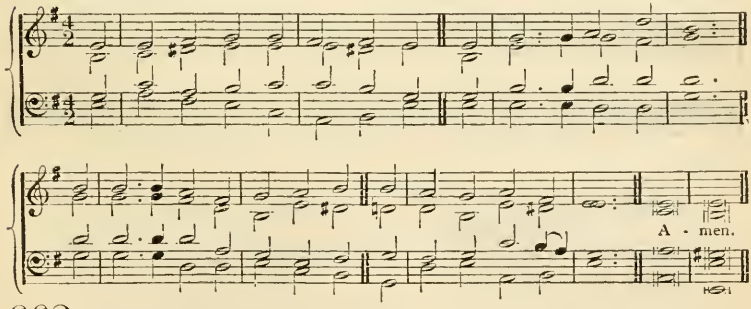
mp 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less, we own;
cr Yet wondrously, from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown.
mp When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
cr To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee we found.

mf 3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch or word or look;
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in nature's book:
cr Yet come to cleanse the sick man's soul,
Come cleanse the leprous taint,
f Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

p 4 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
cr With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
mp Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

CHESHIRE. C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter.*



662

mp O LORD of life and death, we come
In sorrow to Thy throne,
Yet not bewildered, blind and dumb,
Before some power unknown.

mp 2 The scourge is in our Father's hand;
The plague comes forth from Thee;
Oh, give us hearts to understand,
And faith Thy ways to see!

mp 3 Forgive the foul neglect that brought
Thy chastening to our door;
The homes uncared for, souls untaught,
The unregarded poor.

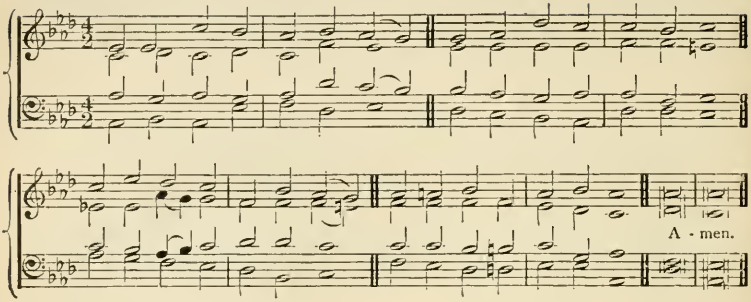
mp 4 The slothful ease, the greed of gain,
The wasted years, forgive;
Purge out our sins by needful pain,
Then turn, and bid us live.

mp 5 So shall the lives for which we plead
Be spared to praise Thee still,
cr And we, from fear and danger freed,
mf Be strong to do Thy will. Amen.

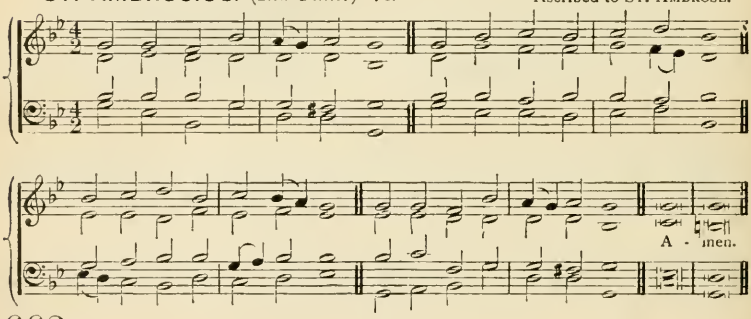
J. ELLERTON.

(c) *Dearth.*

SPRINGFIELD. (*1st Tune.*) 7s. E. MINSHALL.



ST. AMBROSIUS. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s. Ascribed to ST. AMBROSE.



663

mp THOU that sendest sun and rain,
Ruling over land and sea,
May we ne'er of Thee complain,
Whatsoe'er our lot may be.

mp 2 Whether sun or rain in turn
Ripen or destroy the grain,
May we still this lesson learn,
Ne'er to murmur or complain.

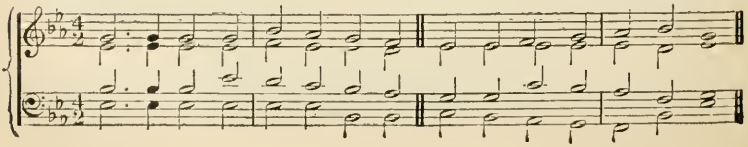
mp 3 Fewer flocks or fewer herds,
Scanty though our store may be,
Still we seem to hear Thy words,
cr "Trust, ye faithful, trust in Me."

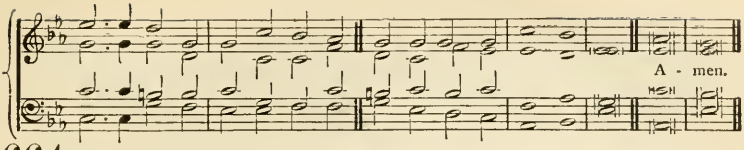
mp 4 All we have, we know, is Thine,
Thine to give and take away;
Feed us then with food divine,
Feed us this and every day.

mp 5 Thus as changeful seasons brin
Wealth or want, whiche'er it be,
cr Uncomplaining still we'll sing,
Simply trusting all to Thee. Amen.

G. THRING.

LOWTON. 87.87. A. LOWE.





664

mp GOD, Creator, and Preserver;
God, Who feedest man and beast;
God, Whose tender mercy careth
For the weakest and the least;

mp 2 If in former times of gladness,
In the fulness of our bread,
Harvest gifts to Thee we offered,
Harvest songs to Thee we said:

cr 3 Shall we not in trustful patience
Cast our cares upon Thee now?
Shall we not in meek obedience
To Thy righteous judgments bow?

mp 4 Though the earth withhold her increase,
Though the heaven restrain its dew,
Though his hand the reaper fill not,
Yet we know that Thou art true.

mf 5 Not in vain the mighty promise,
From beneath the bow of peace,
Told us, while the earth remaineth,
Seed-time, harvest, shall not cease.

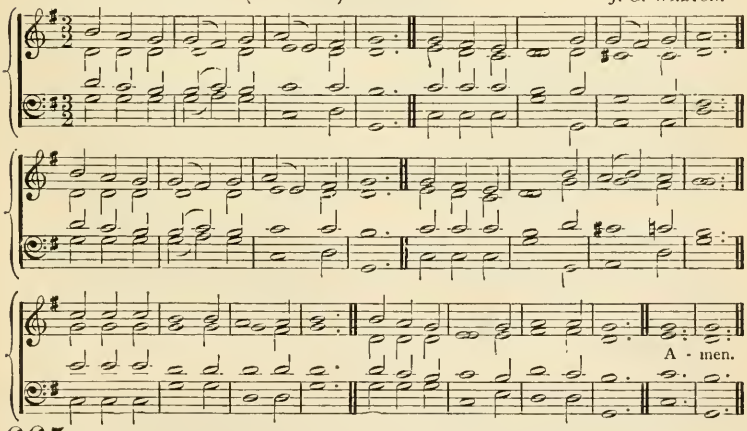
dim 6 But our sins have stayed Thy blessing,
Our rebellions drawn Thy sword;
Pity now Thy mourning people,
Think upon Thy covenant, Lord!

mf 7 So the sunshine of Thy bounty
Once again shall dry our tears,
cr And Thy gracious Hand restore us
All our canker-eaten years! Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

(*d*) *Drought.*

ST. CATHERINE. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8 8. 8 8 8. J. G. WALTON.



665

mp O LIFT our spirits, Lord, to Thee!
We would not earthward bend the knee
To grovel for some golden gain;
It is for very life we plead!

p O hear us, Father, in our need,
And ope Thy hand to us in rain.

mp 2 We trust our seed to the dark earth,
But only Thou canst bring it forth
In ripened fruits of smiling grain:
By Thee alone are all things fed,
To Thee alone we look for bread:
Pity us, Lord, and send the rain.

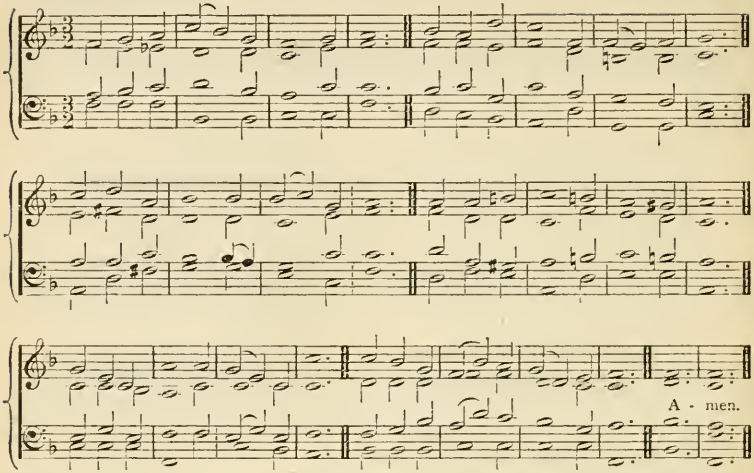
mp 3 A world of dumb things droop and die;
For their sake hear the human cry,
O make Thy covenant once again,
And bid the bow of promise rise,

cr While smiling earth drinks from the skies
The life and glory of the rain.

mf 4 The world revive; make glad the vine
That turns the water into wine;
In the green ear enrich the grain;
Anoint the flower and crown the fruit,
All nature quicken, core and root,
And send Thy blessing, Lord, in rain.
Amen.

G. MASSEY.

PATER OMNIUM. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8 8.8 8 8. H. J. E. HOLMES.



665

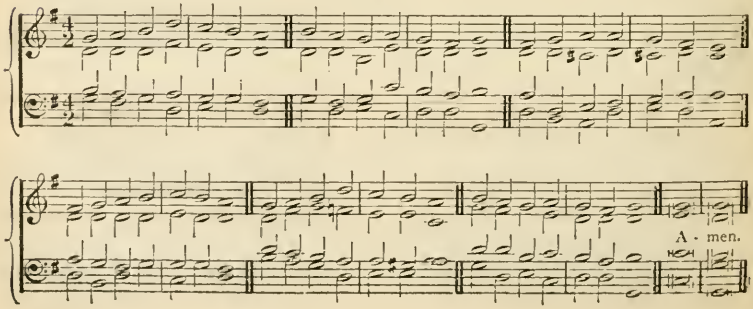
mp O LIFT our spirits, Lord, to Thee!
We would not earthward bend the [knee
To grovel for some golden gain;
It is for very life we plead!
p O hear us, Father, in our need,
And ope Thy hand to us in rain.

mp 2 We trust our seed to the dark earth,
But only Thou canst bring it forth
In ripened fruits of smiling grain:
By Thee alone are all things fed,
To Thee alone we look for bread:
Pity us, Lord, and send the rain.

mp 3 A world of dumb things droop and die;
For their sake hear the human cry,
O make Thy covenant once again,
And bid the bow of promise rise,
cr While smiling earth drinks from the skies
The life and glory of the rain.

mf 4 The world revive; make glad the vine
That turns the water into wine;
In the green ear enrich the grain;
Anoint the flower and crown the fruit,
All nature quicken, core and root,
And send Thy blessing, Lord, in rain.
Amen. G. MASSEY.

CASSEL. 7s., 6 lines. German.



666

mf WHAT our Father does is well:
Blessèd truth His children tell!
dim Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
cr Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

mf 2 What our Father does is well:
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
dim If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
cr Is it not Himself to be
All our store eternally?

mf 3 What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
cr Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies;
He has called us sons of God,
p Can we murmur at His rod?

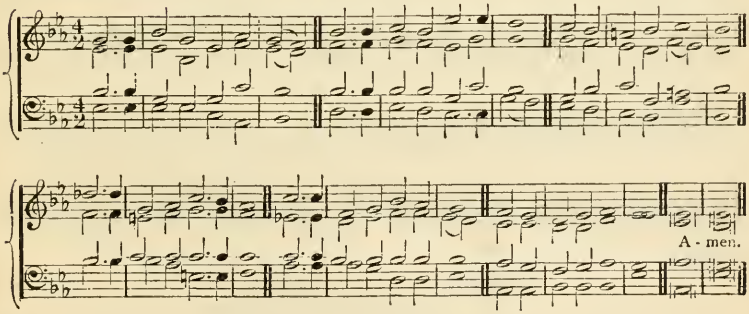
mf 4 What our Father does is well:
May the thought within us dwell;
dim Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
cr God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

f 5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now and through eternity. Amen.

B. SCHMOLCKE, tr. H. W. BAKER.

(*e*) *Excessive Rain.*

BACTON. 7 7 6.7 7 6. E. PROUT.



667

mf IN the hollow of Thy Hand,
Maker of the sea and land,
Thou dost hold the waters;
dim Father, in our sore distress,
Seal the opened heavens, and bless
Sion's sons and daughters.

mf 2 Evermore Thy words remain,
Ne'er again shall floods and rain
Overwhelm in sadness;
dim Merciful, receive our cry,
By Thy Covenant, Most High,
Visit us with gladness.

f 3 Then our land shall laugh and sing,
Then the valleys increase bring,
Fear no more oppress us,
Sunlight fall on field and wold,
On the stall and on the fold,
God, our own God, bless us. Amen.

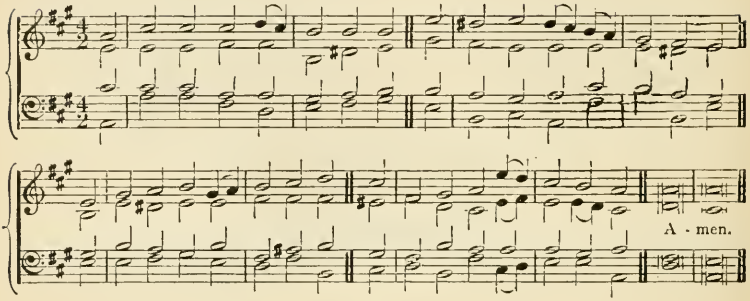
W. C. DIX.

XIV.

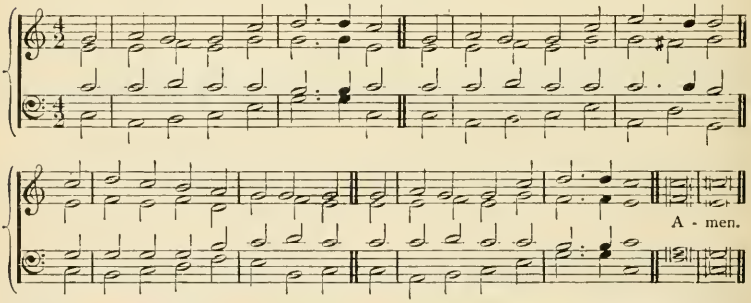
Special Seasons.

1.—*MORNING.*

MORNING HYMN. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. F. H. BARTHELEMON.



LAUDS. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. R. REDHEAD.



668

f AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

mf 2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

mf [3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

f 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.]

mf 5 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake!

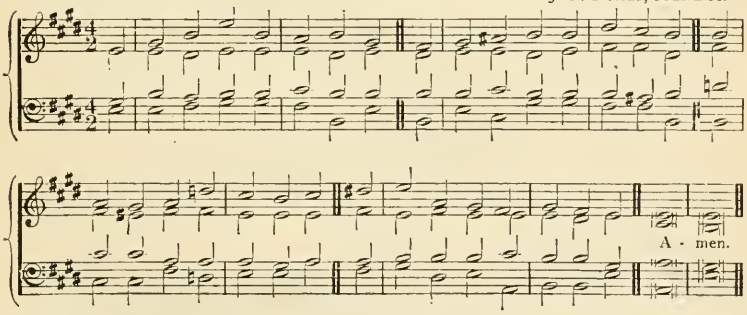
p 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

cr 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

ff 8 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

T. KEN.

ST. AMBROSE. L.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



669

f O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;—

mf 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

mf 3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

mf [4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness,
From sudden falls our feet defend.
And bring us to a prosperous end.]

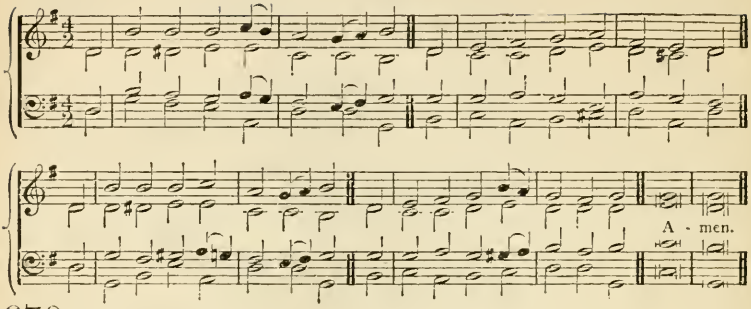
mf 5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

p 6 O hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray;
cr And faithful love our noonday light;
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!

mf 7 O Christ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
cr O, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee! Amen.

AMBROSE, tr. J. CHANDLER.

CANONBURY. L. M. R. SCHUMANN.



670

mf FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

mf 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

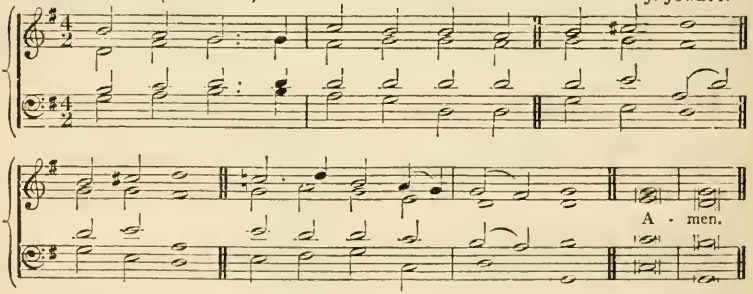
mf 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

mp 4 Give me to bear Thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
cr And still to things eternal look,
f And hasten to Thy glorious day.

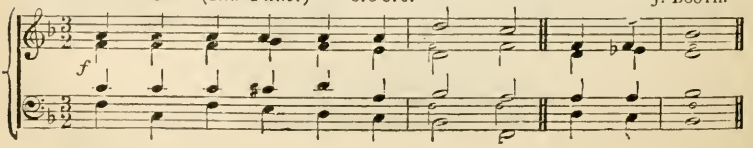
f 5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven. Amen.

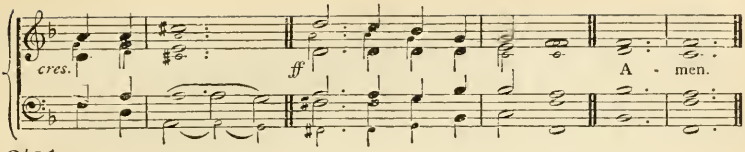
C. WESLEY, *v.* 2, *l.* 4 altd.

THANET. (*1st Tune.*) 8.3 3.6. J. JOWETT.



ADORATION. (*2nd Tune.*) 8.3 3.6. J. BOOTH.





671

f RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker!
Angels praise,
Join thy lays;
With them be partaker.

mf 2 Father, Lord of every spirit,
In Thy light
Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

mp 3 Never cast me from Thy Presence
Till my soul
Shall be full
Of Thy blessèd Essence.

mp 4 O my Jesus, God Almighty,
Pray for me,
Till I see
Thee in Salem's city.

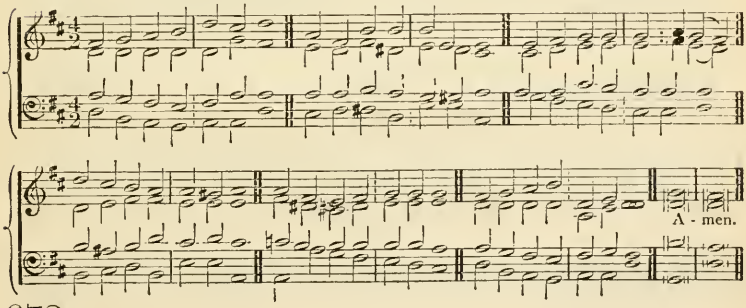
mp 5 Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
Be my Guide,
Lest my pride
Shut me out of heaven.

cr 6 Thou by night wast my Protector:
With me stay
All the day,
Ever my Director

mf 7 Holy, Holy, Holy Giver
Of all good,
Life and food,
f Reign, adored for ever! Amen.

J. CENNICK.

MOUNT ZION. (*1st Tune.*) 7s., 6 lines. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



672

mf EVERY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
cr For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
Thy compassion doth endure.

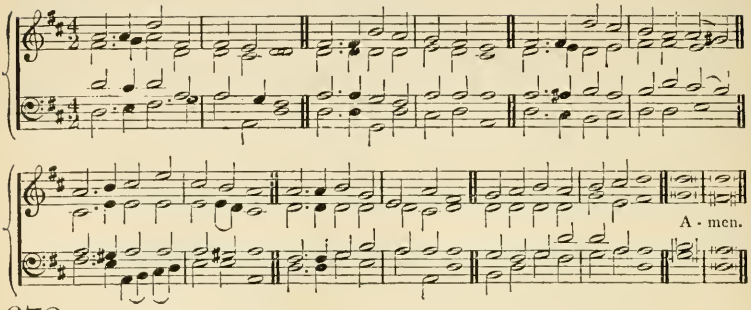
mf 2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
cr Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

mf 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And as we confess the sin,
And the tempter's power within,
cr Every morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

mf 4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendour burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
cr With our hands our hearts to raise,
f In unfailing prayer and praise. Amen.

G. PHILLIMORE, *v.* 1, *l.* 1 altd.

MORNING. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s., 6 lines. W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.



672

mf EVERY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
cr For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure:
Thy compassion doth endure.

mf 2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
cr Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

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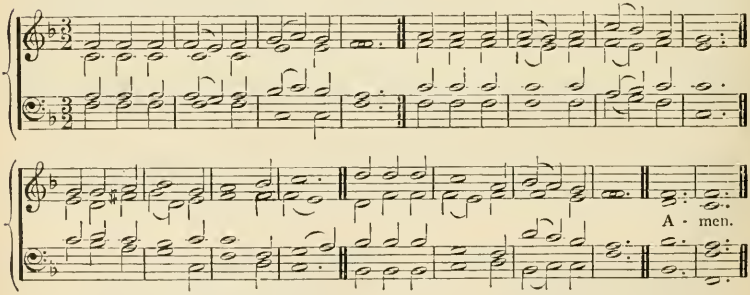
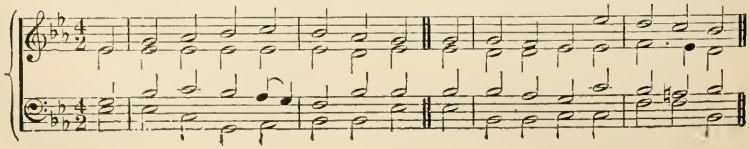
mf 4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendour burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
cr With our hands our hearts to raise,
f In unfailing prayer and praise. Amen.

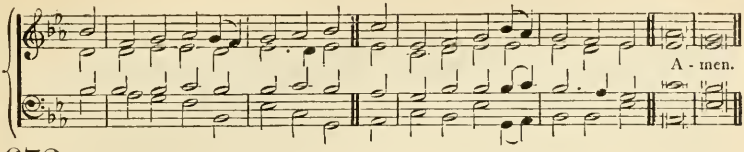
G. PHILLIMORE, *v.* 1, *l.* 1 altd.

HURSLEY. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. P. RITTER.



LUDBOROUGH. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS.





673

mf O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

mf 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

mf 3 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

mp 4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

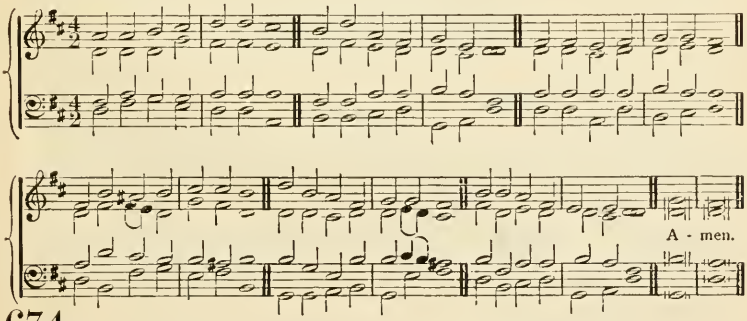
mf 5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

mp 6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

p 7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
cr And help us, this and every day,
mf To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

RATISBON. 7s., 6 lines. German.



674

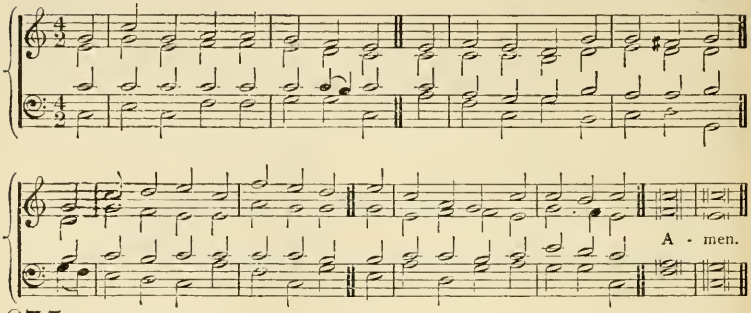
f CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near!
Day-star, in my heart appear!

p 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
cr Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

mf 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!
cr More and more Thyself display,
f Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch.*



675

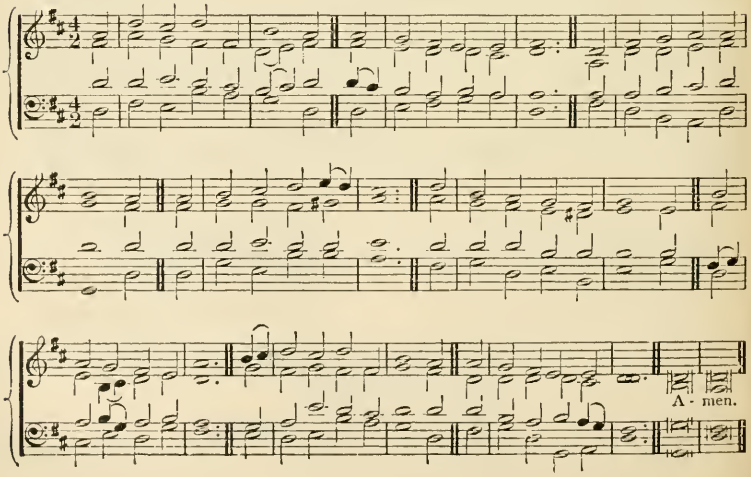
mf MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

mp 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
cr Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

mf 3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
cr Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
f Demand perpetual songs of praise. Amen.

I. WATTS.

PEARSALL. 7 6.7 6. D. *St. Gall Katholische Gesangbuch.*



676

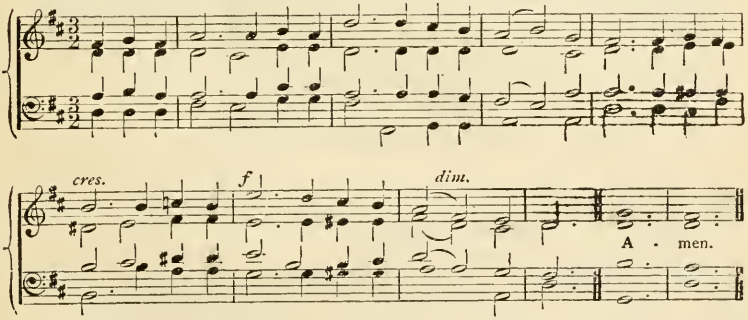
f THY love for all Thy creatures
What tongue, O God, may tell?
The morning, noon, and evening,
Alike our praise compel:
The morning, noon, and evening,
Whene'er they rise or fall,
Unite to hymn Thy praises,
Great Maker of them all.

f 2 Behold the sun in splendour
Hath lit his fires on high,
The farther on his journey,
The higher in the sky;
dim And when again he sinketh
Beneath the western wave,
cr A radiant crown of glory
Shall kindle o'er his grave.

mf 3 May we to whom in mercy
A brighter light is given,
The farther on our journey,
The nearer be to heaven;
dim And when the shades of evening
Shall lengthen o'er our heads,
cr May rays of heavenly glory
Illume our dying beds.

mf 4 Shine! shine! Thou Sun Eternal,
And cast a ray divine
On those who hymn Thy praises;
Both now and ever shine:
cr For, then, no cloud of evening
Shall gather round the past,
f But Thou, O Christ, shalt light us
Safe Home,—safe Home at last.
Amen. G. THRING.

BRACONDALE. C.M., or 4 4 6.4 4 6. J. BOOTH.



677

f MY soul, awake!
Thy rest forsake,
And greet the morning light;
With song arise—
Glad sacrifice
For mercies of the night.

f 2 With courage drest,
Strong-hearted, blest,
Fulfil thy work abroad.
Fearless and true,
Thy way pursue,
A happy child of God.

mf 3 Amid the strife
Of daily life,
Amid its noontide heat,
Fear not to miss
Thy secret bliss,
The rest of sonship sweet.

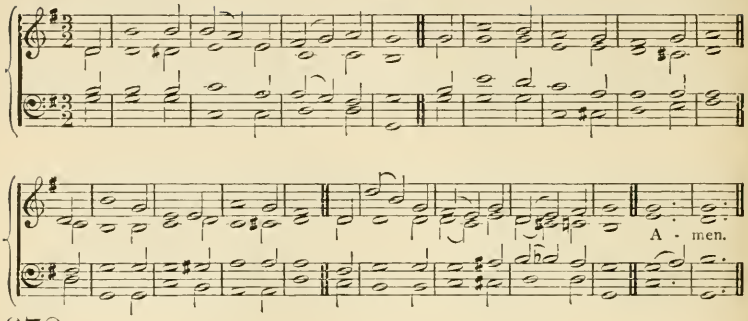
4 In liberty
Of holy glee,
Accept thy childhood's part;
And thou shalt find,
By faith enshrined,
The Father in thy heart.

mp 5 O blessèd rest,
With such a Guest
Life's duty grows divine,
Dross becomes gold,
And, as of old,
The water turns to wine.

f 6 Eternal praise
To Thee we raise,
Who deign'st with men to dwell;
Great Word of God,
Jehovah! Lord!
Adored Immanuel! Amen.

JANE E. LIVOCK.

BROOKFIELD. L.M. T. B. SOUTHGATE.



678

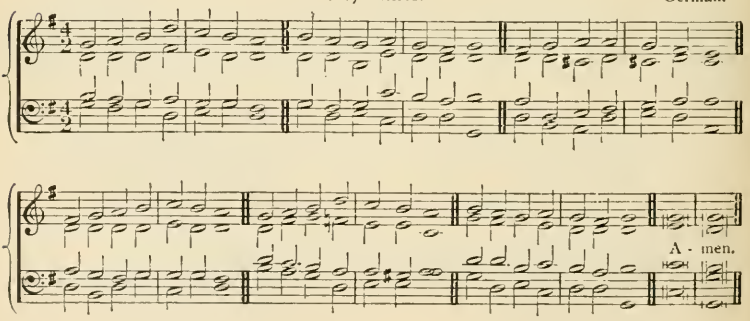
mf O GOD, Who canst not change nor fail,
Guiding the hours as they roll by,
Brightening with beams the morning pale,
And burning in the mid-day sky.

mp 2 Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart;
dim From perils guard our feeble life,
p And to our souls Thy peace impart.

mp 3 Grant this, O Father, only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
cr To whom all glory, Three in One,
mf Be given in every time and place. Amen.

AMBROSE, tr. J. H. NEWMAN.

CASSEL. 7s., 6 lines. German.



679

mf AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day:
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more:
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

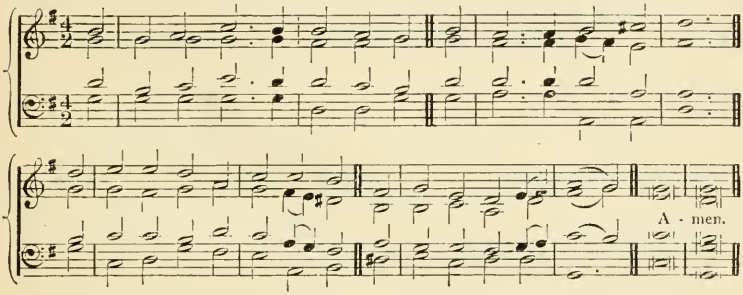
mp 2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless:
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

mp 3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe ;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies :
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

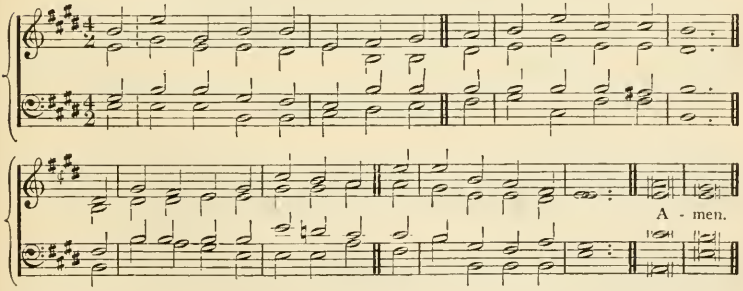
mp 4 Fain would we Thy Word embrace,
Live each moment in Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

mp 5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon ;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart :
cr So shall this and all our days,
mf Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.
Amen. W. BRIGHT.

WOODOAKS. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. W. F. HURNDALL,



BRADFIELD. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



680

mf O LORD of life, Thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song ;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to Thee belong.

mf 2 I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind ;
Earth is Thy uttered word ;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.

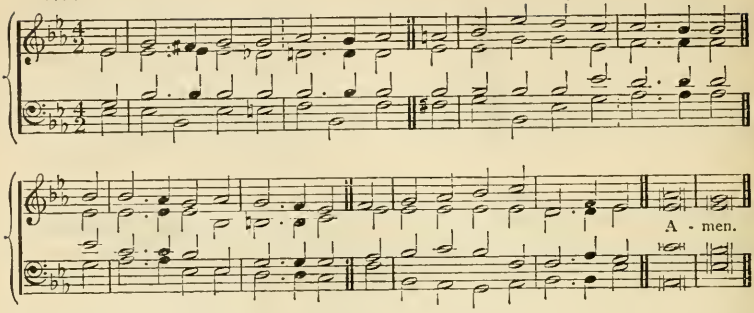
mf 3 Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee ;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

mp 4 Lord, let me live and act this day,
Still rising from the dead ;
cr Lord, make my spirit good and gay—
Give me my daily bread.

mp 5 Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
dim Till the night comes, and, labour done,
p In Thee I fall asleep. Amen.

G. MACDONALD.

WALTHAM. L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



681

f LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

mf 2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy slumber-gifts our strength restore
Throughout the day to serve Thee more.

mp 3 Yet, whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
dim But on the soul thick midnight lies.

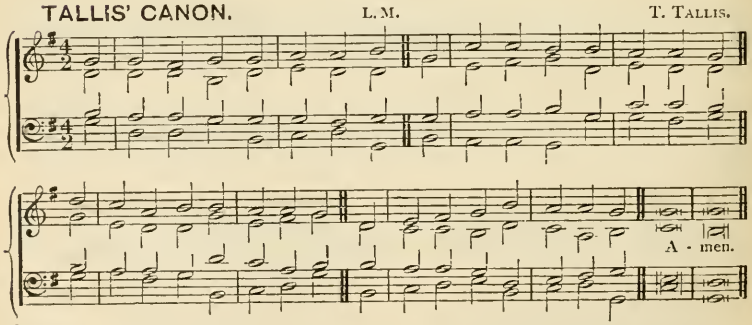
mf 4 O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own:
O then be with us, Lord, that we
In Thy great day may wake to Thee.

f 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
cr Till psalm and song His Name adore
ff Through Heaven's great day of Evermore. Amen.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

2.—*EVENING.*

TALLIS' CANON. L.M. T. TALLIS.



682

f GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

mp 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
p To die, that this vile body may
cr Rise glorious at the awful day!

mp 4 O may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!

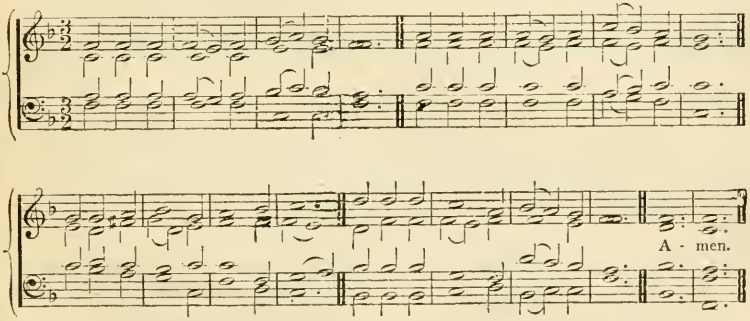
p [5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest!]

mf 6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

ff 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

T. KEN.

HURSLEY. (*1st Tune.*) L. M. P. RITTER.



683

mf SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

p [2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

pp 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!]

mf [4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

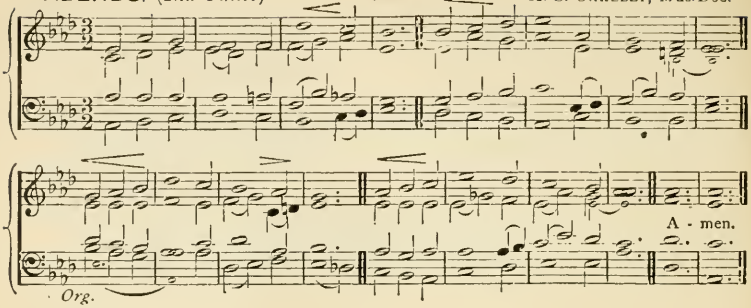
mf 5 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark!
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.]

p 6 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!

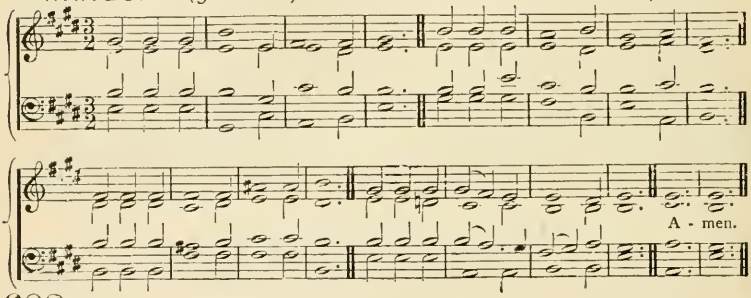
mp 7 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
dim Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
pp Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

cr 8 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
f Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above!
Amen. J. KEBLE.

ABENDS. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. H. S. OAKELEY, Mus. Doc.



WHITBURN. (*3rd Tune.*) L.M. H. BAKER, Mus. Bac.



683.

mf SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

p [2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

pp 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!]

mf [4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

rf 5 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark!
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.]

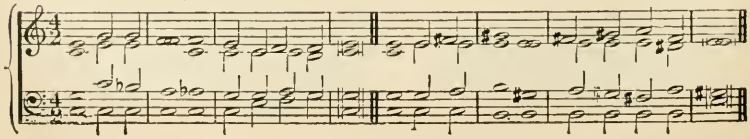
p 6 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!

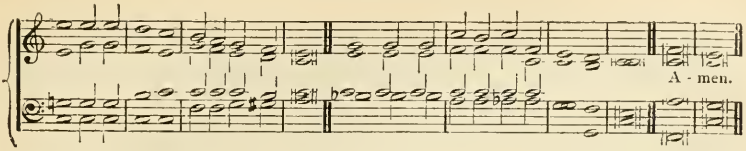
mp 7 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;

dim Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
pp Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

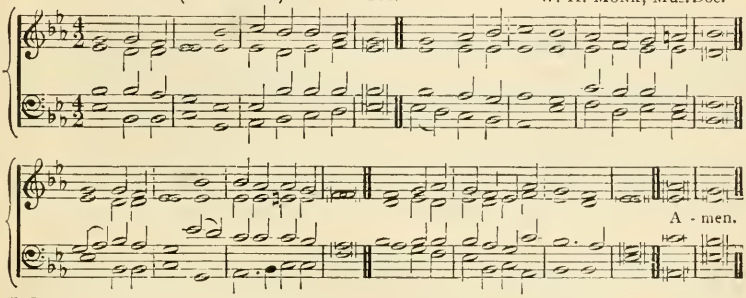
cr 8 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
f Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above!
Amen. J. KEBLE.

EVENTIDE. (*1st Tune.*) 10s. G. A. POPE.





EVENTIDE. (*2nd Tune.*) 10s. W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.



684

mf ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

p 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day!
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me!

mp 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

mp 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,—
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

mp [5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

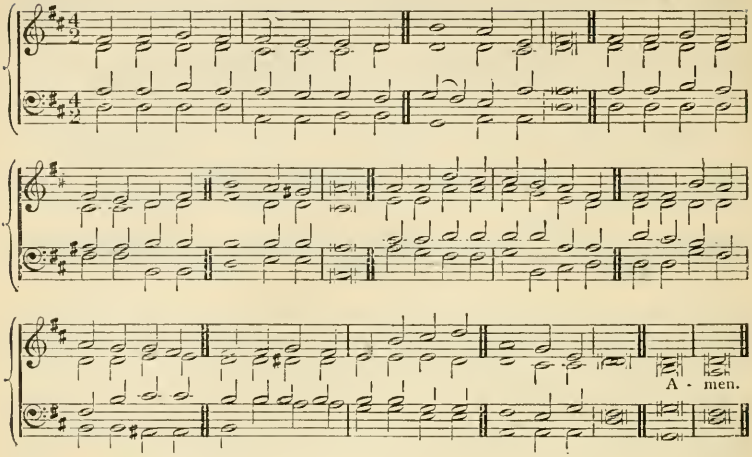
mf 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!]

mf 7 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
cr Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

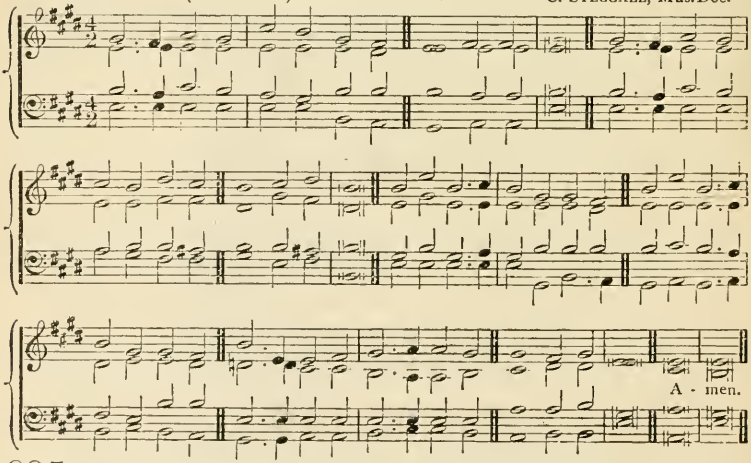
p 8 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes!
cr Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
f Heaven's morning breaks! and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life or death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

H. F. LYTE, *v.* 8 *w.* 1, 2, altd.

TEMPLE. (*1st Tune.*) 8 4.8 4.8 8 8.4. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



STEGGALL. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 4.8 4.8 8 8.4. C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.



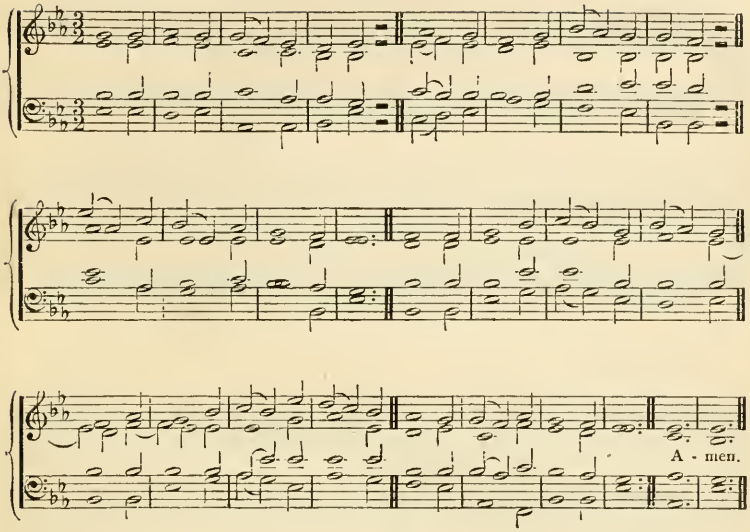
685

mf GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
mp May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

mf 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.
mp When the last dread call shall wake us,
cr Do not Thou, our God, forsake us;
f But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

R. HEBER AND R. WHATELY.

EVENING HYMN. 887.887. W. JACKSON.



686

mf FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy large and free.
Through the day Thy love has fed us,
Through the day Thy care has led us,
With divinest charity.

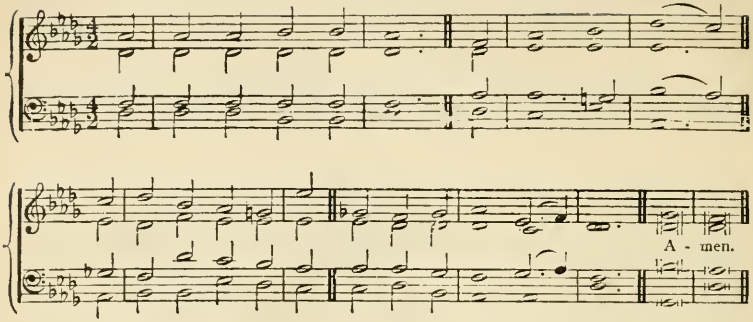
mp 2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour,
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From the world, the flesh, deliver,
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary!

mp 3 From enticements of the devil,
From the might of spirits evil,
Be our shield and panoply;
Let Thy power this night defend us,
p And a heavenly peace attend us,
And angelic company.

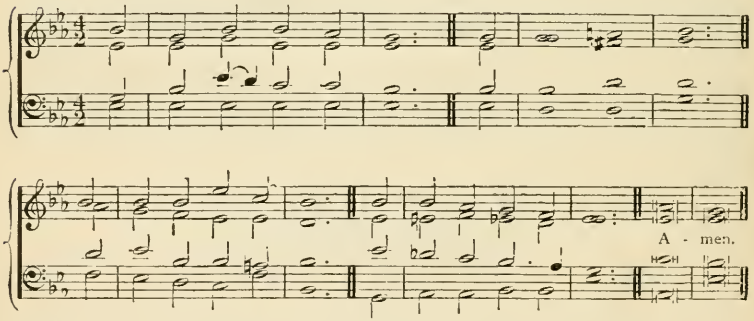
mp 4 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost each heart be filling
With Thine own serenity;
dim Softly let the eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever blessèd Trinity. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

HOREB. (*1st Tune.*) 6 4. 6 6. H. SMART.



ST. OSWALD. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 4. 6 6. T. HEWLETT.



687

mp THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
cr Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

pp 2 As Christ upon the cross
In death reclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

mf 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

mp 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

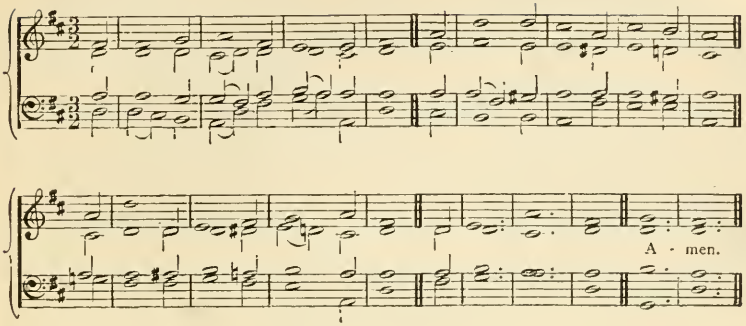
mf 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself; and dead
In Him to all beside.

mf 6 Thus would I live;—yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me!

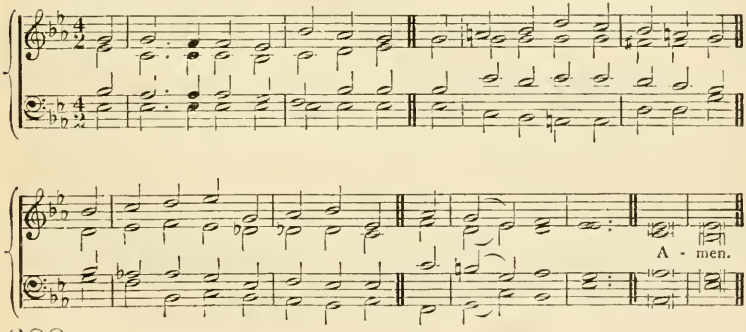
f 7 One sacred Trinity!
One Lord divine!
May I be ever His!
And He for ever mine! Amen.

LATIN, 7th CENTURY, tr. E. CASWALL.

SOUTHPORT. (*1st Tune.*) 8 8.8 4. G. LOMAS.



SUNSET. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 8.8 4. J. BARNBY.



688

mp THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

mp 2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;—
cr Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

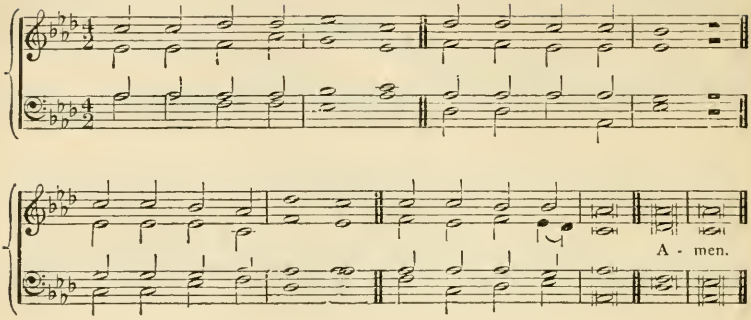
mf 3 Oh! by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

f 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

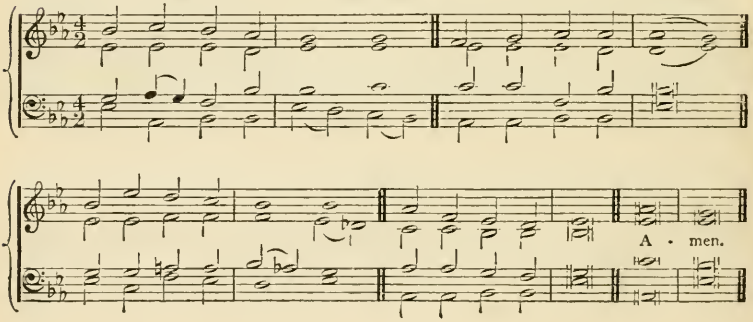
mf 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
f Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

G. THRING.

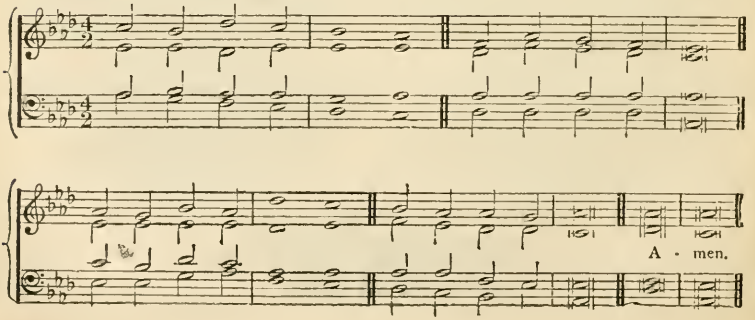
EUDOXIA. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5.6 5. S. BARING-GOULD.



ENON. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5.6 5 O. M. FIELDEN.



CASTLE EDEN. (*3rd Tune.*) 6 5.6 5. R. W. DIXON.



689

mp NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

mp 2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

mp 3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
p With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

cr 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

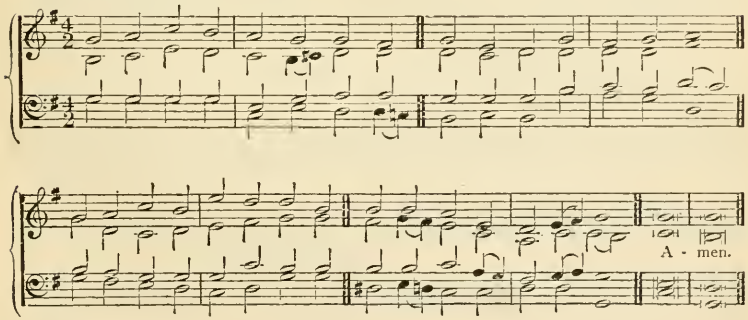
p 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
cr Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

mf 6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

cr 7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
f Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. Amen.

S. BARING GOULD.

SPRINGHILL. 87.87. W. F. HURNDALL.



690

mp HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

mp 2 Heavy though my sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one:
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

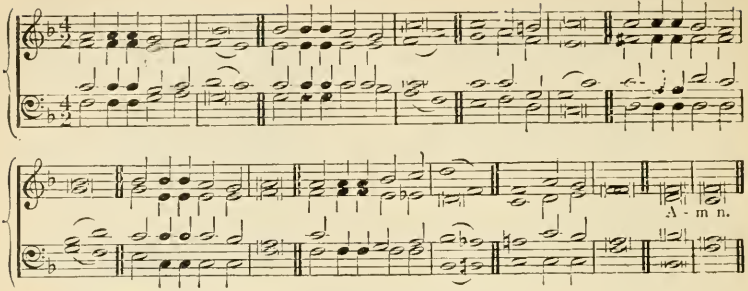
mf 3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

mf 4 None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought:
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son hath bought.

mp 5 Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come;
cr Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home. Amen.

HARRIET PARR, *v.* 2, *l.* 1 altd.

KIRBY BEDON. 664.6664. E. BUNNETT, Mus. Doc.



691

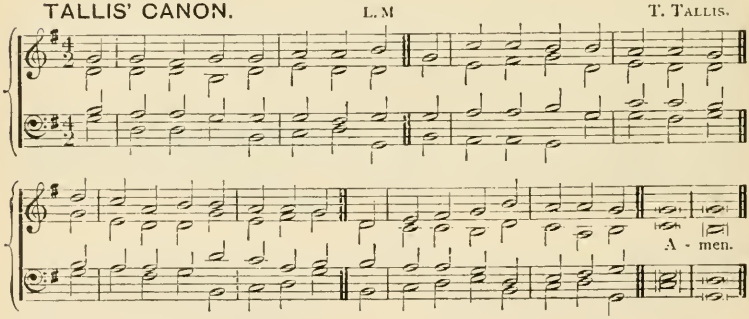
mf FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
cr Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
dim And to our Father pray,—
p Bless us to-night!

mf 2 Jesus, Immanuel!
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite.
dim For all our sins we grieve,
cr But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
p Bless us to-night!

mp 3 Spirit of holiness,
Gentle, transforming grace,
Indwelling light!
dim Soothe Thou each weary breast,
Now let Thy peace possessed
Calm us to perfect rest,
p Bless us to-night. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

TALLIS' CANON. L. M T. TALLIS.



692

mp THE night is come: like to the day
Depart not Thou, great God, away;
Let not my sins, all black as night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.

mf 2 Keep Thou still in my heaven: for me
The day doth need no sun but Thee;
O Thou Whose nature cannot sleep,
O'er my closed eyelids sentry keep.

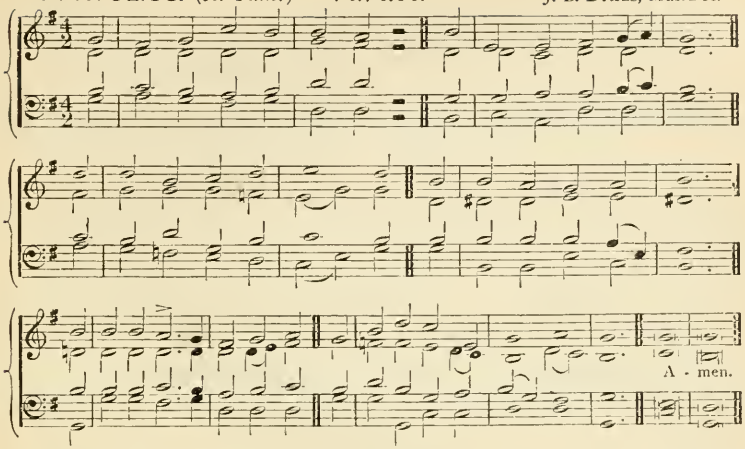
mp 3 Guard me against those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close;
Let no ill dreams my sleep infest,
But such as Jacob's slumbers blest;

mp 4 That so I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
cr And with an active vigour run
My course, as doth the unwearied sun.

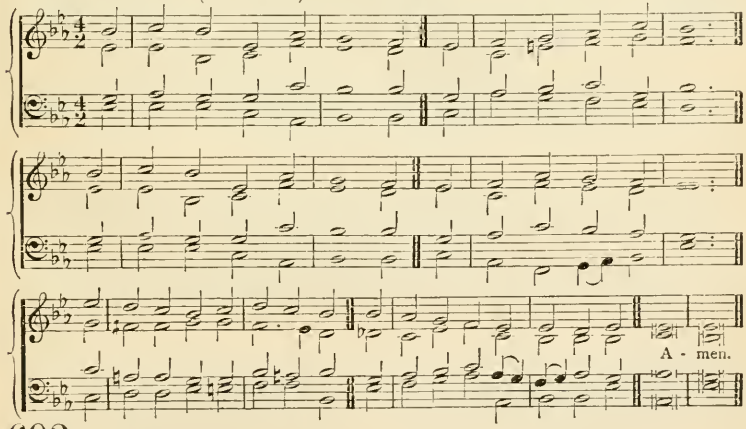
mp 5 Sleep is a death: O make me try
By sleeping what it is to die;
p And then as gently lay my head
Upon my grave, as now my bed. Amen.

T. BROWNE altd.

ANATOLIUS. (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6.8 8. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



ANATOLIUS. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6.8 8. A. H. BROWN.



693

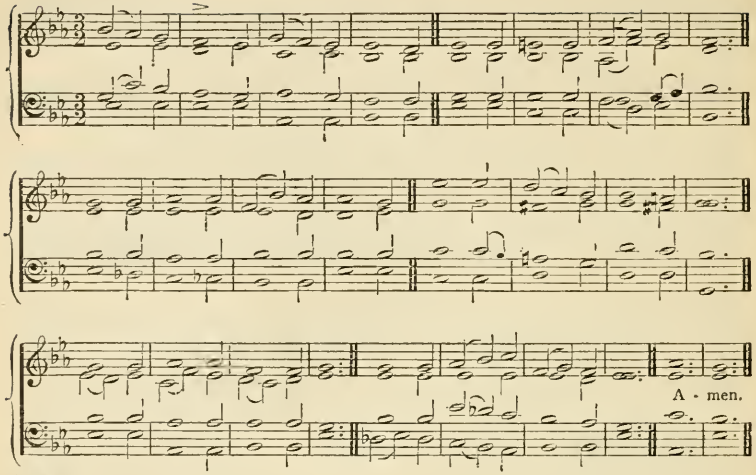
mf THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
dim I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
pp O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

mf 2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee;
dim And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of sin may be:
pp O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

mf 3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee;
dim And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
pp O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

mf 4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
pp Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.
Amen. ANATOLIUS, tr. J. M. NEALE.

STEPNEY. 87.87.77. W. BAYLEY



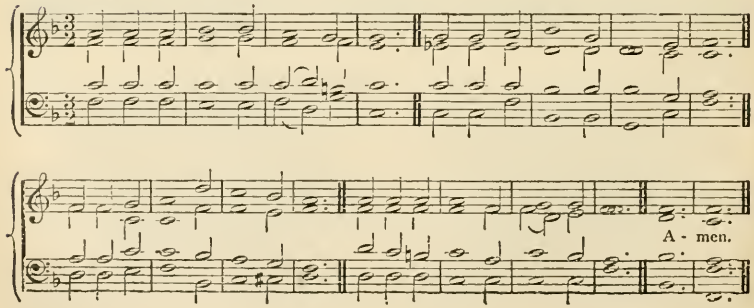
694

mp THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
mf Jesus, Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

mp 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thy love may we repose!
p And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. Amen.

T. KELLY.

CALM. L.M.



695

mp THOU Who hast known the careworn breast,
The weary need of sleep's deep balm,
Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,
And breathe around Thy perfect calm.

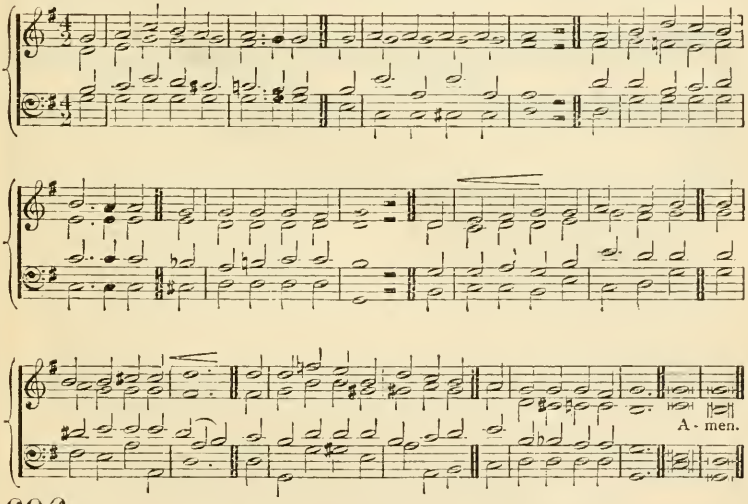
mf 2 Thy presence gives us childlike trust,
Gladness, and hope without alloy,
cr The faith that triumphs o'er the dust,
And gleamings of eternal joy.

mp 3 Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and say,
"Peace be to you, this evening hour,"
Then all the struggles of the day
Vanish before Thy loving power.

mf 4 Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven,
A little nearer every night;
Christ, to our earthly darkness given,
cr Till in His glory, there is light. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

ST. LEONARD. (*1st Tune.*) C.M.D. H. HILES, Mus.Doc.



696

p THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
cr Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
dim Look on Thy children from on high,
rall And hear us while we pray.

p 2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
cr The brightness of the coming light
Upon the darkness rolls;
f With hopes of future glory chase
rall The shadows on our souls.

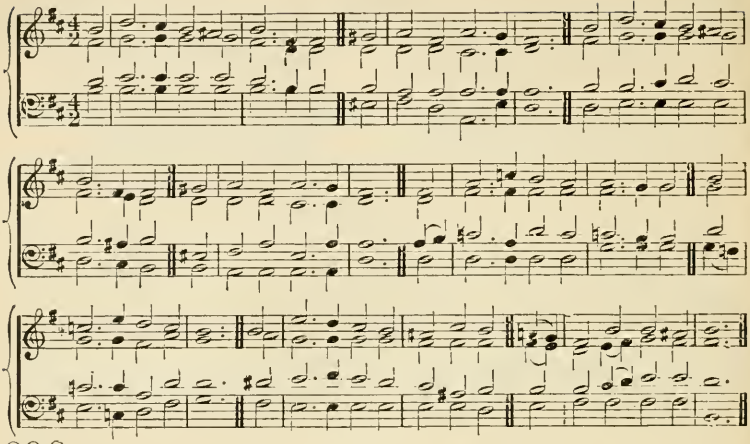
p 3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart:
cr Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
f Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
rall And trust in things divine.

p 4 Let peace, O Lord,—Thy peace, O God,—
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
cr Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
dim Through the long day, we suffer, Lord,
rall O give us now repose. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

PAX. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M.D. J. KINROSS.

FIRST AND SECOND VERSES.



696

p THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
cr Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
dim Look on Thy children from on high,
rall And hear us while we pray.

p 2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
cr The brightness of the coming light
Upon the darkness rolls;
f With hopes of future glory chase
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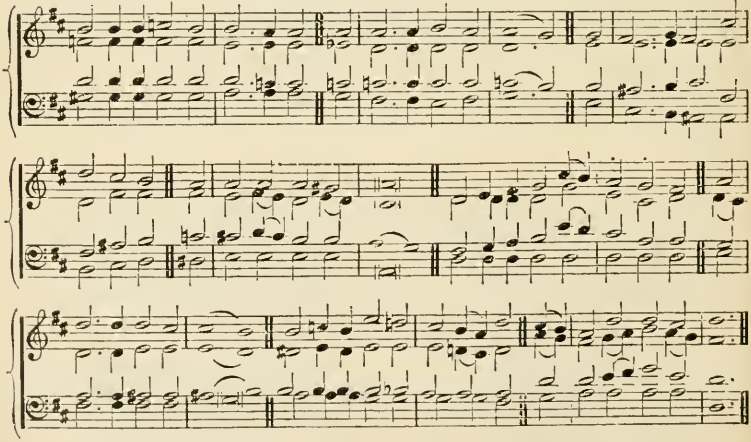
THIRD VERSE.



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So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart:

cr Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
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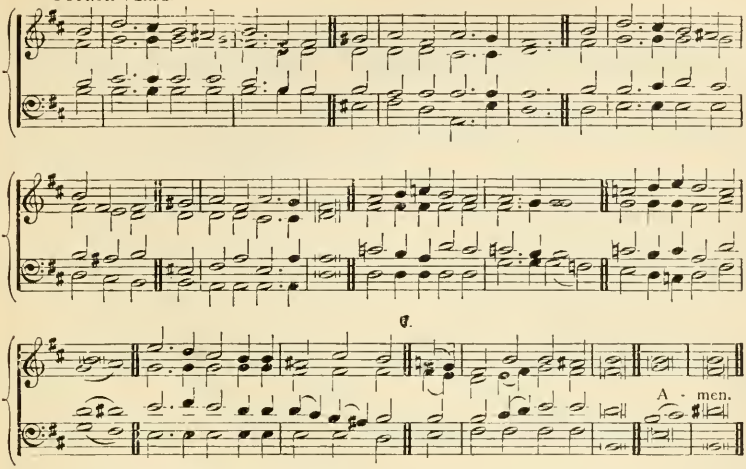
rall And trust in things divine.

FOURTH VERSE.

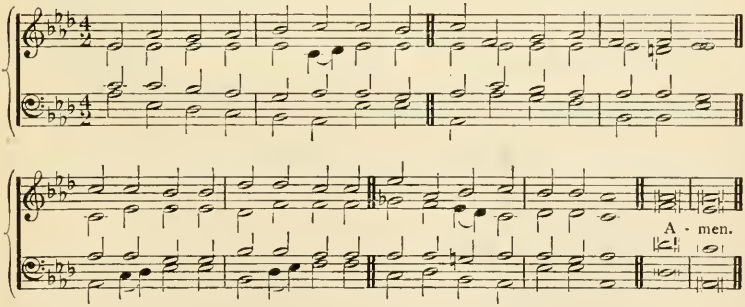


p 4 Let peace, O Lord,—Thy peace, O [God,—
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;

cr Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
dim Through the long day, we suffer, Lord,
rall O give us now repose. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

ARUNDEL. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87. J. B. DYKES, MUS.DOC.



697

mp SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

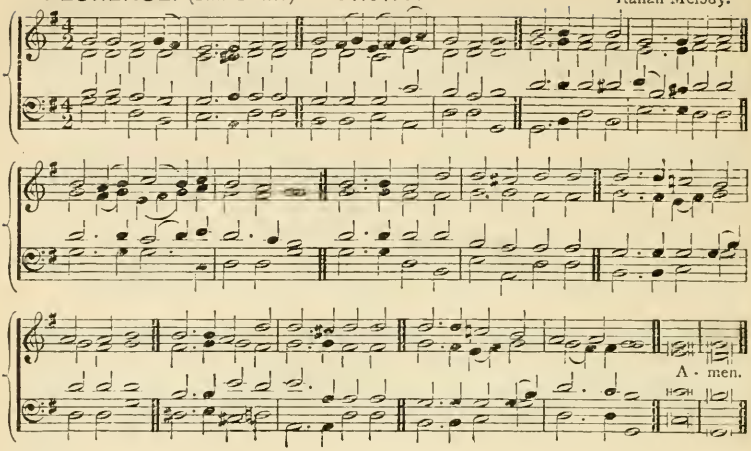
cr 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
mf Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, for Thou art nigh.

p 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee,
cr Thou art He Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

p 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
cr May the morn in heaven awake us,
f Clad in light, and deathless bloom.
Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

FLORENCE. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. D. Italian Melody.



697

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Ere repose our spirits seal; [ing,
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

cr 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
mf Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, for Thou art nigh.

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Darkness cannot hide from Thee,
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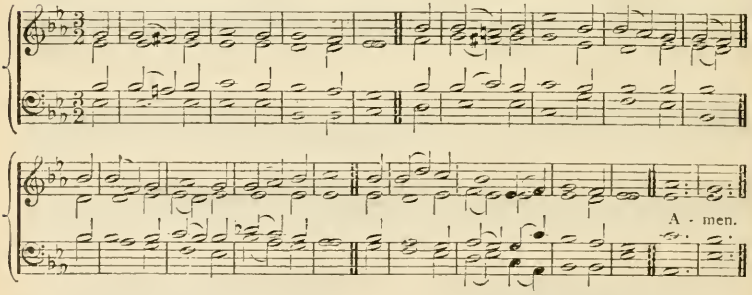
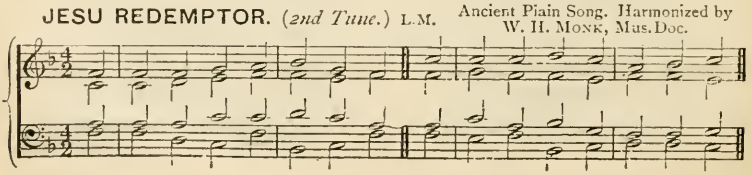
Watchest where Thy people be.

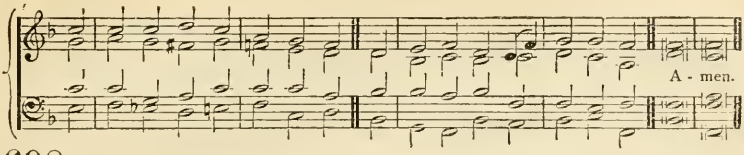
p 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
cr May the morn in heaven awake us,
f Clad in light, and deathless bloom.
Amen. J. EDMESTON.

STAINCLIFFE. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. R. W. DIXON.



JESU REDEMPTOR. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. Ancient Plain Song. Harmonized by W. H. MONK, Mus.Doc.





698

mp O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear:
cr Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.

mp 2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart!
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.

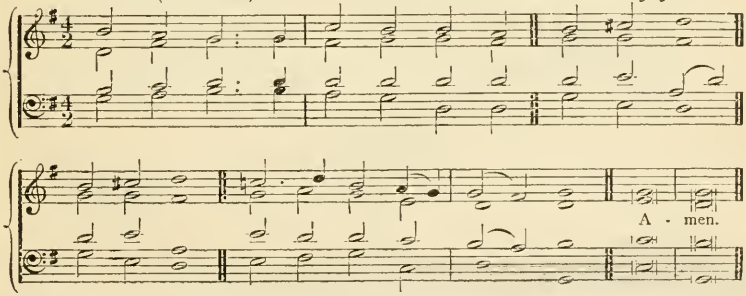
mf 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night?
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.

mp 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near,
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

f 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him, through time, till time shall end!
cr Till psalm and song His name adore,
ff Through heaven's great day of evermore. Amen.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THANET. (*1st Tune.*) . 8.3 3.6. J. JOWETT.



699

mf ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

mf 2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

mf 3 Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.

mp 4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

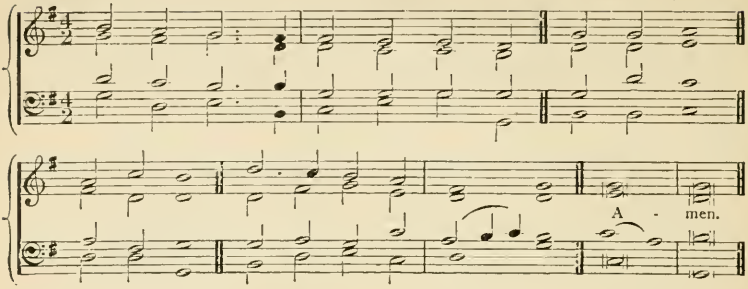
mf 5 Visit me with Thy salvation;
Let Thy care
Now be near
Round my habitation.

f 6 Thou my rock, my guide, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

p 7 So whene'er in death I slumber,
cr Let me rise
With the wise,
f Counted in their number. Amen.

J. CENNICK.

EVENSONG. (*2nd Tune.*) 8.3 3.6. O. J. STIMPSON, Mus.Bac., Oxon.



699

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This day showed
By my God,
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To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

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In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.

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Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

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Let Thy care
Now be near
Round my habitation.

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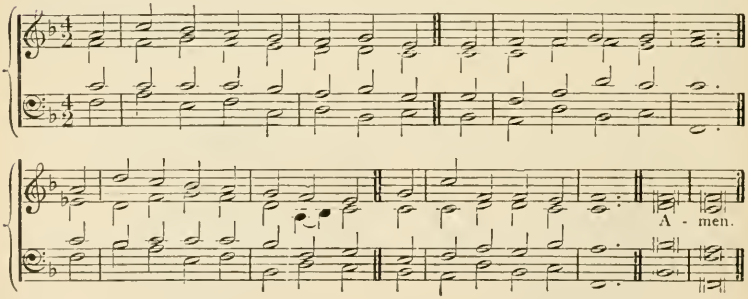
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

p 7 So whenc'er in death I slumber,
cr Let me rise
With the wise,
f Counted in their number. Amen

J. CENNICK.

ALBANO. C.M. V. NOVELLO.



700

mf NOW from the altar of my heart
Let incense-flames arise!
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.

f 2 Awake, my love! awake, my joy!
Awake, my heart and tongue!
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

mf 3 This day God was my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

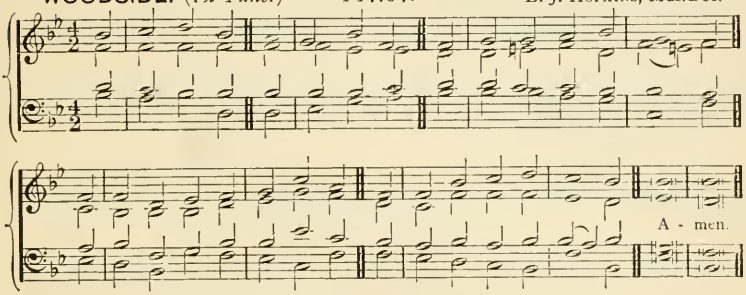
mp 4 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

mf 5 New time, new favour, and new joys
Do a new song require;
cr Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

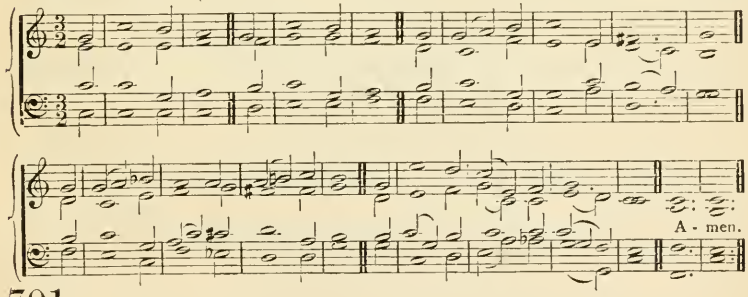
mf 6 Lord of my time, Whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
f Thee shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more. Amen.

J. MASON.

WOODSIDE. (*1st Tune.*) 4 4 7.8 7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



MONTROSE. (*2nd Tune.*) 4 4 7.8 7. E. BUNNETT, Mus. Doc.



701

mp THE day departs;
Our souls and hearts
Long for that better morrow,
cr When Christ shall set His people free
From every care and sorrow.

mp 2 The sunshine bright
Is lost in night;
O Lord, Thyself unveiling,
cr Shine on our souls with beams of love,
All darkness there dispelling.

mp 3 Be Thou still nigh,
With sleepless eye,
While all around are sleeping;
cr And angel-guards, at Thy command,
Afar all danger keeping.

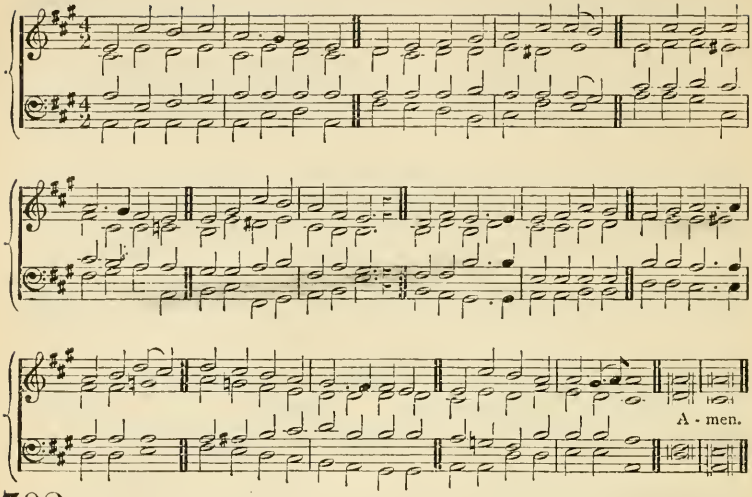
p 4 The land above,
Of peace and love,
No earthly beams need brighten,
cr For all its borders Christ Himself
f Doth with His glory lighten.

mp 5 May we be there,
That joy to share,
cr Glad Hallelujahs singing:
f With all the ransomed evermore
Our joyful praises bringing.

mp 6 Lord Jesu, Thou
Our Refuge now,
Forsake Thy servants never;
cr Uphold and guide, that we may stand
mf Before Thy throne for ever. Amen.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, tr. H. L. L.

PEACE. 87.87. D. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



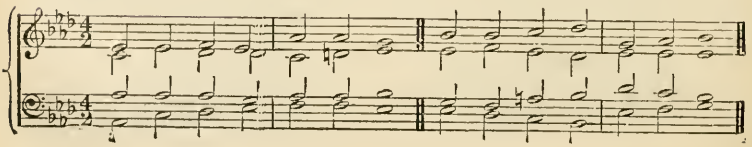
702

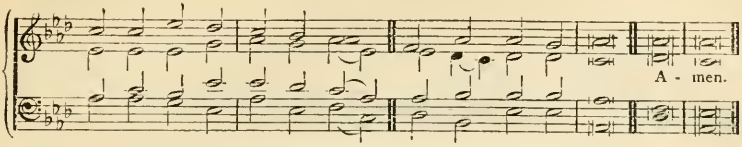
p NOW on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper-hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
cr Stars of heaven shine out above,
f Telling still the ancient story —
Their Creator's changeless love.

p 2 Now our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, Who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
At His touch our burdens fall.
cr As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
f Hope and faith and love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies. Amen.

S. LONGFELLOW.

IRENE. 777.5. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.





703

mf HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
f Light at evening-time.

mp 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
f Light at evening-time.

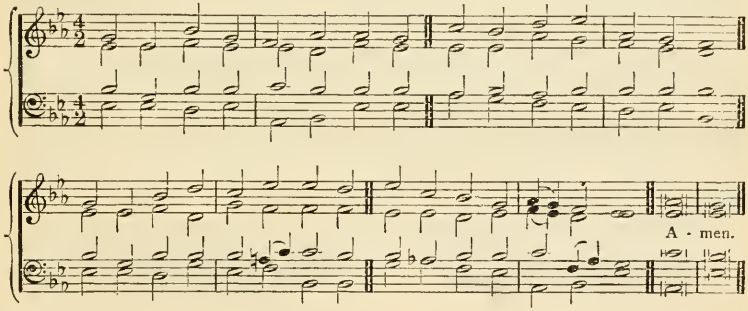
p 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
pp Grant us, as we come to die,
cr Light at evening-time.

mf 4 Holy, Blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
f Light at evening-time. Amen.

R. H. ROBINSON.

3.—*SATURDAY EVENING.*

SHARON. 8 7. 8 7. W. BOYCE, Mus. Doc.



704

mp SOUL, thy week of toil is ended,
And a voice, whilst world-cares fly,
With the closing hours is blended,—
Rest is coming, rest is nigh.

mf 2 Nearing Sabbath, how I bless thee!
Let Thy calmness fill my breast;
Let me even now possess thee;
And anticipate thy rest.

dim 3 Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear?
Be to me a well of gladness;
Bid me quite forget my fear.

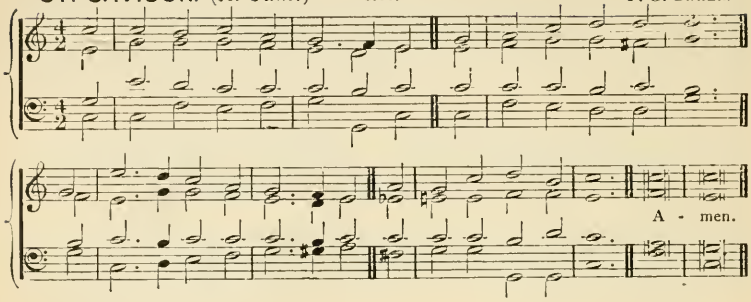
mp 4 So when life's long week is over,
Blessèd it will be to die;
Angels whispering as they hover,
"Rest is coming, rest is nigh."

mp 5 Then the heavenly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine:
cr Rest of God! the sun and centre
Of the bliss that is divine. Amen.

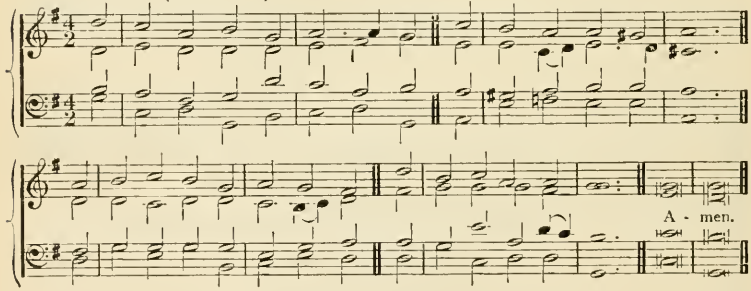
G. RAWSON.

4.—*SPRING.*

ST. SAVIOUR. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. F. G. BAKER.



BRISTOL. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. From RAVENSCROFT.



705

f THE glory of the spring how sweet!
The newborn life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet
In new, bright raiment clad!

mf 2 Divine Renewer! Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth;
I love thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewed earth.

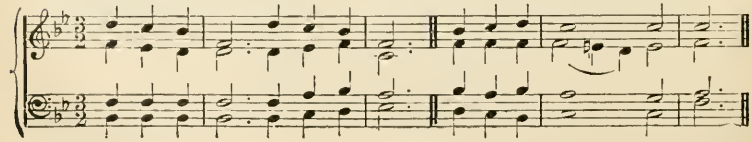
f 3 But O! these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine!

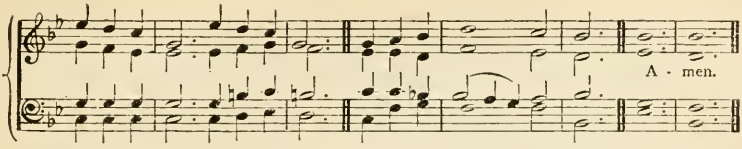
mp 4 These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new, [blest,
These mourning souls by Thee made
These faithless hearts made true.

mf 5 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine!
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine!

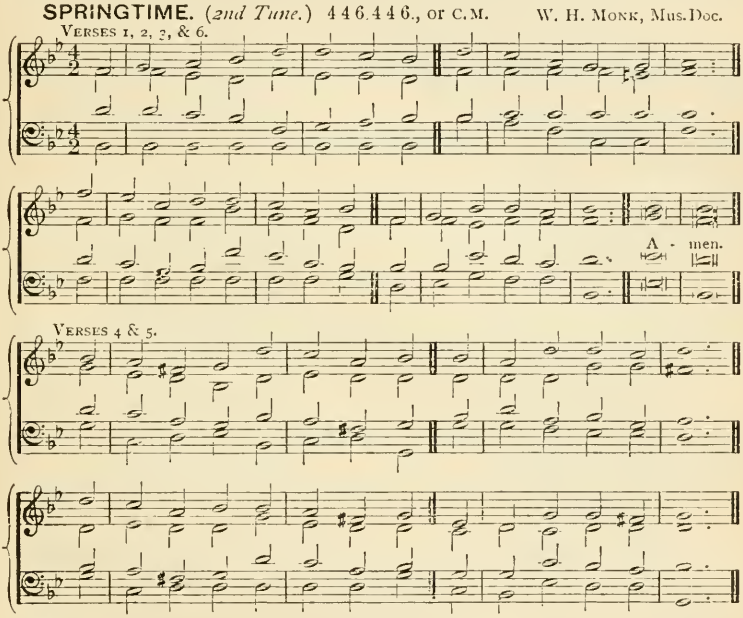
mf 6 Still let new life and strength upspring,
cr Still let new joy be given!
f And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven!
Amen. T. H. GILL.

HATHERSAGE. (*1st Tune.*) 4 4 6.4 4 6., or C.M. R. JACKSON.





SPRINGTIME. (*2nd Tune.*) 4 4 6. 4 4 6., or C.M. W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



706

mf THE spring-tide hour
Brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.

mf 2 Bird, flower, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
dim But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

mp 3 Dews fall apace,—
The dews of grace,—
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within.

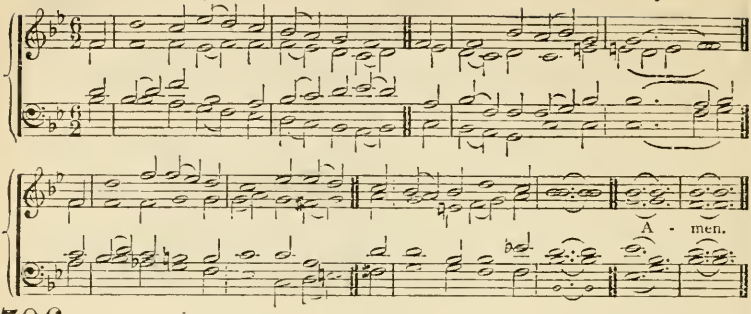
cr 4 Yet year by year
Fruit, flowers appear,
And birds their praises sing;
dim But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

mp 5 Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow,
cr Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

f 6 And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing;
cr Lord, teach this heart
To bear its part,
ff And join the praise of spring. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

AVONDALE. (*3rd Tune.*) 4 4 6. 4 4 6., or C.M. J. BOOTH.



706

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With songs of life and love;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.

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Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
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Bears not its part,
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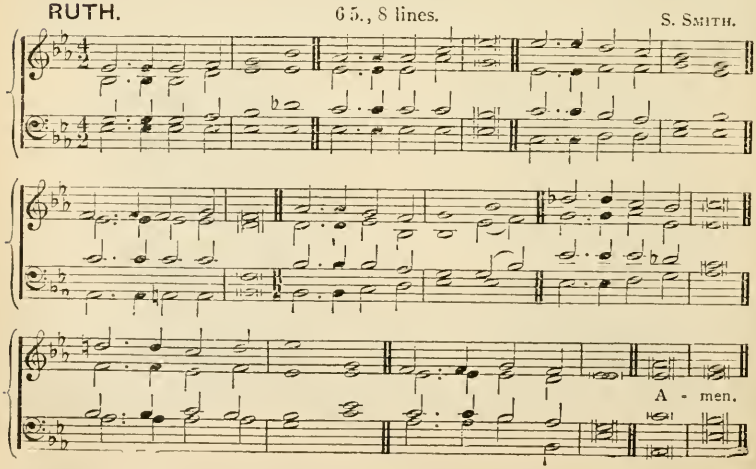
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow,
cr Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

f 6 And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing:
cr Lord, teach this heart
To bear its part,
ff And join the praise of spring. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

5.—*SUMMER.*

RUTH. 6 5., 8 lines. S. SMITH.



f SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

f 2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

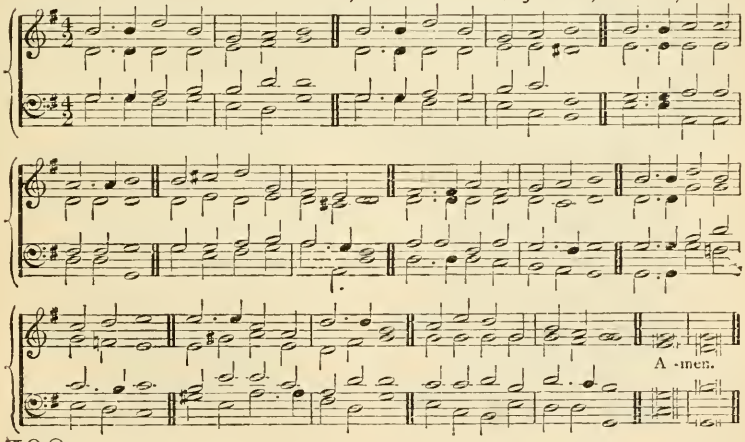
f 3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour
cr For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
p And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
cr Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

mf 4 We will never doubt Thee,
dim Though Thou veil Thy light:
p Life is dark without Thee;
cr Death with Thee is bright.
f Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

W. W. HOW

6.—*AUTUMN AND HARVEST.*

ST. GEORGE. 7s., 8 lines. G. J. ELVEY, Mus.Doc., Oxon.



708

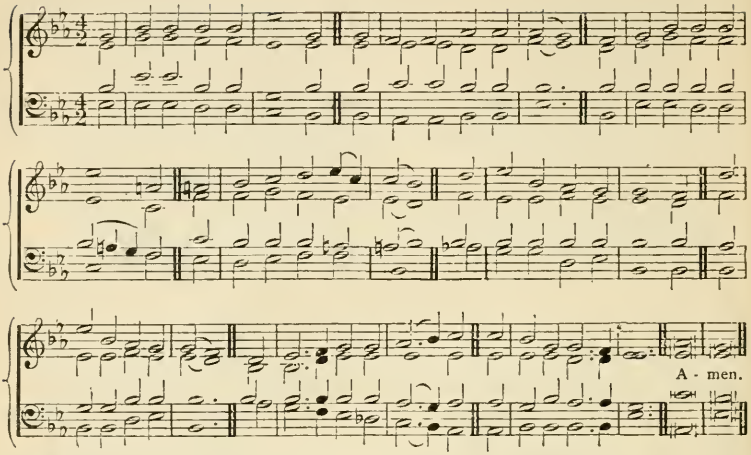
f COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
mf God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

mf 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
p Lord of harvest, grant that we
cr Wholesome grain and pure may be!

p 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest-home;
cr From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
cr But the fruitful ears to store
f In His garner evermore.

mf 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
cr Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
f Come, with all Thine angels, come,
rall Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!
Amen. H. ALFORD.

GREENLAND. 7 6.7 6. D. *Lausanne Psalter.*



709

f SING to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise:
By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

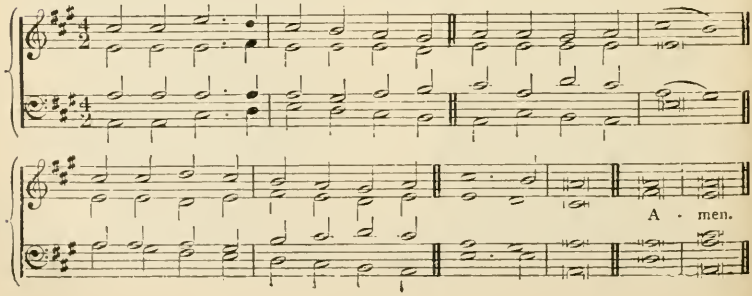
mf 2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase;
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

mf 3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
mp Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

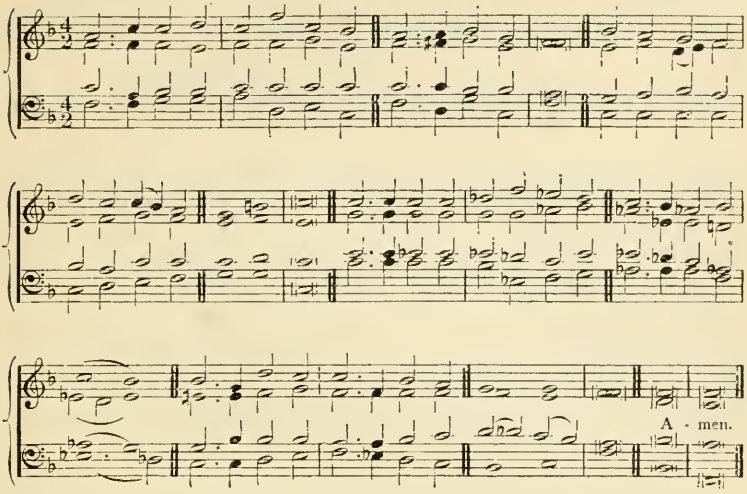
f 4 To God the gracious Father,
Who made us "very good;"
cr To Christ, Who when we wandered
Restored us with His blood;
And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessèd dews and sunshine,
ff Be praise for evermore. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

CAIRNBROOK. (*1st Tune.*) 8 5.8 3. E. PROUT.



ASHWOOD. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 5. 8 3. D. J. KINROSS.



710

f PRAISE, O praise the Lord of harvest,—
Providence and Love!
Praise Him in His earthly temples,
And above!

f 2 Praise Him, every living creature,
By His goodness fed,
Whose rich mercy daily giveth
Daily bread.

f 3 Sing Him thanks for all the bounties
Of His gracious Hand;—
Smiling peace and welcome plenty,
O'er our land.

f [4 Praise His Name that war's loud thunder
Breaks not on our shore!
Fields of harvest, not of plunder,
Yield their store.

f 5 Quickened unto life eternal,
Bear we heavenly fruit;
Lest, if barren, He reject us
Branch and root.]

mf 6 Now the Church of God in patience
Waits her Harvest-Home,
Till, with angels for His reapers,
Christ shall come.

mp [7 May we all be safely gathered,
At the Master's word,
In the everlasting garner,
With the Lord:—

mf 8 With the saints of far back ages,
Crowns upon their brow:—
With the army of the martyrs,
Conquerors now:—

mp 9 With the flowers of strength and beauty,
Reaped before their time—
dim Smitten down by Death's sharp sickle,
In their prime:—

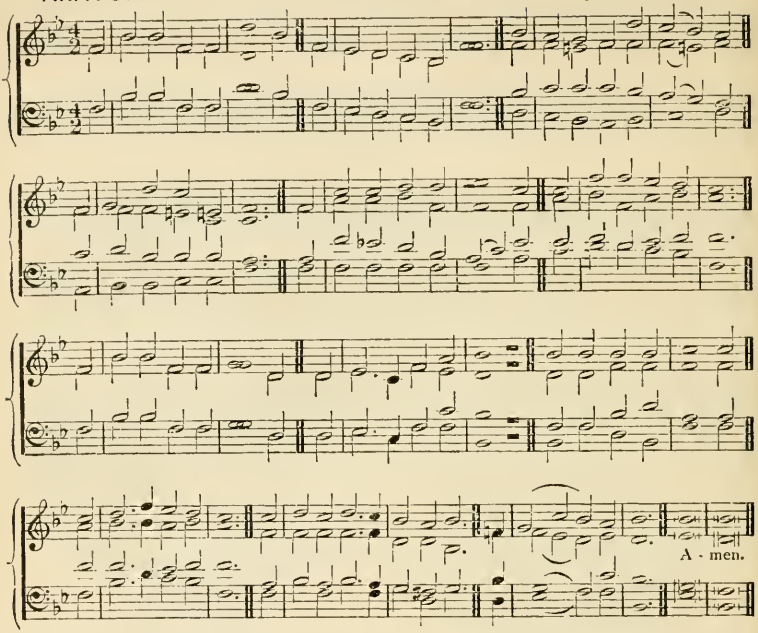
p 10 With the sweet departed faces
Missed these weary years:—
cr Given back in heavenly places,
Past all fears.]

mf 11 Speed, O speed that glorious harvest
Of the souls of men;
When Christ's members, here long scattered,
Meet again.

ff 12 Glory to the Lord of harvest!
Holy Three in One!
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise be done! Amen.

J. HAMILTON.

ARATOR. 7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.6 6.8 4. J. A. P. SCHULTZE.



711

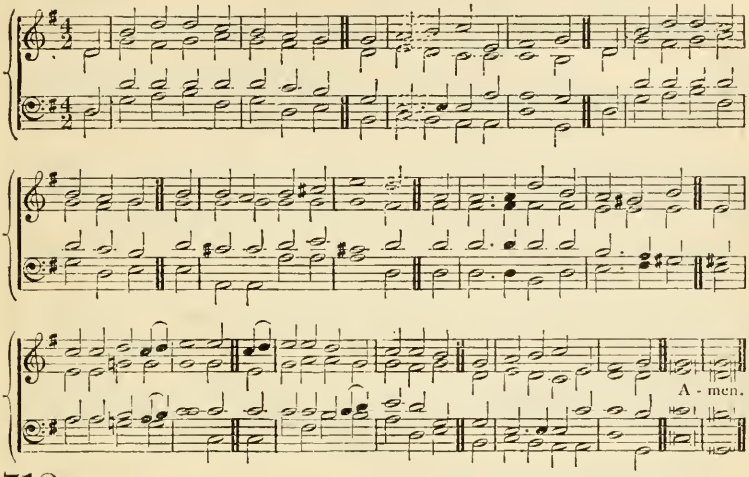
mf WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
p And soft refreshing rain.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

mf 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
cr The winds and waves obey Him,
p By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

f 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
mp No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
p Our humble, thankful hearts.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love. Amen.

M. CLAUDIUS, tr. JANE M. CAMPBELL.

GOLDEN SHEAVES. 8 7. 8 7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



712

f TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

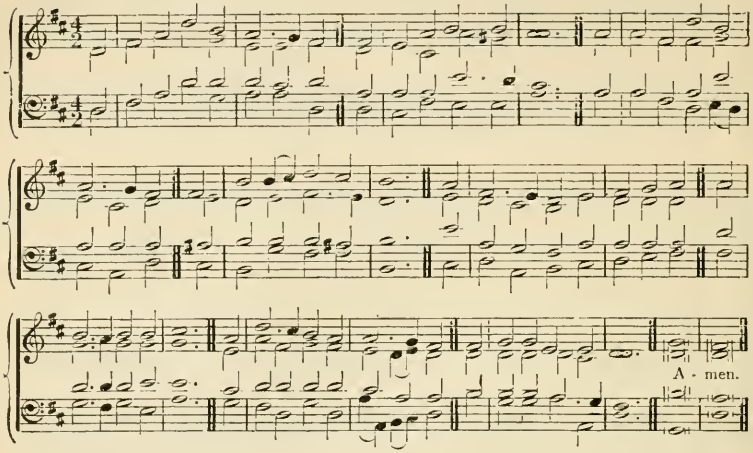
f 2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous Hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The firstfruits of Thy blessing;
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou, Who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread Eternal.

mp 3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
cr But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary:
f May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

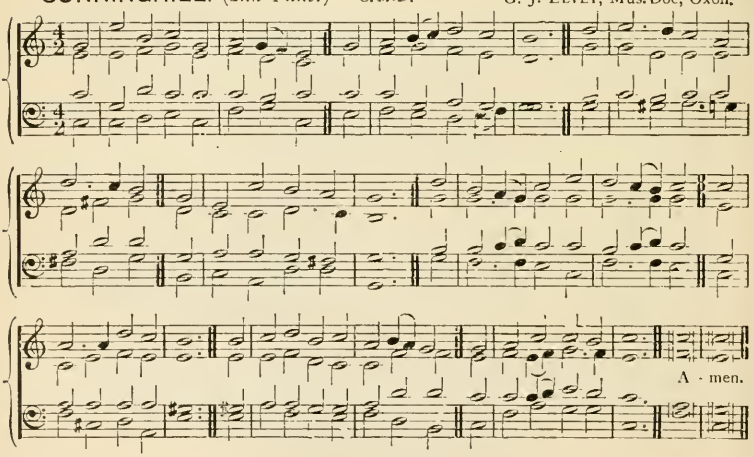
mf 4 O, blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river;
cr The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
f Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending. Amen.

W. C. DIX.

PETERSHAM. (*1st Tune.*) C.M D. C. W. Poole.



SUNNINGHILL. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M.D. G. J. Elvey, Mus.Doc, Oxon.



713

mf O THRONED, O Crowned with all renown,
Since Thou the earth hast trod,
Thou reignest, and by Thee come down
Henceforth the gifts of God.
By Thee the suns of space, that burn
Unspent, their watches hold;
The hosts that turn, and still return,
Are swayed, and poised, and rolled.

mf 2 The powers of earth, for all her ills,
An endless treasure yield,
The precious things of the ancient hills,
Forest and fruitful field.
Thine is the health and Thine the wealth
That in our halls abound;
And Thine the beauty and the joy
With which the years are crowned.

mp 3 And as, when ebbed the Flood, our sires
Kneeled on the mountain sod;
While o'er the new world's altar fires
Shone out the bow of God;
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell,
Word that shall aye avail;
"Summer and winter shall not cease,
Seed-time nor harvest fail;"

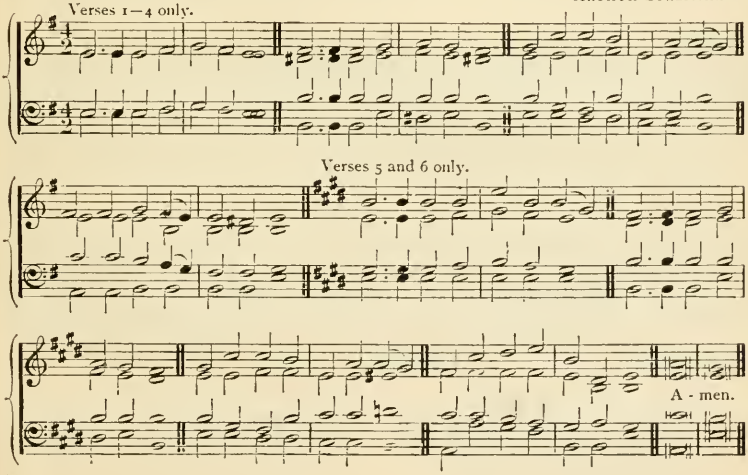
mp 4 Thus in their change let frost and heat
And winds and dews be given:
All fostering power, all influence sweet,
Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth, with timely birth,
May yield her fruits again;

mf 5 That we may feed Thy poor aright,
And, gathering round Thy throne,
Here, in the holy angels' sight,
Repay Thee of Thine own.
cr That we may praise Thee all our days
And with the Father's Name,
And with the Holy Spirit's gifts
f The Saviour's love proclaim. Amen.

E. W. BENSON, *v.* 5, *ll.* 5-8, B. H. KENNEDY.

7.—*WINTER.*

CLARENCE. 7s. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



714

mp WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand:
All is chill and drear as death.

mp 2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

mp 3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

dim 4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade and fall and die.

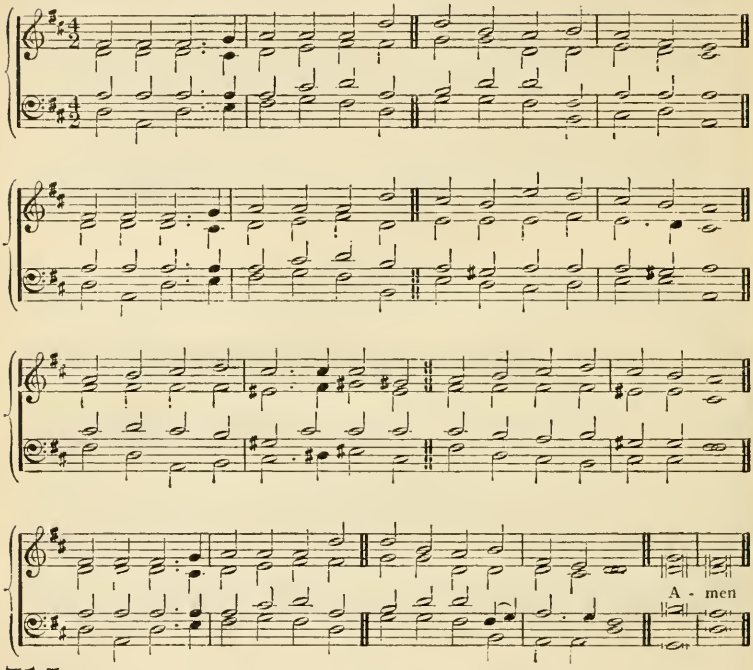
cr 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
f And all Nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

mf 6 So the saints, from slumber blest
cr Rising, shall awake and sing,
ff And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading Spring. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

8.—CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

ST. ASAPH. 8 7. 8 7. D. W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



715

mf HARP, awake! tell out the story
Of our love and joy and praise;
Lute, awake! awake our glory!
Join a thankful song to raise!
Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
dim O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten!

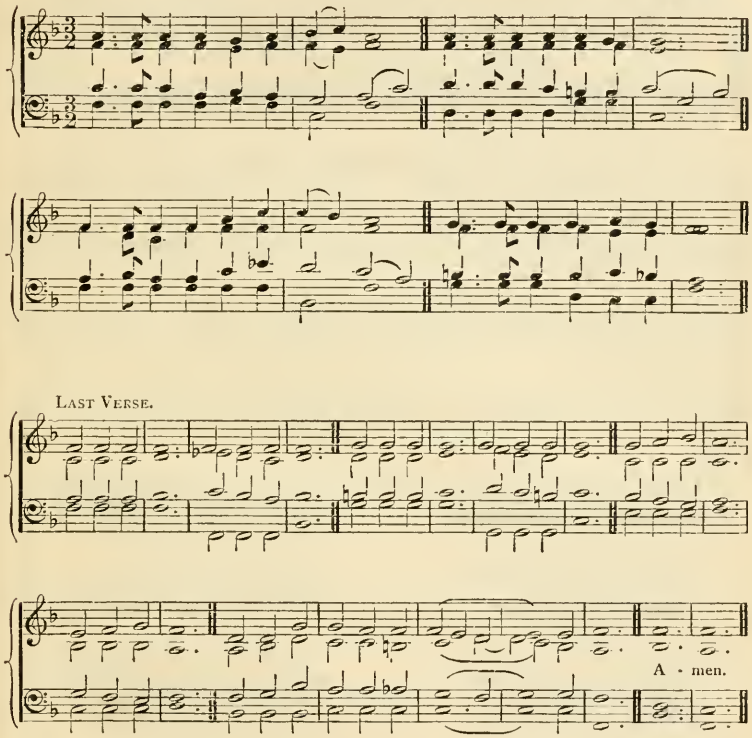
mp 2 Lo! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled;
cr Lo! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled!
dim In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above;
cr Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love!

mp 3 Gracious Saviour! Thou hast lengthened
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began!
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy feet and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word!

mf 4 Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin;
cr Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin!
dim Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea;
cr But, when heaven and earth are failing,
f Saviour! we will trust in Thee! Amen.

H. DOWNTON.

ST. SYLVESTER. 87.87.; last verse L.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus Doc.



716

mf DAYS and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead;
p Soon will you and I be lying,
Each within his narrow bed.

p 2 Soon our souls to God Who gave them,
Will have sped their rapid flight;
cr Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

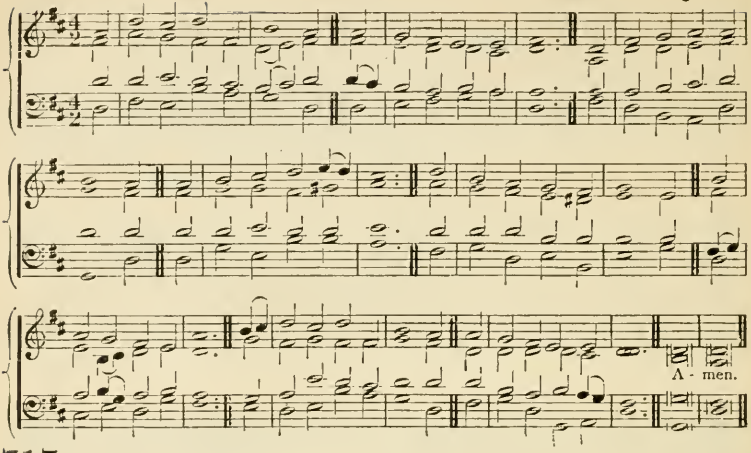
mf 3 Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mortal frame,
dim Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;

p 4 Whence we came and whither wending:
Soon we must through darkness go,
cr To inherit life unending,
p Or the death of shame and woe.

p 5 Life passeth soon; death draweth near;
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear:
For Thee to live, in Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity. Amen.

E. CASWALL; *v.* 5, E. H. BICKERSTETH.

PEARSALL. 7 6.7 6. D. *St. Gall Katholische Gesangbuch.*



717

mp O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene.
cr Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

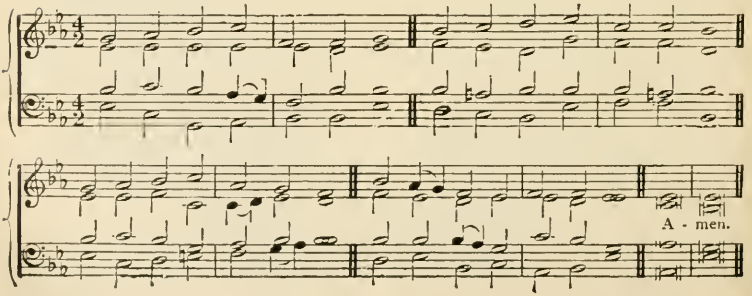
p 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

mf 3 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

mf 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face;—
f A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

CANTERBURY. 7s. O. GIBBONS.



718

mf FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
cr Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear!

mf 2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice;
cr And, forgetting all the past,
f Press towards our glorious prize.

p 3 Dark the future; (*cr*) let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star:
f Fierce our foes, and hard the fight,
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

mf 4 In our weakness and distress,
cr Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

p 5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

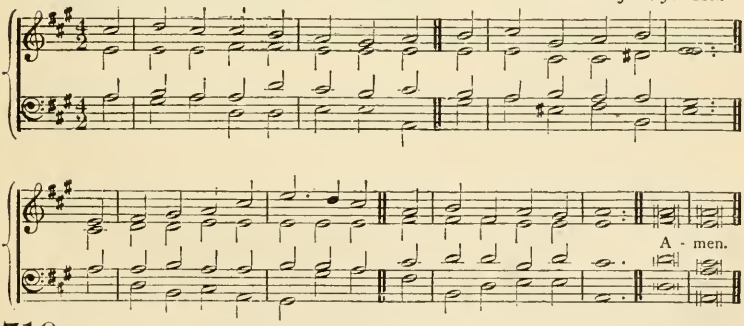
mf 6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, oh help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

f 7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings! Amen.

H. DOWNTON.

9.—*MIDNIGHT SERVICES.*

TUDOR. C.M. J. P. JEWSON.



719

mf BREAK, new-born Year, on glad eyes break,
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

mp 2 The parted year had winged feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The New Year comes! but Spirit sweet,
That goest not away.

mp 3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore!
But pardoning grace still streams.

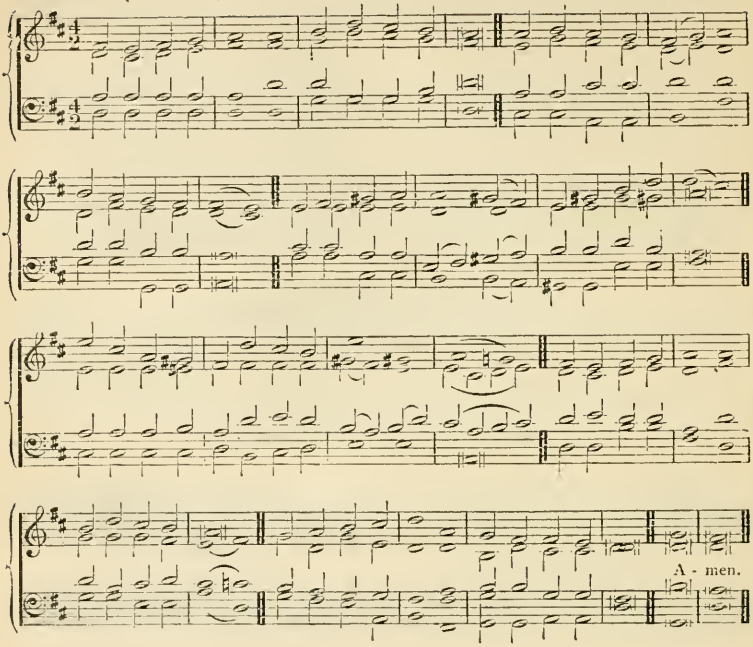
mf 4 Lord! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

cr 5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou shouldst take us home.

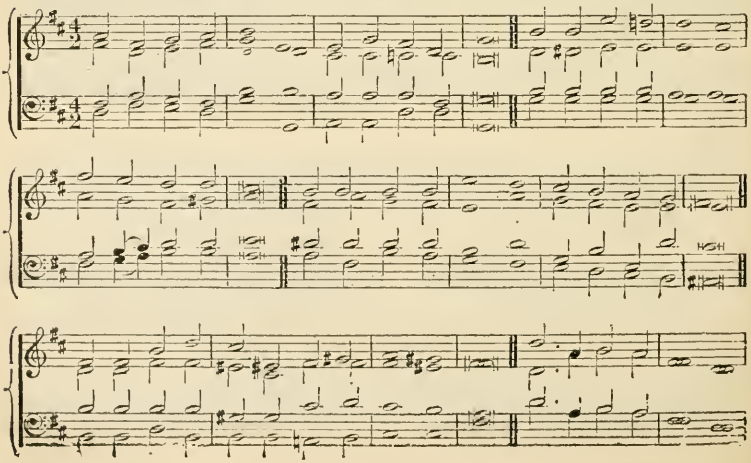
f 6 O! golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet. Amen.

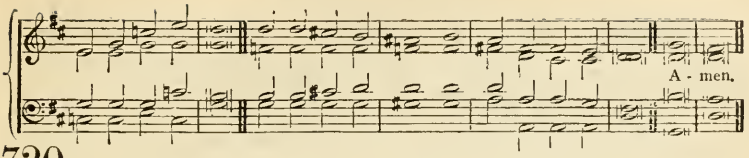
T. H. GILL.

DEVA. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5., 12 lines. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.



BELSIZE. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5., 12 lines. J. W. Elliott.





720

mf STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
f Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

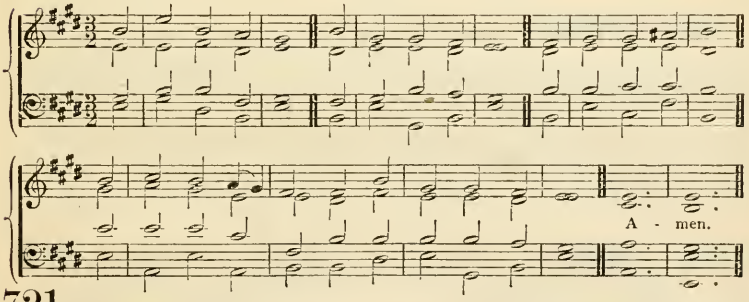
mf 2 I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.
f Onward then, and fear not, etc.

mf 3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
f Onward then, and fear not, etc.

mf 4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
f Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away! Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

RINGLAND. 5 5. 5 11.



721

mf COME let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

mf 2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

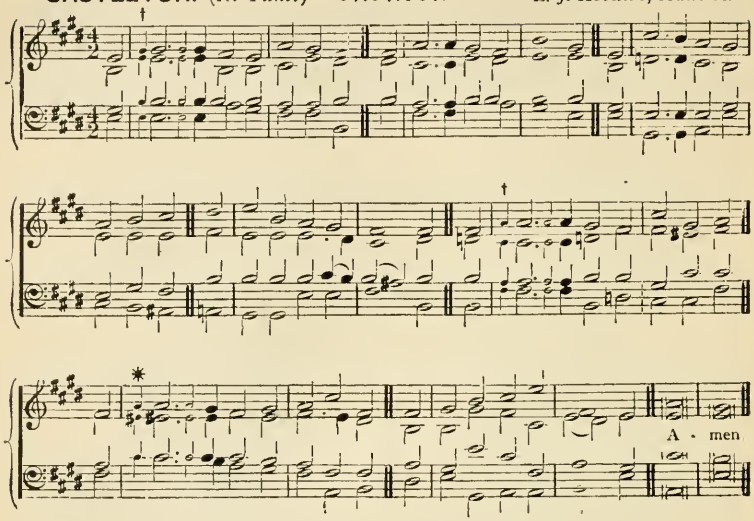
mf 3 Our life is a dream;
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

mf 4 O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!"

mf 5 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne." Amen.

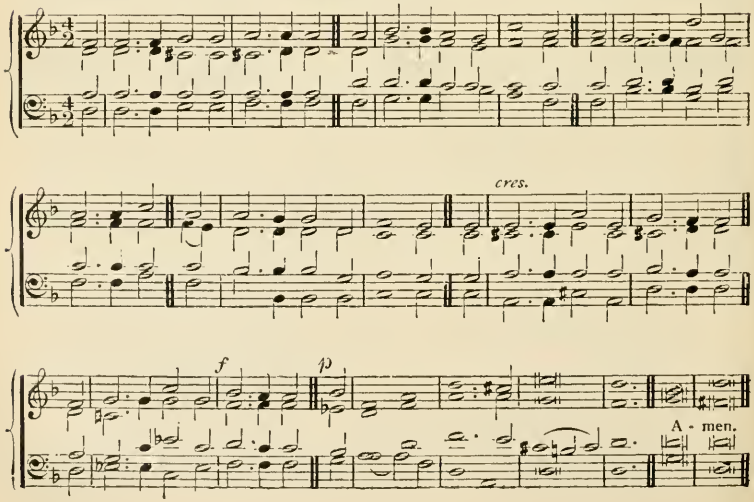
C. WESLEY.

CASTLETON. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87.887. E. J. Hopkins, Mus.Doc.



(* Small notes for v. 4. † Small notes for v. 5.)

HORA NOVISSIMA. (*2nd Tune.*) 87.87.887. G. A. Macfarren, R.A.M.



722

mp ACROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting:
We come to Thee the Life and Light,
In solemn worship meeting.
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

f 2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing:
Beseeching Thee this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

mp 3 And while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To reunite us all at last,
And to our lost restore us.

mf 4 We gather up in this brief hour
The memory of Thy mercies; [power,
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and
Our grateful song rehearses:
For Thou hast been our strength and stay
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

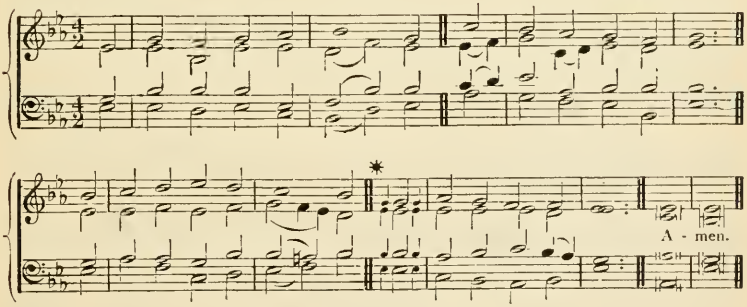
mf 5 In many an hour, when fear and dread
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us;
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.

mf 6 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all peril, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us. Amen.

J. HAMILTON, *v.* 1, *l.* 3 altd.

10.—*NEW YEAR.*

VULPIUS. 7 6.7 6. M. VULPIUS.



(* Small notes for v. 3.)

723

mp ANOTHER year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

mp 2 Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trusting,
Of quiet, happy rest.

mf 3 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace,
cr Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

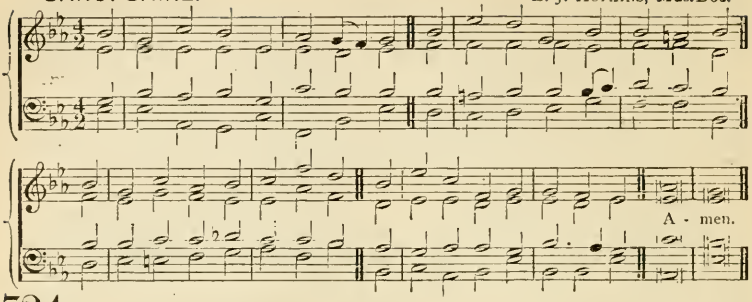
f 4 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

mf 5 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

mp 6 Another year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
cr On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee! Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

SHROPSHIRE. L.M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.Doc.



724

mf GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

mf 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

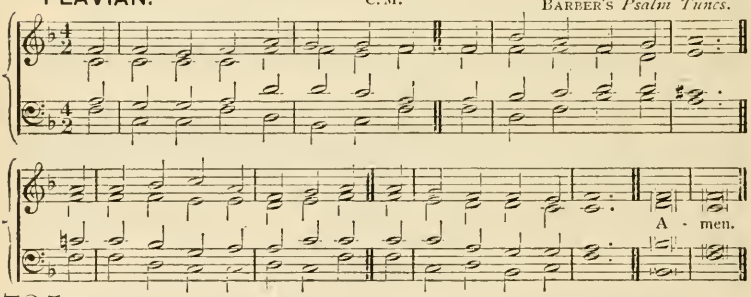
mf 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
p The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

mf 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise
Adored throughout our changing days.

p 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
cr Our Helper, God, in Whom we trust,
dim Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.
Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE, *v.* 1, *l.* 4, *v.* 5, *l.* 4 altd.

FLAVIAN. C.M. BARBER'S *Psalm Tunes.*



725

mf ETERNAL Father! who can tell
The years of Thy right hand?
Like sunbeams bright, but numberless,
Or as the ocean's sand.

mf 2 Thine ageless age no limit knows,
No dawn began Thy day,
Nor evening shade shall ever fall
Upon Thy glorious way.

mp 3 All time is but a fleeting wave
Upon Thy calm, deep sea,
A fading leaf that feebly falls
From Life's Eternal Tree.

mp 4 Yet unto Thee our fleeting years,
Our fading days, are known,
And every hour its message bears
Up to the eternal throne.

p [5 Old year, farewell! Thou'rt gone to God,
Gone to record our life,
Its poor success, its wasted hours,
Its oft unworthy strife.

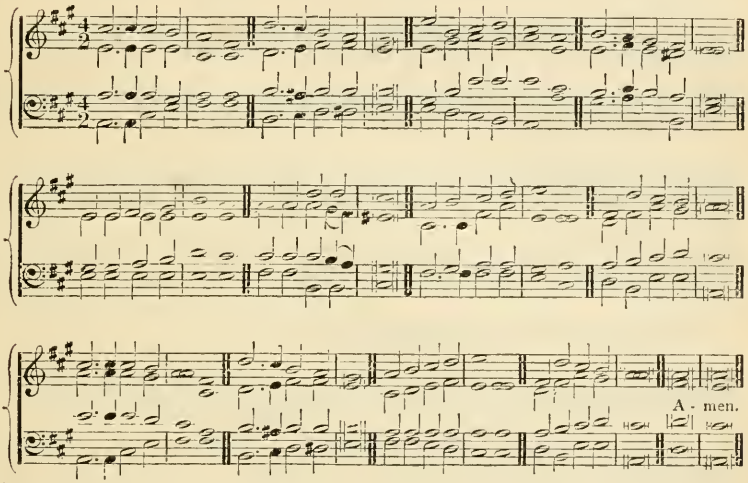
f 6 New year, all hail! Thou'rt come from God;
Blest be thy dawning bright!
Blest be thy swiftly-fleeting hours!
And blest thine evening light.]

mf 7 Into the hand of Him Who died,
Who evermore doth live,
This strange and solemn New Year's [path
In trustful prayer we give.

mf 8 Enough for us to hear His voice,
To feel His guiding hand,
cr To know each step is bringing us
Nearer the Better Land. Amen.

R. DAWSON.

HERMAS. 6 5., 12 lines. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



726

f JESUS, blessèd Saviour,
Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving,
Songs of holy praise.
Oh, how kind and gracious
Thou hast always been!
Oh, how many blessings
Every day has seen!
ff Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Now our praises hear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.

mp 2 Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell!
All our sins (so many!),
Saviour, Thou dost know;
In Thy blood most precious,
Wash us white as snow.
p Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear,
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

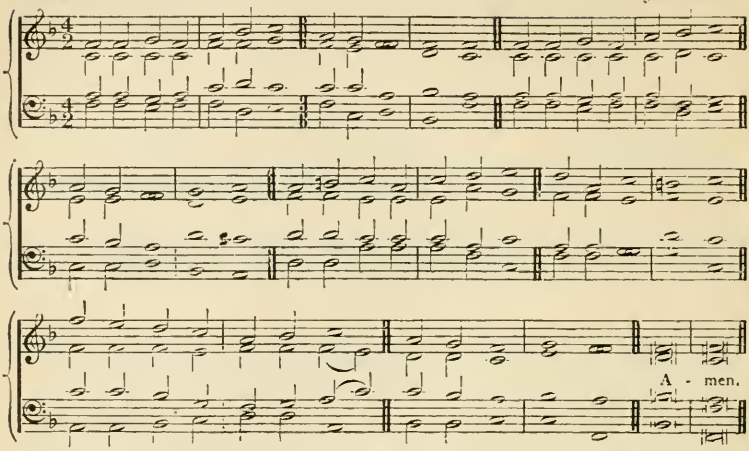
mf 3 Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us,
As we onward go;
mp So, we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
cr Lead us ever upward
To the Better Land.
mf Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us ever near,
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

mp 4 Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone.
cr Let each day, each moment
Of this glad New Year
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.
f Then, O blessèd Saviour,
Never need we fear;
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New Year.
Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

ST. IGNATIUS. (*1st Tune.*) 7 5.7 5. D.

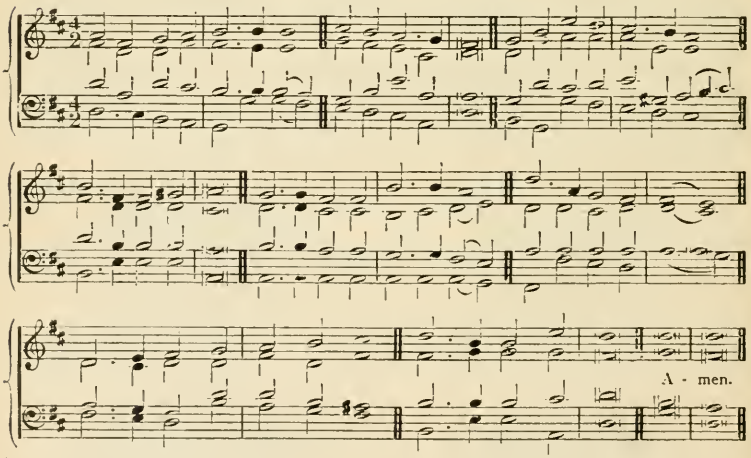
J. BARNBY.



FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE. (*2nd Tune.*)

7 5.7 5. D.

G. A. MACFARREN, R.A.M.



727

mf FATHER, let me dedicate
This new year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
cr This alone shall be my prayer:
f Glorify Thy Name.

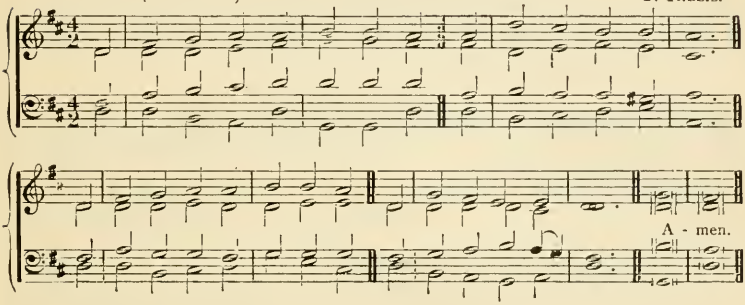
mp 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
cr More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor witholdest aught that may
f Glorify Thy Name.

mp 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
cr Let my glad heart while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim;
And, whate'er the future brings,
f Glorify Thy Name.

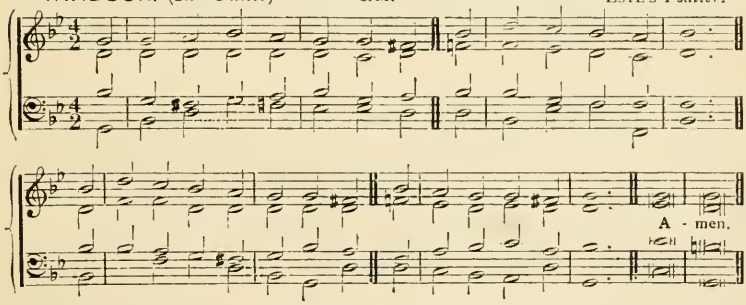
p 4 If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
f Glorify Thy Name. Amen.

L. TUTTIETT.

TALLIS. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. T. TALLIS.



WINDSOR. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. ESTE'S *Psalter.*



728

mf THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
p With all its mourners' tears.

mf 2 Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

mf 3 To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness.

mp 4 Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

p 5 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
cr And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.

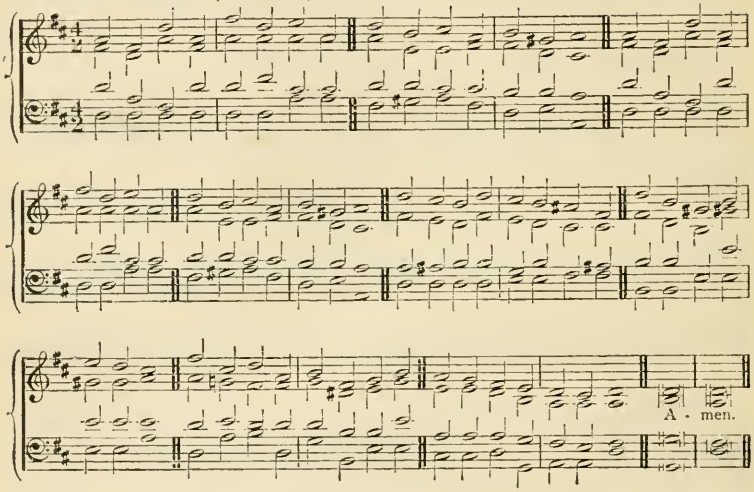
mf 6 O Father, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year,
As angels do above. Amen.

MEAUX BREVIARY, tr. F. POTTS.

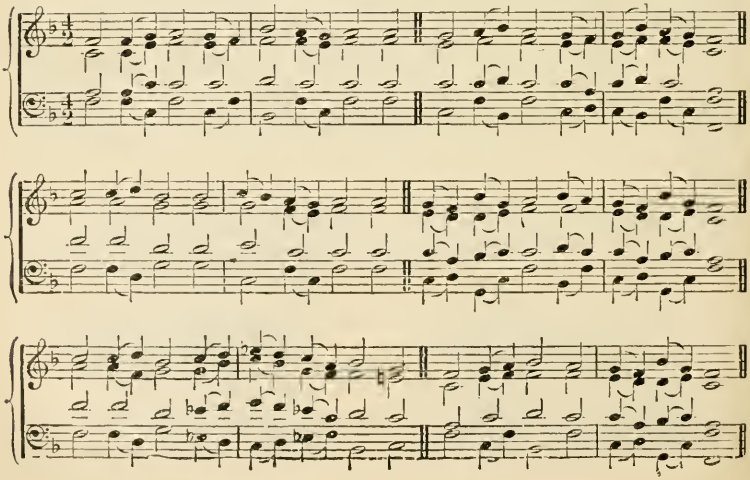
XV.

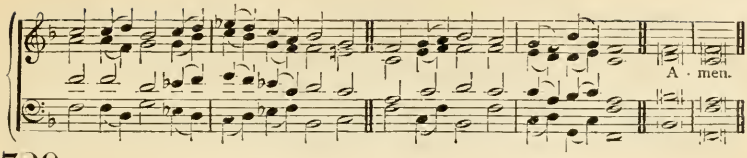
Benedictions and Doxologies.

CHICHESTER. (*1st Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. D. S. WESLEY.



ALLA TRINITA BEATA. (*2nd Tune.*) 8 7. 8 7. D. From the *Laudi Spirituali.* Harm. by H. BISHOP, Mus. Doc.



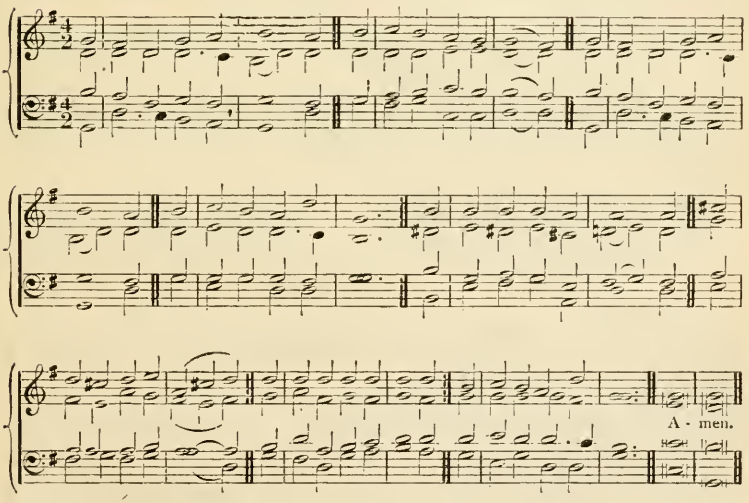


729

mf MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
cr Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

BONCHURCH. 7 6.7 6. D. L. V. BEETHOVEN

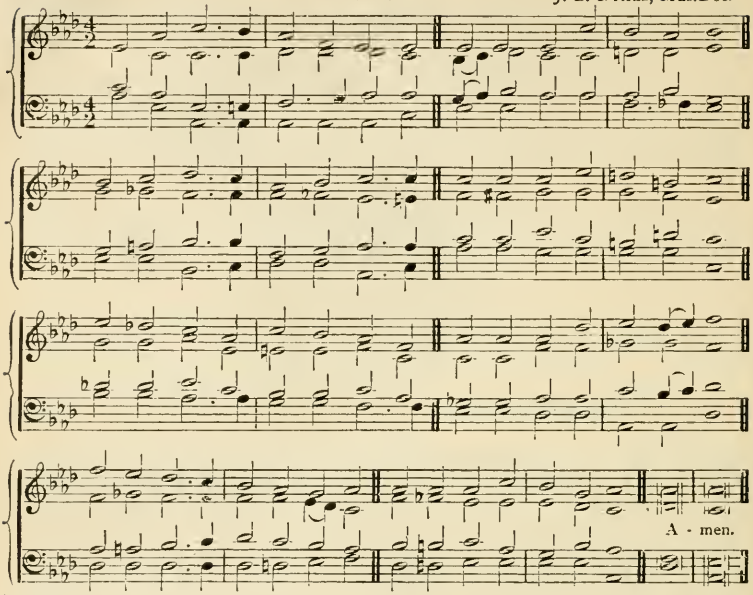


730

mf O FATHER, ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice holy Three in One:
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
ff Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

SANCTUARY. 87.87. D. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



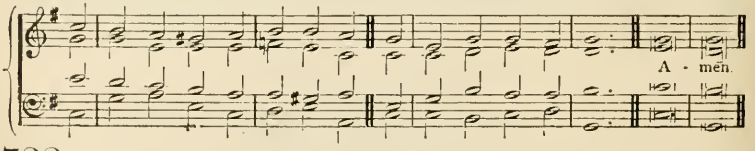
731

mf WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy name;
p Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
Join their Saviour to proclaim.

cr As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne,
p As Thine angels serve before Thee,
cr So on earth Thy will be done. Amen.

E. OSLER.

LINCOLN. C.M. From RAVENSCROFT.



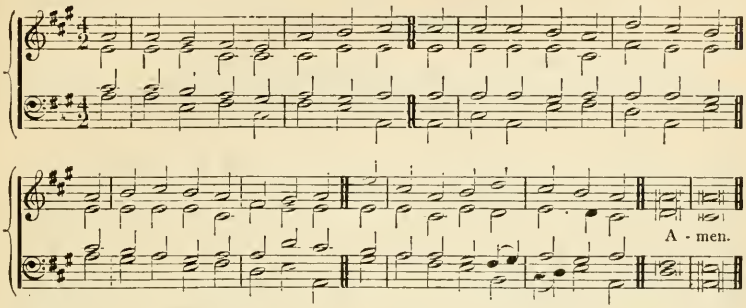
732

f TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

N. TATE AND N. BRADY.

OLD HUNDREDTH.

L.M. *Genevan Psalter.*



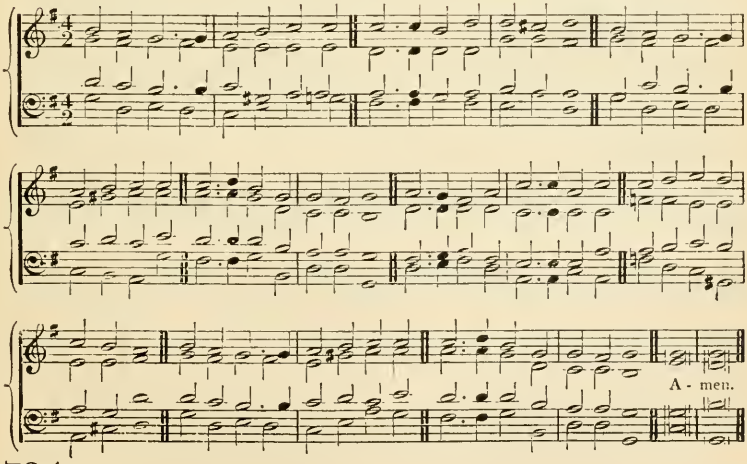
733

f PRAISE God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

T. KEN.

FALFIELD.

87.87. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



734

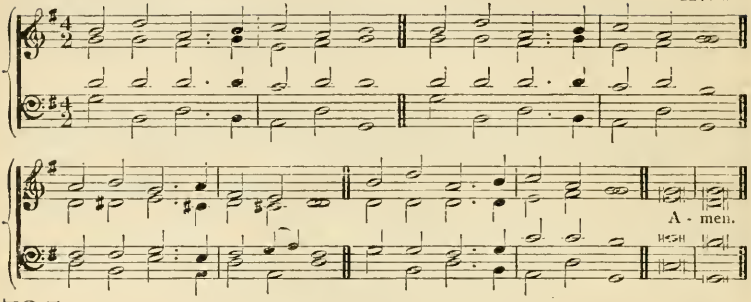
PRAISE the God of all creation!
Praise the Father's boundless love!
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King, enthroned above!
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him, by Whom our spirits live!
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give! Amen.

J. CONDER.

XVI.

Children's Services.

GERMAN HYMN. 7s. PLEYEL.



735

f LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet:
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

mf 2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

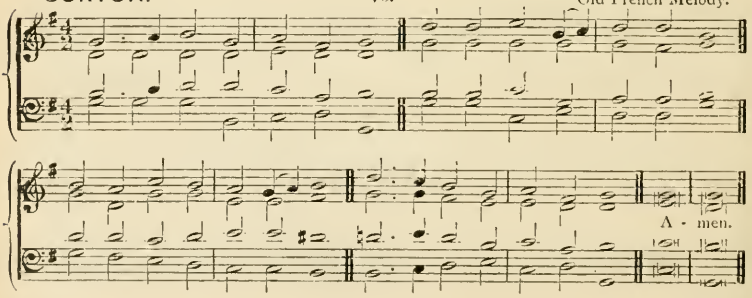
mp 3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day!
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

cr 4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
Little children Thou dost love,
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

mf 5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
cr Then, through all eternity,
f We shall live in heaven with Thee.
Amen.

W. W. HOW.

CORTON. 7s. Old French Melody.



736

mf ALL that's good, and great, and true,
All that is, and is to be,
Be it old, or be it new,
Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

mf 2 Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.

mf 3 Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy Name;
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

mf 4 Every blade and every tree,
All in happy concert ring,
And in wondrous harmony
Join in praises to their King,

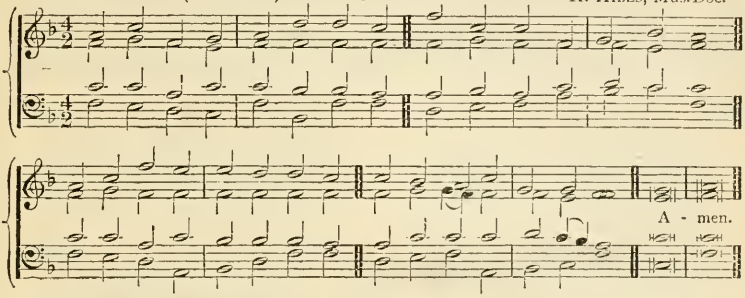
mf 5 Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain-top and wooded dell,
All, in singing, sing of Thee
Songs of love ineffable.

mp 6 Fill us then with love divine,
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May in spirit, being Thine,
See and hear Thee everywhere.

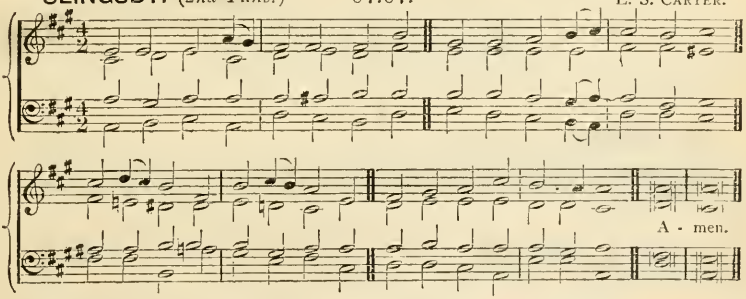
mf 7 May we all with songs of praise
Whilst on earth Thy Name adore,
cr Till with angel-choirs we raise
f Songs of praise for evermore. Amen.

G. THRING.

COMPTON. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87. H. HILES, Mus. Doc.



SLINGSBY. (*2nd Tune.*) 87.87. E. S. CARTER.



737

f DAY by day we magnify Thee,—
When our hymns in school we raise;
Daily work begun and ended,
With the daily voice of praise.

f 2 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home, we bless Thee,
For the mercies of the morn.

mp 3 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

mf 4 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience,
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

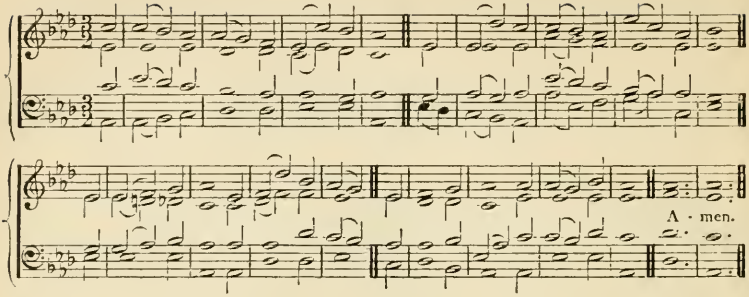
mp 5 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When for Jesu's sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

mp 6 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
Till our days on earth shall cease,
dim Till we rest from these our labours,
p Waiting for Thy day in peace.

mf 7 Then on that eternal morning,
With Thy great eternal host,
f May we fully magnify Thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

EDEN. L. M. L. MASON.



738

mf GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

mp 2 Art Thou my father? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
dim Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

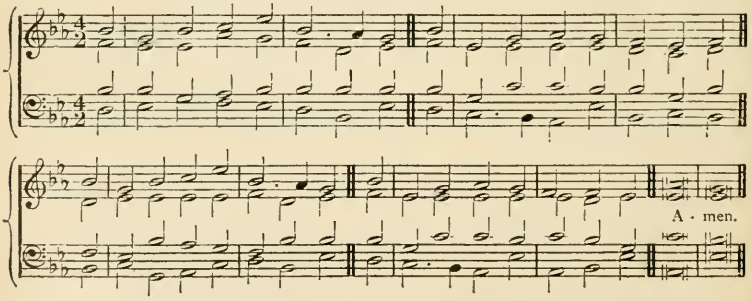
mf 3 Art Thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee:
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

cr 4 Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

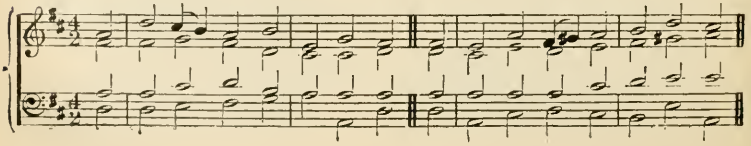
f 5 Art Thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above. Amen.

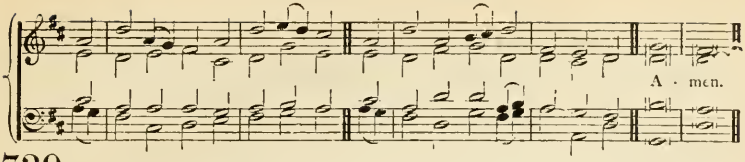
ANN GILBERT.

ST. GREGORY. (*1st Tune.*) L. M. German.



FESTUS. (*2nd Tune.*) L. M. From a German Chorale.





739

f OH! let us all be glad to-day, [pay:
And with the shepherds homage
Come, see what God to us hath given,
His only Son, sent down from heaven.

mf 2 Awake, my soul! from sadness rise,
Come, see what in the manger lies;
Who is this smiling infant Child?—
'Tis little Jesus, sweet and mild.

mp 3 Twice welcome, O Thou heavenly Guest,
To save a world with sin distressed;
Com'st Thou in lowly guise for me?
What homage shall I give to Thee!

mp 4 Ah! Lord eternal, heavenly King,
Hast Thou become so mean a thing;
And hast Thou left Thy blissful seat,
To rest where colts and oxen eat?

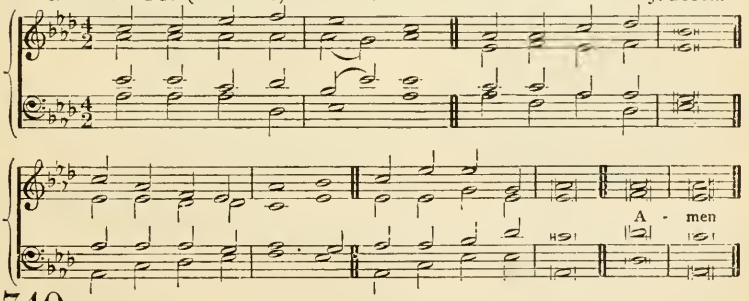
mp 5 Were the wide world much wider made,
With gold and costly gems arrayed;
E'en then, by far too mean 'twould be,
To make a little crib for Thee.

mp 6 No silken robes surround Thy head,
A bunch of hay is all Thy bed!
Where Thou, a King so rich and great,
Art bright as in Thy heavenly state.

mp 7 Jesus, my Saviour, come to me—
Make here a little crib for Thee:
A bed make in this heart of mine,
That I may aye remember Thine.

mf 8 Then from my soul glad songs shall ring—
Of Thee each day I'll gaily sing:
f Then glad hosannas will I raise,
From heart that loves to sing Thy praise.
Amen. M. LUTHER, tr. J. HUNT.

GLADNESS. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5. 6 5. J. BOOTH.



740

f WAKEN, Christian children,
Up, and let us sing
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

mf 2 Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said to children,
"Let them come to Me."

mp 3 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the Heavenly Child,
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.

mp 4 Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.

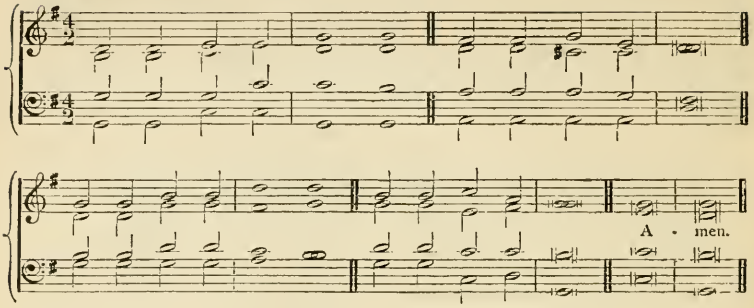
mp 5 Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a king.

mf 6 Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

mp 7 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Childlike purity.

mf 8 Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
cr Christ the King of glory,
Manifest to-day. Amen.
S. C. HAMERTON.

NORTH COATES. (*2nd Tune.*) 6 5. 6 5. T. R. MATTHEWS.



740

f WAKEN, Christian children,
Up, and let us sing
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

mf 2 Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said to children,
"Let them come to Me."

mp 3 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the Heavenly Child,
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.

mp 4 Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
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Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a king.

mf 6 Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

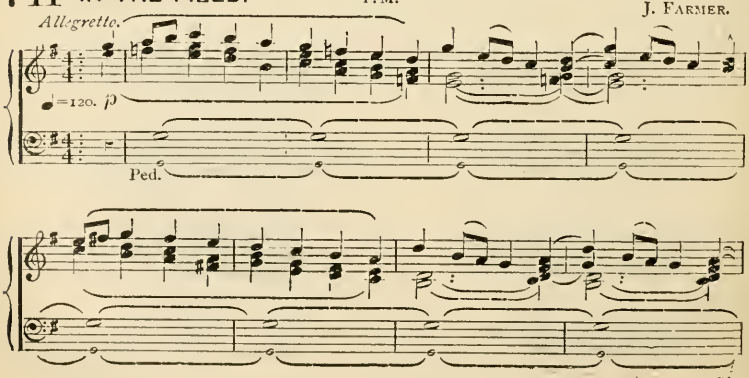
mp 7 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Childlike purity.

mf 8 Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
cr Christ the King of glory,
Manifest to-day. Amen.

S. C. HAMERTON.

741 IN THE FIELD.

P. M. J. FARMER.



FOR ONE OR MORE TREBLE VOICES.

1. In the field with their flocks a - - bid - - ing, They lay on the dew - y ground; And glim - m'ring un - der the star - light The sheep lay white a - round; When the light of the Lord streamed o'er..... them, And
2. "To you in the ci - ty of Da - - vid A Sa - viour is born to - day!" And sud - den a host of the heaven - ly ones Flashed forth to join the lay! Oh, nev - er hath sweet - er mes - sage Thrilled
3. And the shep - herds came to the man - ger, And gazed on the Ho - ly Child, And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The Vir - gin Mo - ther smiled; And the sky in the star - light si - lence Seemed

lo! from the hea-ven a-bove An an-gel leaned from his glo-ry, And
home to the souls of men, And the heavens themselves had nev-er heard A
full of the an-gel lay: "To you in the ci-ty of Da-vid A

CHORUS. TREBLES & ALTOS.

rit. *p a tempo.*

sang his song of love. He sang that first sweet
glad-der choir till then. For they sang that Christ-mas
Sa-viour is born to-day." Oh they sang—and I ween that

rit. *p a tempo.*

Christ-mas The song that shall nev-er cease—
ca-rol That nev-er on earth shall cease—
nev-er The ca-rol on earth shall cease—

TUTTI.

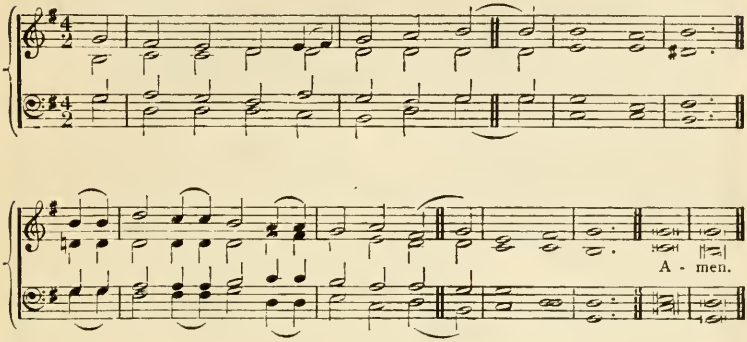
f

"Glo-ry to God in the high-est, On earth, good-will and peace."
"Glo-ry to God in the high-est, On earth, good-will and peace."
"Glo-ry to God in the high-est, On earth, good-will and peace."

f

Ped.

CHRISTMAS. P.M. R. N. MATTHEWS.



742

mf THERE came a little Child to earth
Long ago;
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth,
High and low.
p Out on the night, so calm and still,
Their song was heard;
cr For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord

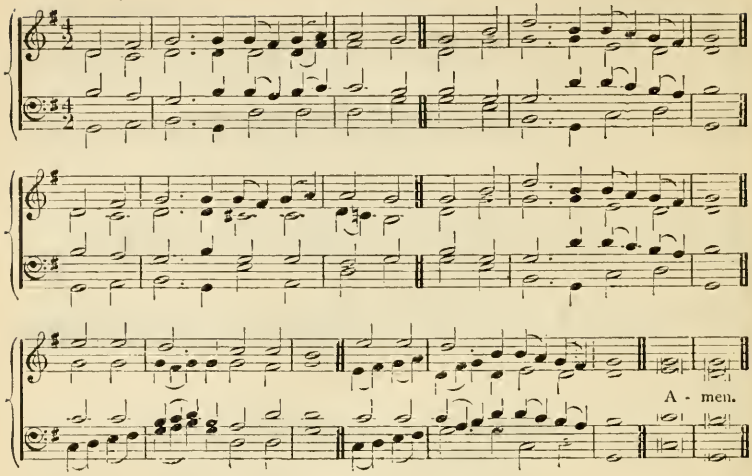
mf 2 Far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand
Robed in white;
mf In white more pure than the spotless snow,
And their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
p On Christmas night.

mf 3 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
A child was born;
And that they might a crown of glory wear,
p Wore a crown of thorn.
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die;
cr That the children of earth might for ever reign
With Him on high.

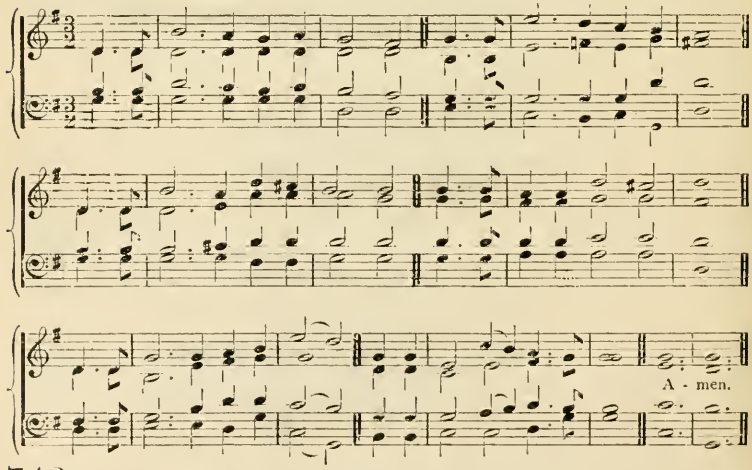
f 4 He has put on His kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land,
And He leads to where fountains of water flow
That chosen band:
cr And for evermore in their robes most fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a child. Amen.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT.

IRBY. (*1st Tune.*) 87.87.77. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.Doc.



GRANGE. (*2nd Tune.*) 87.87.77. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



743

mf ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
p Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for His bed.
mf Mary was that mother mild,
p Jesus Christ her little Child.

p 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
cr Who is God and Lord of all,
p And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

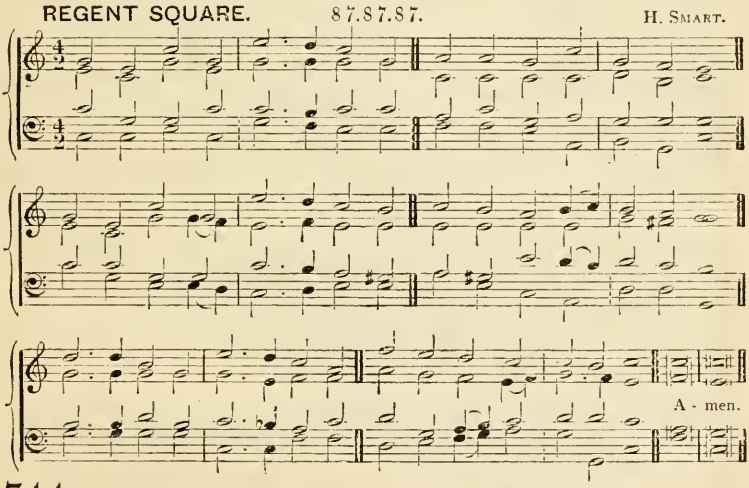
mf 3 And through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children, all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

mf 4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
p He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
cr And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

mf 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
p For that Child so dear and gentle
f Is our Lord in Heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

mf 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
f We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.



744

f WHILE the shepherds kept their vigil,
And the world in darkness lay,
Came the holy Advent Angel,
Shone the sudden glory ray;
Then, ten thousand times ten thousand
Radiant heralds of the day.

f 2 Then they sang the first sweet carol,
"Glory be to God on high,
And on earth be peace and blessing
To the nations far and nigh!"
So our God made good His promise,
And the old prophetic cry.

f 3 Fuller, farther o'er the wide world
Year by year that music swells;
Year by year to some new people
Christmas-tide the story tells,
With the chanting of the children,
And the pealing of the bells.

f 4 Louder over hill and valley
Let the towers and steeples ring!
In the hamlet and the city
Sweeter carols let us sing—
Louder peals of holy pleasure,
Sweeter carols to our King.

mp 5 Hear Thy children, blessèd Jesus,
Once for us on earth a Child;
Keep us in Thy great compassion,
Holy, harmless, undefiled;
Blest through Thee by God the Spirit,
To the Father reconciled.

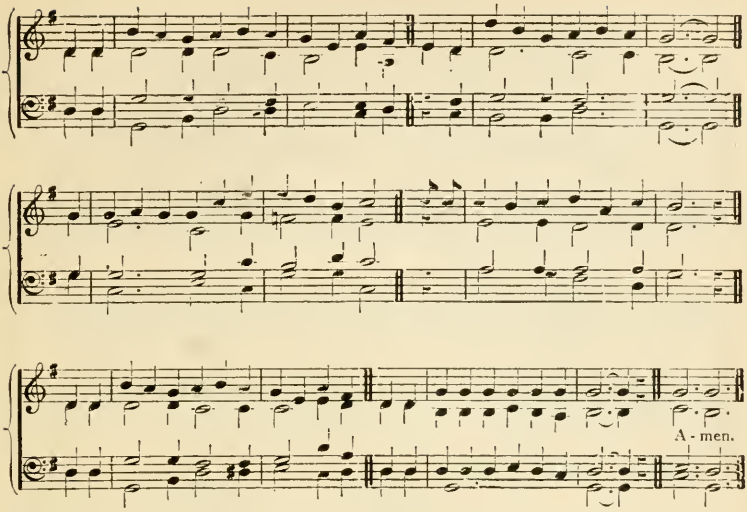
mf 6 Still we look for Thine appearing,
O Thou bright and Morning Star!
cr Still we wait to hear the rolling
Of Thy great triumphal car;
f We who sing Thy first glad Advent,
Know Thy second is not far. Amen.

S. J. STONÉ.

ATHENS. (*1st Tune.*) P.M.

A - men.

FERMAIN. (*2nd Tune.*)
Treble voices in unison. P.M. F. G HOME.



745

mf I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
p "Let the little ones come unto Me."

mf 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven;
cr And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

p 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
cr I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
mf I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. Amen.

JEMIMA LUKE.

ST. THERESA.

6.5., 12 lines.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Treble Voices in Unison.

f

Ped.

Unison.

A - men.

746

mf BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high;
mf Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
f Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way,—
ff Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!

mf 2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
p Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
cr Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
ff Brightly gleams, etc.

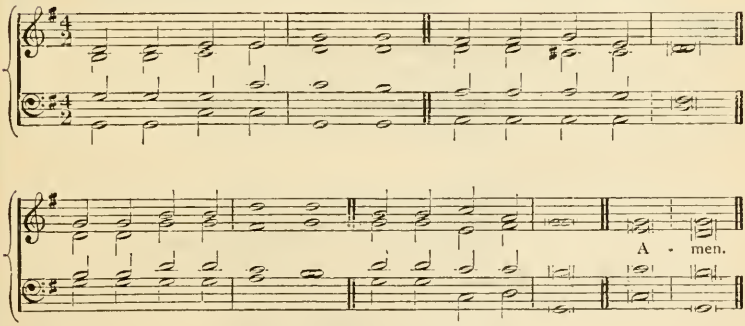
mp 3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a Child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure and meek and mild.
p In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
cr Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
ff Brightly gleams, etc.

mp 4 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe:
p Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour:
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
ff Brightly gleams, etc.

f 5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
p When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
cr Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease!
ff Brightly gleams, etc. Amen.

T. J. POTTER AND W. W. HOW.

NORTH COATES. 6 5. 6 5. T. R. MATTHEWS.



747

mp GENTLE, holy Jesus,
Saviour meek and mild,
Thou, Who once wast fashioned
Like a little child;

mp 2 And in grace and meekness
Up to manhood grew;
Sharing human weakness,
Human sorrow too:

mp 3 In Thy Word so holy,
Saviour, we can see,
That of us Thou sayest,
"Let them come to Me."

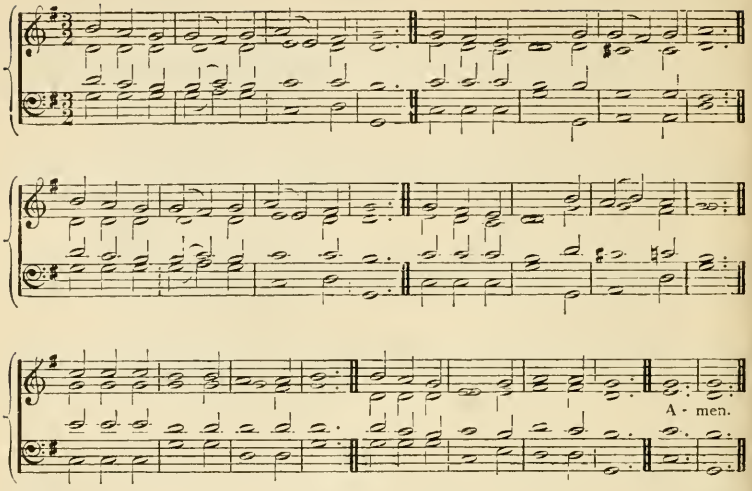
mf 4 Glad we come! and render
All we have to give:
While our hearts are tender,
Help us, Lord, to live,

mf 5 Like Thy young disciples,
That the world may see
We are taught by Jesus,
And have learned of Thee.

mf 6 May we copy closely
Him we so much love,
f Till we bear His likeness,
Perfected above. Amen.

EMMA WHITFIELD.

ST. CATHERINE. 888. 888. J. G. WALTON.



748

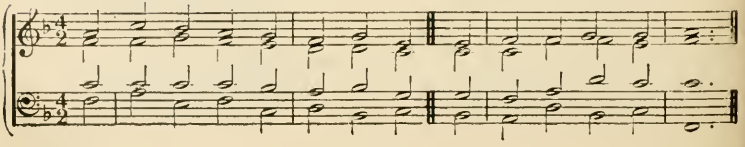
mp YE fair green hills of Galilee,
That girdle quiet Nazareth,
What glorious vision did ye see,
When He Who conquered sin and death
Your flow'ry slopes and summits trod,
And grew in grace with man and God?

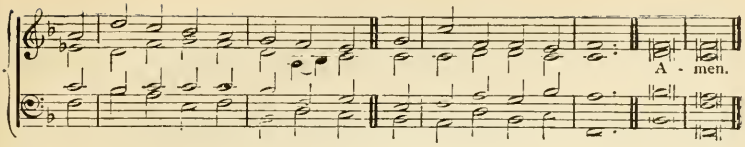
mf 2 We saw no glory crown His head
As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on His errands sped,
He wrought no sign. But meekness, **truth,**
And duty marked each step He trod;
And love to man, and love to God.

mp 3 Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear.
cr Mine be the path Thy feet have trod;
Duty and love to man and God. Amen.

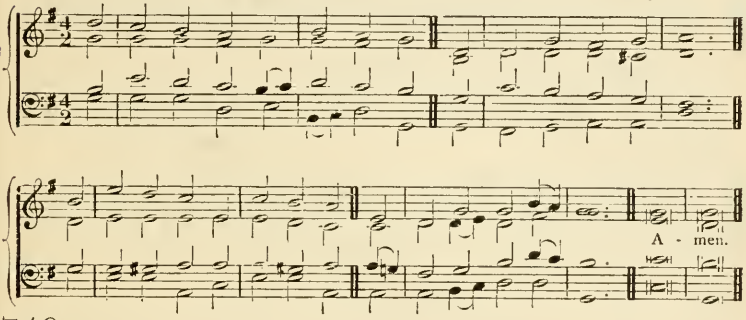
E. R. CONDER.

ALBANO. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. V. NOVELLO.





FERNSHAW. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. J. BOOTH.



749

mf O HAPPY pair of Nazareth,
Who saw the early light
Of Him Who dawned upon the world
As dawns the day on night.

mp 2 Within their home, they saw the child
That lived the perfect love,
A love like that which rules the heart
Of the great God above.

mp 3 His childish voice and kindly tone,
His pure and patient face,
His tender mercies, shown to all,
With never-ceasing grace;

mp 4 The way he bore His youthful cross,
The reasons for His tears,
The kind of things which gave Him joy—
Unchanged through growing years,—

mf 5 At home and in the playground throng,
They saw these heavenly ways,
And grew increasingly to speak
With words of reverent praise.

mp 6 That simple, lovely, wondrous life
Betrayed itself from heaven;
He was the Child that should be born,
The Son that should be given.

mf 7 He grew in stature and in praise,
By honest hearts adored,
Till in that home where He was born
His brothers called Him Lord. Amen.

B. WAUGH.

750

mf AS to His earthly parents' home
Went down the Holy Child,
And found His Father's business there,
Subjection meek and mild:

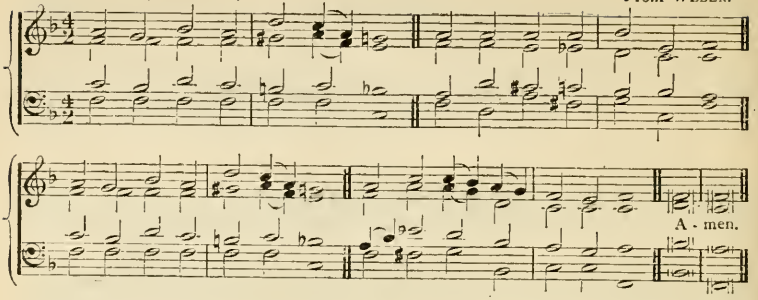
mp 2 And as obedience all those years,
In lowly Nazareth,
Forsook Him not, but bore Him on,
Obedient unto death:

mp 3 So by Thy mercies teach us, Lord,
Our sacrifice to bring,
Our treasures, heart, and life, and love,
To spread before our King.

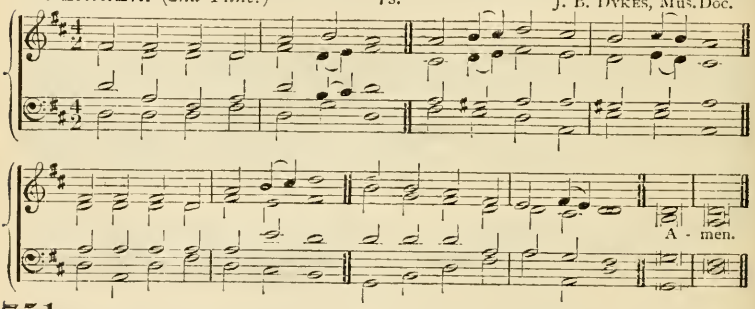
mp 4 Thy presence is our guiding star,
We seek Thy holy hill;
cr Transform us, Lord, renew our minds,
mf To prove Thy perfect will. Amen.

H. ALFORD.

WEBER. (*1st Tune.*) 7s. From WEBER.



FERRIER. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



751.

mf GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
p Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

mp 2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest Lord, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

p 3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

mf 4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

mf 5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God, my Heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

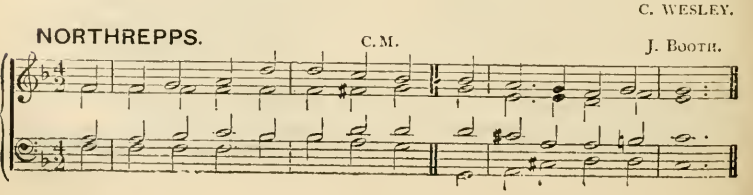
f 6 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

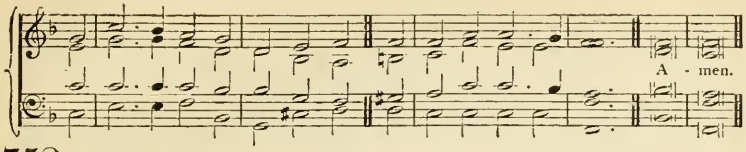
p 7 Loving Jesus, Gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
cr Live Thyself within my heart.

mf 8 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
dim Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me. Amen

C. WESLEY.

NORTHREPPS. C.M. J. BOOTH.





752

mf I LOVE to think, though I am young,
My Saviour was a child;
That Jesus walked this earth along,
With feet all undefiled.

mf 2 He kept His Father's word of truth,
As I am taught to do; [youth,
And while He walked the paths of
He walked in wisdom too.

mp 3 I love to think that He Who spake,
And made the blind to see,
And called the sleeping dead to wake,
Was once a child like me.

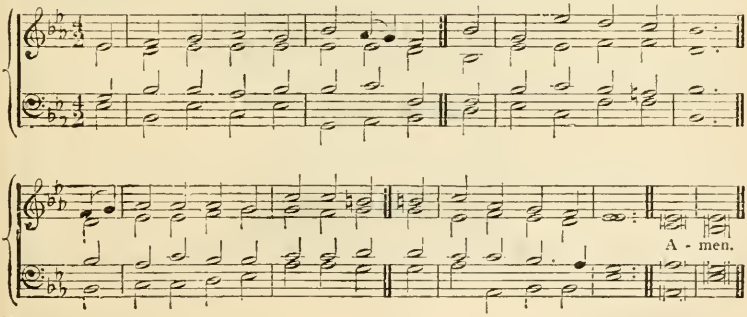
p 4 That He Who wore the thorny crown,
And tasted death's despair,
Had a kind mother like my own,
And knew her love and care.

mp 5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child,
And left the heavens, so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.

mf 6 Then, Saviour, Who wast once a child,
A child may come to Thee;
And oh, in all Thy mercy mild,
f Dear Saviour, come to me! Amen.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

HORSLEY. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. W. HORSLEY, Mus.Doc.



753

mf THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
p Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

p 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

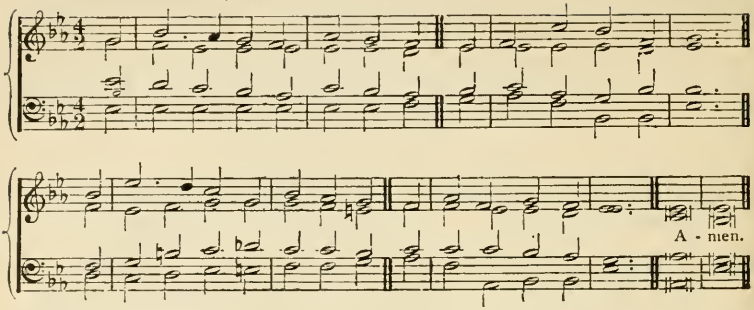
mf 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
cr That we might go at last to heaven,
p Saved by His precious blood.

mf 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

f 5 Oh dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

ST. LEONARD. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. R. JACKSON.



753

mf THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
p Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

p 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

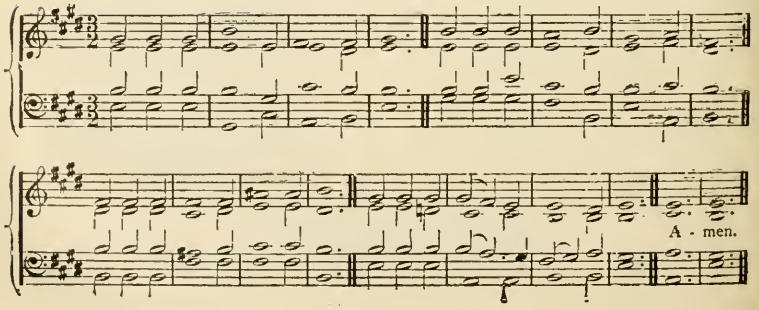
mf 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
cr That we might go at last to heaven
p Saved by His precious blood.

mf 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

f 5 Oh dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

WHITBURN. L.M. H. BAKER, Mus. Bac.



754

mp IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven
And die to save a child like me.

mf 2 And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
dim And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
For love of those who loved Him not.

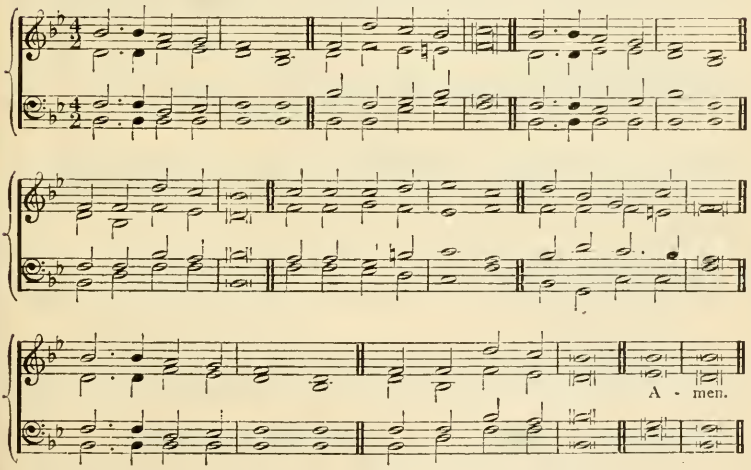
mp 3 I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
cr His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

mf 4 It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
dim My love for Him so faint and poor.

mf 5 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
cr And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

GOSHEN. (*1st Tune.*) 6 5., 8 lines.



755

mf JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His Bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

mf 2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
dim Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone:
cr None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

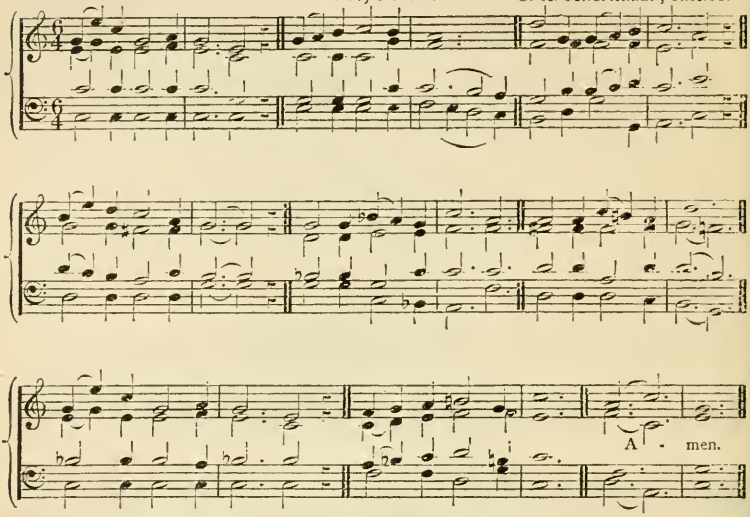
mp 3 Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,—
They that have My Spirit,
These, saith He, are Mine.

cr 4 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may ravin,
None can do us harm;
dim When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
cr We will fear no evil,
f Victors o'er the tomb. Amen.

H. STOWELL.

JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD. (*2nd Tune.*)

6 5., 8 lines. G. A. MACFARREN, R.A.M.



755

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Wiping every tear;
Folded in His Bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

mf 2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
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Guarded by His arm,
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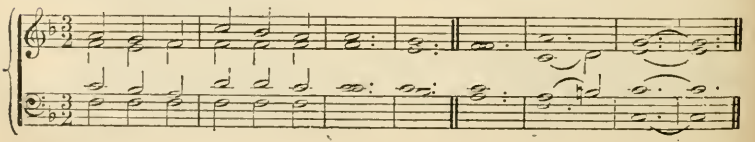
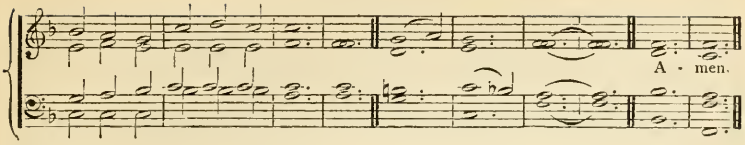
None can do us harm;
dim When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
cr We will fear no evil,
f Victors o'er the tomb. Amen.

H. STOWELL.

RICKMANSWORTH. 8 3. 8 3. W. F. HURNDALL.





756

mf JESUS, the children are calling,
Oh, draw near!
Fold the young lambs in Thy Bosom,
Shepherd dear.

mp 2 Slow are our footsteps and failing,
Oft we fall:
Jesus, the children are calling,
Hear their call!

mp 3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow—
Large is Thine;
Faithful and stronger and tender—
So be mine!

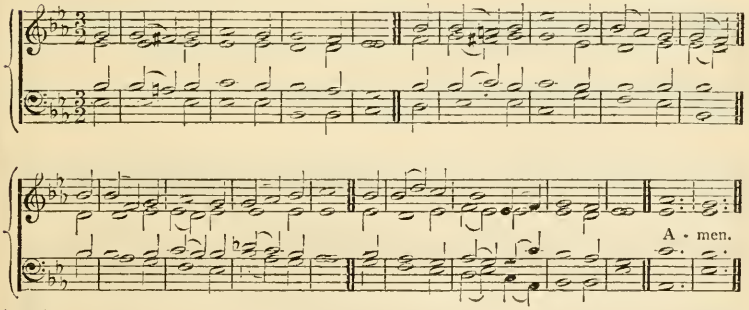
mp 4 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers—
Weary they;
Bless all our sisters and brothers
Night and day.

mp 5 Fathers themselves are God's children,
Teach them still:
Let the Good Spirit show all men
God's wise will!

cr 6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit—
Three in One—
mf Bountiful God of our Fathers,
f Praise be done! Amen.

ANNIE MATHESON.

STAINCLIFFE. L.M. R. W. DIXON.



757

mp LORD JESUS, Shepherd of mankind,
Tender and watchful, good and kind,
List to the song Thy lambs would raise,
Deign to accept their humble praise.

mp 2 Belovèd Son of God most high, [die,
How shouldst Thou come to earth and
To ransom thus Thy sinful sheep,
Who never would Thy pastures keep!

mf 3 O love most tender, deep, divine,
That Thou shouldst wish us to be Thine!
Shouldst gather us into Thy fold
From this world's bleak and barren wold!

f 4 O grace, surpassing mortal song,
That Thou, omnipotently strong,
Shouldst our defence and refuge be,
And ever make us safe in Thee.

mp 5 Lord, in Thy pastures let us feed,
That we may know nor fear nor need;
By Thy still waters let us rest,
Only in Thee content, and blest.

mp 6 Walk Thou before us all the way:
From Thee, O let us never stray;
dim And in life's sunset let us lie
In Thy strong, loving arms to die.
Amen. G. W. CONDER.

PROSPECT (*1st Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. Arranged by C. DARNTON.

A - men.

MUNICH. (*2nd Tune.*) 7 6.7 6. D. Attributed to J. HERMANN, 1620.

A - men.

758

mf THERE's a Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend Who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

mp 2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And "Abba, Father," cry;
f A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and danger free;
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

mf 3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
f No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare:
For everyone is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

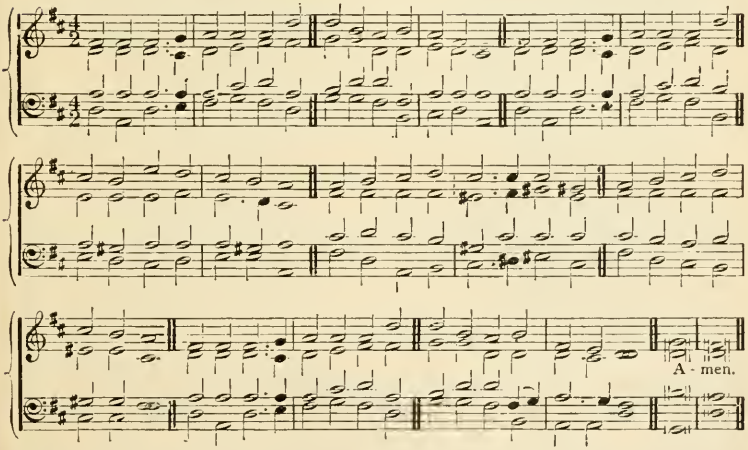
mf 4 There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-bye.
cr A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favour
And loved His name below.

mf 5 There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky—
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

f 6 There's a robe for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own. Amen.

A. MIDLANE

ST. ASAPH. 8 7. 8 7. D. W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



759

f FAR above in highest heaven,
Jesus reigns, our Lord and King;
He His life for us has given.
He did life eternal bring;
Sing, then, children, sing with gladness,
Loud let grateful anthems ring;
Jesus is the children's Saviour,
Jesus is the children's King.

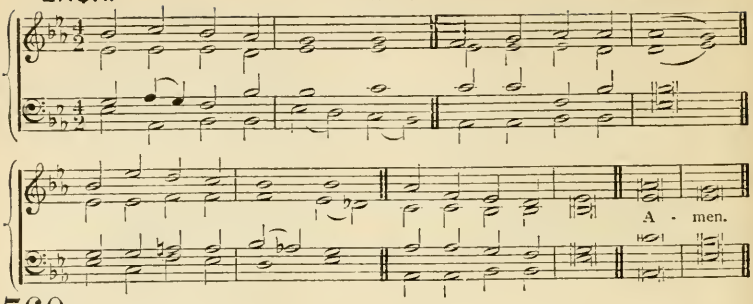
f 2 Once on earth the children praised Him,
And "Hosanna" was their cry;
Now that God to heaven has raised Him,
Loud they praise Him in the sky:
ff Shout, then, children, shout your praises,
Loud let grateful anthems ring,
Jesus is the children's Saviour,
Jesus is the children's King.

mf 3 Come, then, early, come to Jesus,
As the children did of old:
He from sin and sorrow frees us,
Never will His love grow cold:
Daily let us learn to love Him,
Daily let us join to sing
Praises to our Lord and Saviour,
Praises to the children's King.

mp 4 Then, when life's short days are ended
If we've served our Saviour well,
By His angels gently tended,
In His kingdom we shall dwell;
f There we'll shout our joyous praises,
There the song of victory sing:
Jesus is our Lord and Saviour,
Jesus is the children's King. Amen.

W. H. SCOTT.

ENON. 6 5.6 5. O. M. FIELDEN.



760

mp JESUS, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

mp 2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
cr For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

mf 3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

cr 4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

p 5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

p 6 Pray the prayer within us,
That to heaven shall rise;
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.

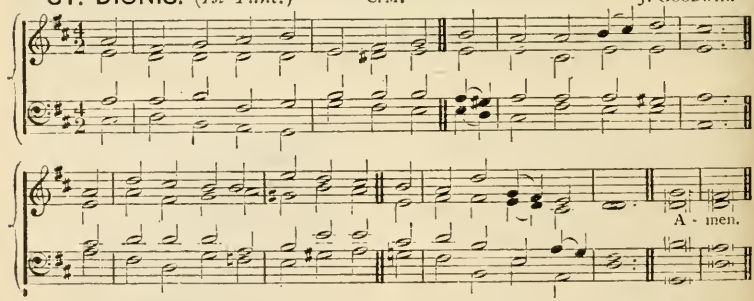
cr 7 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear;
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

mf 8 O! how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this?—
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss,

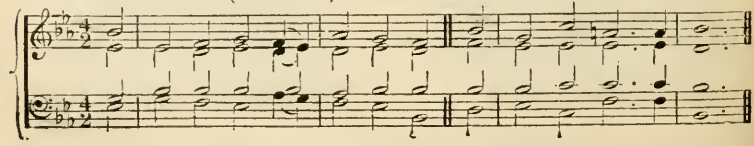
mf 9 Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
f We must wait for heaven,
Then the day will come. Amen.

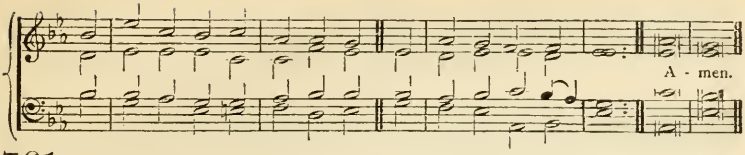
F. W. FABER.

ST. DIONIS. (*1st Tune.*) C.M. J. GOODWIN.



ST. BERNARD. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. W. RICHARDSON.





761

f THY Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And every one who seeks may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.

mf 2 Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine;
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For every searcher there.

mf 3 Thy Word is like a starry host:
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.

f 4 Thy Word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.

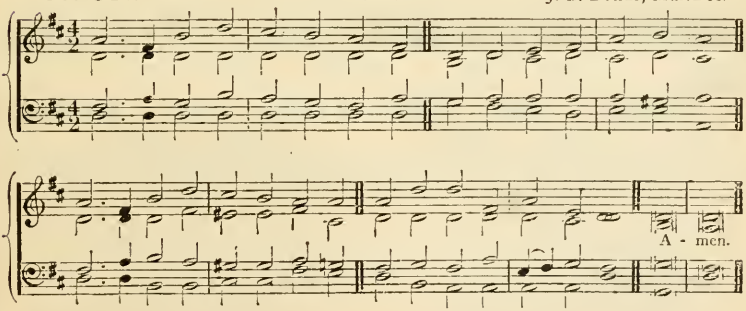
mf 5 Thy Word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find for life's long battle-day
All needful weapons there.

mp 6 O, may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine!

mf 7 Oh, may I find my armour there,
Thy Word my trusty sword;
cr I'll learn to fight with every foe
f The battle of the Lord. Amen.

E. HODDER.

ST. OSWALD. 87.87. J. B. DYKES, Mus.Doc.



762

mf GRANT us, O our Heavenly Father,
Now in these our early days,
Thee in all things to remember,
Thee to serve, and Thee to praise.

mp 2 Drawing nearer still and nearer,
May we close and closer cling
To our Lord, and to His altar
There ourselves an offering bring.

mp 3 Step by step in life advancing,
Onward, upward, as we move [ing
cr Through the world unharmed,—rejoic-
In His all-redeeming love:—

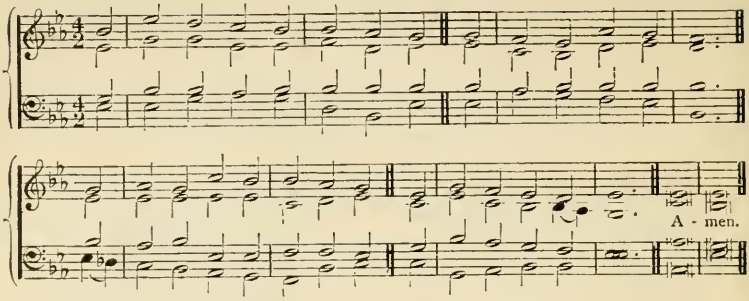
mf 4 Blest in joy, upheld in sorrow,
At our work as in His sight,
May His Presence still be with us,
As we do it with our might.

mf 5 Serving Thee, our Heavenly Father,
From the dawn to set of sun,
Serving Thee in life's young morning,—
Till our work on earth is done:—

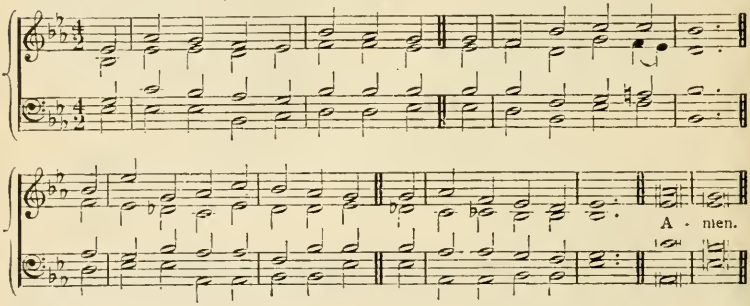
mp 6 Till the shadows of the evening
Shall for ever pass away,
cr And the Resurrection-morning
f Kindle into perfect day. Amen.

G. THRING.

ST. PETER. (*1st Tune.* C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



ST. FRANCES. (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. G. A. LOHR.



763

mp IS earth too fair, is youth too bright
To need the smile of heaven?
Have I no deadly foes to fight?
No sins to be forgiven?

mp 2 Am I too young to seek that Lord
Who left His heaven for me?
Too young to hold those sins abhorred
He bore upon the tree?

cr 3 My Father, may not this glad heart
Feel Thee its sovereign good,
And bless, my Saviour, its dear part
In Thine atoning blood?

mf 4 Hath not Thy Word a promise sweet
For spirits young as mine?
May not my soul have leave to greet
Some vision all divine?

cr 5 May not I noblest pleasure win
And still Thy servant be?
May not I drink Thy beauty in,
Nor miss Thy purity?

p 6 O awful God of holiness!
I would be all Thine own;
cr O God of joy! O God of grace!
I smile before Thy throne.

mp 7 I pray Thee not to keep from me
All sorrow and all smart;
cr But now I bring my joy to Thee,
Accept this glowing heart. Amen.

T. H. GILL.

764

mp WITH sin I would not make abode
While shines each golden hour;
Nor keep away from Thee, my God,
Till falls my blissful bower.

mp 2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.

mp [3 I would not with swift-wingèd zeal
On the world's errands go,
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

dim 4 O! not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O! not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!]

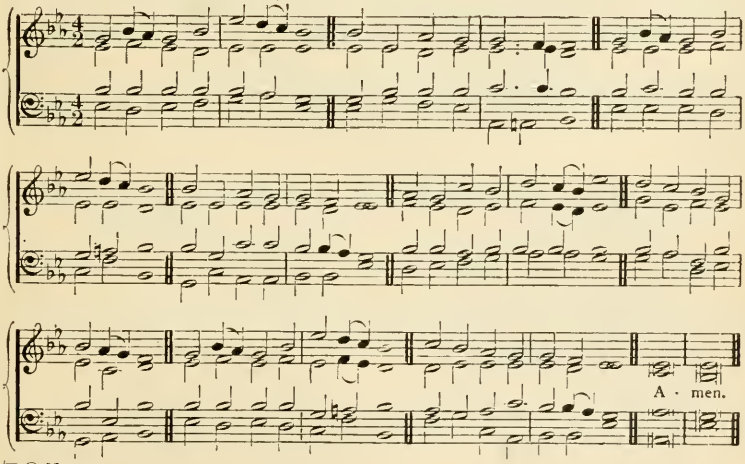
cr 5 Lord! in the fulness of my might
I would for Thee be strong;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.

mf 6 O choose me in my golden time,
In my dear joys have part!
cr For Thee the glory of my prime,
The fulness of my heart!

mp 7 I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine;
cr O! ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was Thine. Amen.

T. H. GILL.

TICHFIELD. (*1st Tune.*) 7s., 8 lines. R. W. BEATTY.



765

mf SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
Teach me, I am not my own,
I am Thine and Thine alone;
Thine to keep, to rule, to save
From all sin that would enslave.

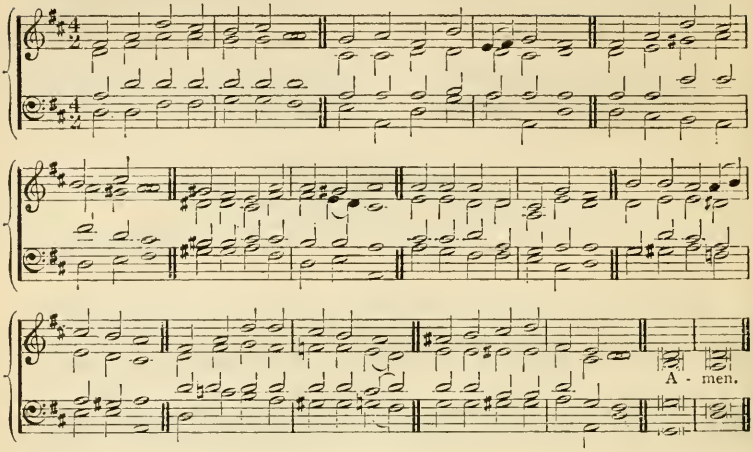
mf 2 With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
dim Though Thy will should cross my own,
May it instantly be done;
cr Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe.

mp 3 Thine, Lord, was a bitter cup,
Thou didst meekly drink it up;
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Ever saidst, Thy will be done.
Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
cr Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him Who so loved me.

mf 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
cr Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
dim Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek:
cr Singing, till Thy face I see,
f Of His love Who first loved me. Amen.

JANE E. LEESON.

LEYTON. (*2nd Tune.*) 7s., 8 lines. C. E. KETTLE.



765

mf SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
Teach me, I am not my own,
I am Thine and Thine alone;
Thine to keep, to rule, to save
From all sin that would enslave.

mf 2 With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
dim Though Thy will should cross my own,
May it instantly be done;
cr Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe.

mp 3 Thine, Lord, was a bitter cup,
Thou didst meekly drink it up;
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Ever saidst, Thy will be done.
Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
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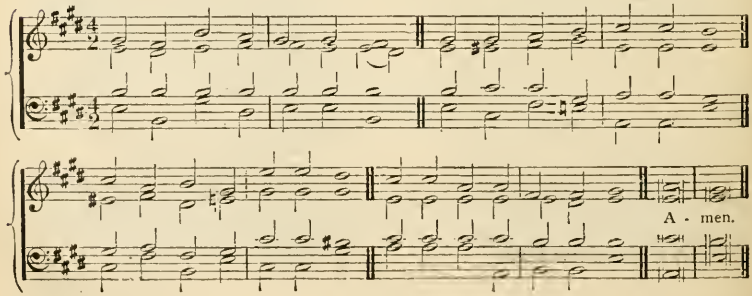
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him Who so loved me.

mf 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
cr Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
dim Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek:
cr Singing, till Thy face I see,
f Of His love Who first loved me. Amen.

JANE E. LEESON.

KIEL. 7s. A. ROMBERG.



766

mp FATHER, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

cr 2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

p 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
cr Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And, when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

mf 4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

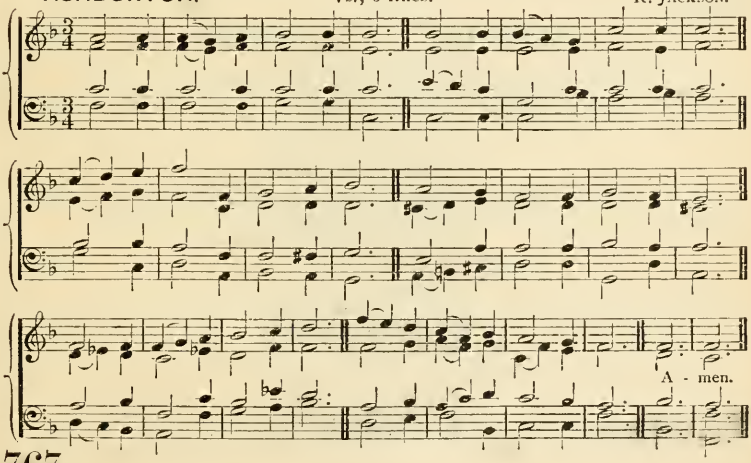
mp 5 When my work seems hard and dry,
cr May I press on cheerily;
dim Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

mf 6 May I see the good and bright,
When they pass before my sight;
cr May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

mp 7 May I do the good I know;
Be Thy loving child below,
cr Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be. Amen.

J. P. HOPPS.

ASHBURTON. 7s., 6 lines. R. JACKSON.



767

mp LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway, rough and steep,
Through this weary wilderness.
cr Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

mp 2 There are stony ways to tread,
Give the strength we sorely lack;
There are tangled paths to thread,
Light us, lest we miss the track.
cr Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

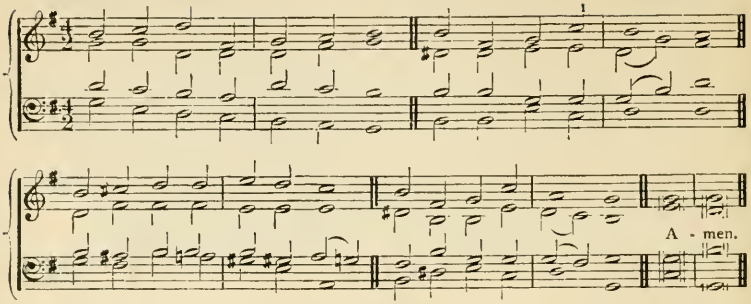
mp 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
cr Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

mf 4 There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease
cr Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

mf 5 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
cr Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

EXCELSIOR. 7 6.7 6. J. Booth.



768

mf LOOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.

mp 2 Growing every day in awe,
For Thy Name is holy;
Learning every day to love,
With a love more lowly.

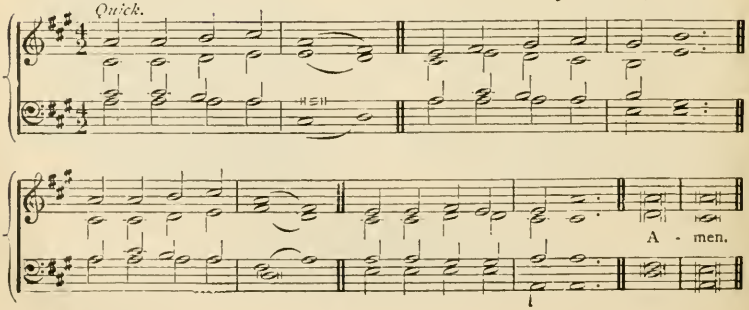
mp 3 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

cr 4 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

mp 5 Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity,
cr That we enter in at last
To the Holy City. Amen.

MARY BUTLER.

CHILDHOOD. 5 6.5 6. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.



769

mf GOD intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.

mp 2 Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
cr Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

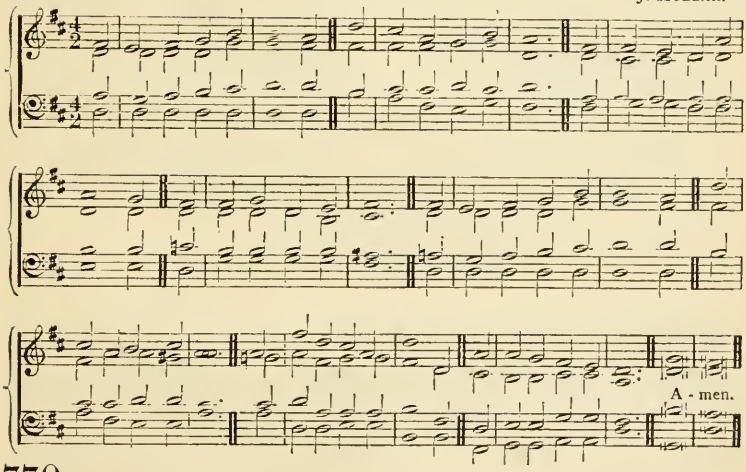
mp 3 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?

cr 4 Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

mp 5 Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers:
cr And I may attain
Much by little powers. Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

BENTLEY. 7 6.7 6. D. J. HULLAH.



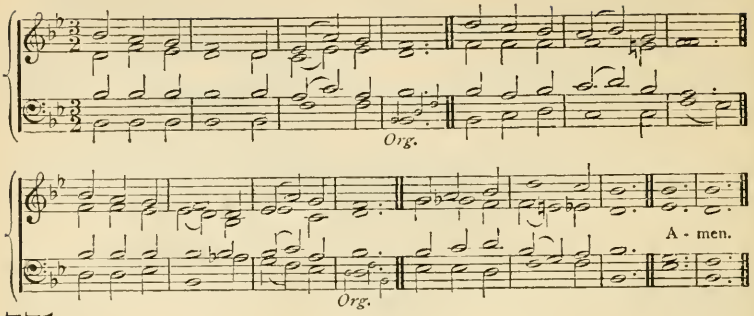
770

mf THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King:
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

mf 2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that ever
The poorest child may bring.

mp 3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
cr We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
mf And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring. Amen.

SAWLEY. C.M. J. WALCH.



771

mp GOD make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

mp 2 God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

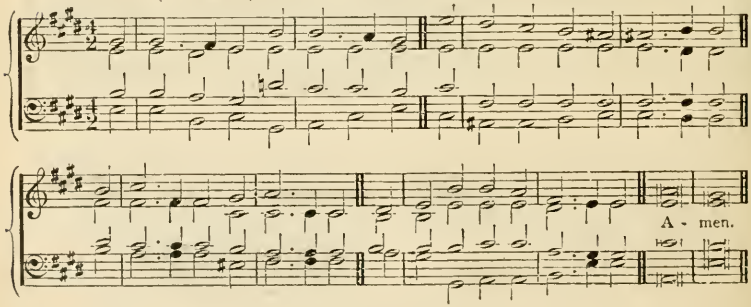
cr 3 God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
mf That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

mp 4 God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

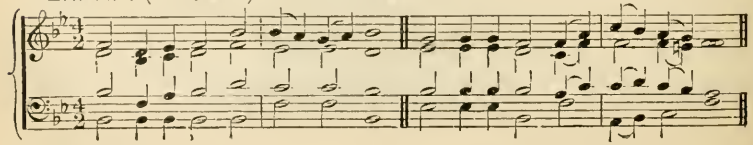
mf 5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
cr Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways. Amen.

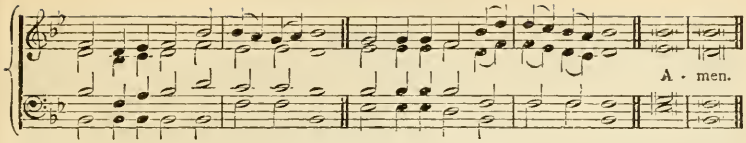
MATILDA B. EDWARDS.

SEFTON. (*1st Tune.*) L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



ERNAN. (*2nd Tune.*) L.M. L. MASON.





772

mp WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

mp 2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

mp 3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

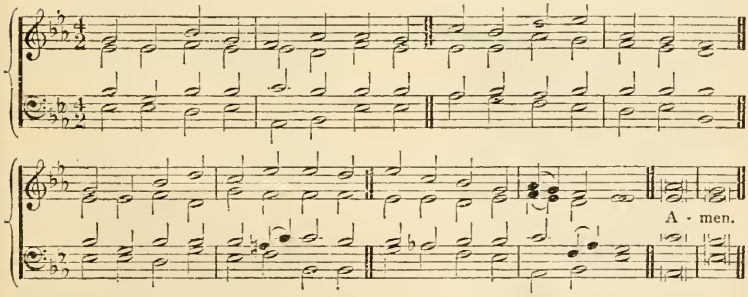
mp 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

p 5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love.
Light in our dwellings we may make,
cr Bid kind good-humour brighten there;
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

mp 6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take;
cr His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

SHARON. 87.87. W. BOYCE, Mus.Doc.



773

mp WE are only little workers,
Yet we fain would do Thy will;
So we pray Thee, Lord, to help us,
Lowly duties to fulfil.

mp 2 Little souls perchance may brighten
Lives that sorrow, care, and sin
Darken, till hope's blessèd sunshine
Scarcely ever enters in.

mp 3 Little feet are never weary,
Little hearts are seldom sad;
So we ask that Thou wouldst teach us
How to make grown people glad.

mp 4 We would often bring them comfort,
But we know not what to say:
Some sweet message fresh from heaven
Lay upon our lips to-day.

mp 5 Thou hast taught us, dearest Saviour,
That e'en whispered words can fly
Straight above the clouds of heaven,
And be heard by Thee on high.

mp 6 Help us, then, to say to others,
Who have never learnt to know—
"God is listening still to answer
Those who watch and wait below."

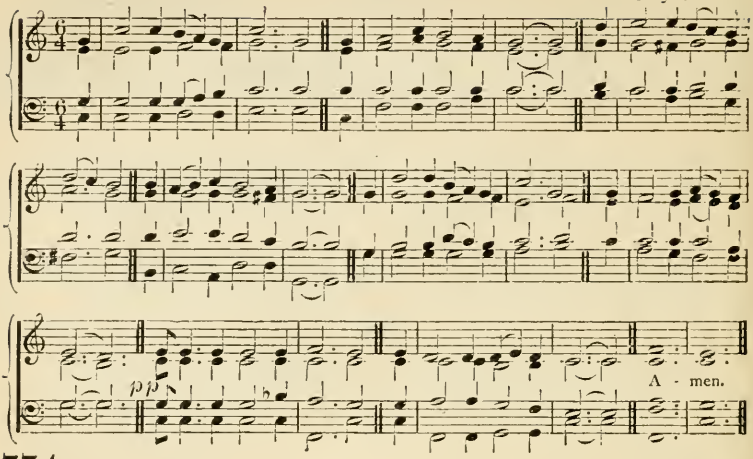
mf 7 Grant that we, Thy willing workers,
By Thy grace may find at length,
Even children in their weakness
May help others in Thy strength. Amen.

A. MARRYAT.

WATERMOUTH.

7 6.7 6. D.

R. JACKSON.



774

mf GOD, Who hath made the daisies
And ev'ry lovely thing,
cr He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing.
He says though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
pp "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

f 2 Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
dim And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
pp "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

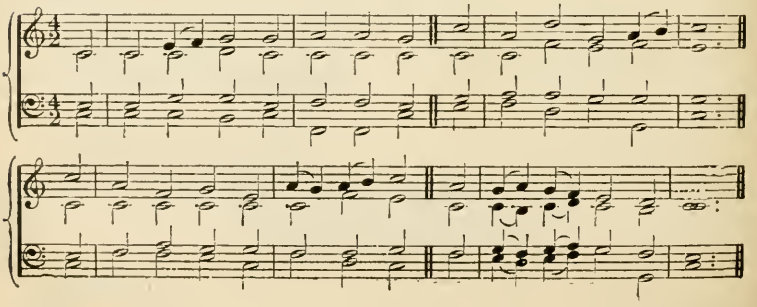
mf 3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
dim But sees the heart's low breathings,
And says (well pleased to see),
pp "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

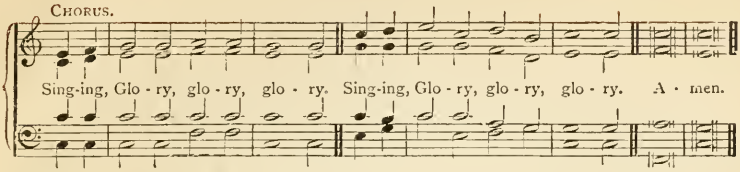
mf 4 Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we'll sing;
cr No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
pp And let them come to Me." Amen

E. P. HOOD.

GLORY.

C.M., with Chorus.





775

mf AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
f Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

mf 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
f Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

mp 3 Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise as they do now
The Lord Who loved them so,
mf Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

mp 4 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:
How came those children there,
mf Singing, Glory, glory, glory?

mp 5 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that precious, purple flood,
cr Behold them white and clean,
f Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

mp 6 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
cr So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
f Singing, Glory, glory, glory. Amen.

ANNE SHEPHERD.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO HYMNS.

NOTE.—*The dates given are—1. Those of the birth and death of deceased writers. 2. Where this has been found impossible the date of the birth or death is given, according to the position of the hyphen* after *or* before *the date. The date of the birth is given in cases of living authors. 3. Where the dates of birth and death are both unknown the date of* publication *is occasionally given. Alterations of text are indicated at the end of every hymn where any such alteration has been made.*

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
A charge to keep I have . . .	314	Charles Wesley (1708-1788).
A few more years shall roll . .	408	Dr. Horatius Bonar (1808-).
A little child the Saviour came .	472	William Robertson (*pub.* 1880).
A safe stronghold our God is still .	343	Martin Luther (1483-1546), *tr.* T. Carlyle (1795-1881).
A thousand years have come and gone	89	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871).
A voice upon the midnight air .	137	Martineau's Selection (1840).
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide	684	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847).
According to Thy gracious word .	486	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Across the sky the shades of night .	722	James Hamilton (1819-), *altd.*
Again, as evening's shadow falls .	523	Samuel Longfellow (1819-), *altd.*
All faded is the glowing light . .	182	T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).
All glory, laud, and honour . .	135	Theodulph of Orleans (9th cent.), *tr.* Dr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866), *altd.*
All hail the power of Jesu's name .	63	Edwd. Perronet (1726-1792), *altd.*
All people that on earth do dwell .	531	William Kethe (*pub.* 1561).
All that I was, my sin, my guilt .	281	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
All that's good, and great, and true .	736	Godfrey Thring (1823-).
All things are Thine; no gift have we	612	John G. Whittier (1808-).
All ye that pass by	148	Charles Wesley (1708-1788).
Almighty God, Whose only Son .	577	H. W. Baker (1821-1877).
And can it be, that I should gain .	280	Charles Wesley (1708-1788).
And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee	127	Jean Ingelow (1830-).
And now the wants are told, that brought	555	Dr. William Bright (1824-).
And wilt Thou pardon, Lord . .	262	Joseph of the Studium (9th cent.), *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866).
Angels, from the realms of glory .	91	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Angel voices, ever singing . .	616	Francis Pott (1832-).
Another year is dawning . . .	723	Frances R. Havergal (1836-1879).
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat .	561	John Newton (1725-1807).
Arise, O King of grace, arise . .	445	Dr. Isaac Watts (1674-1748).
Around the throne of God in heaven	775	Anne Shepherd (1809-1857).
Art thou weary, art thou languid .	236	Stephen the Sabaite (725-794), *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), *altd.*

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
As helpless as a child who clings .	334	James D. Burns (1823-1864).
As to His earthly parents' home .	750	Dr. Henry Alford (1810-1871).
As with gladness men of old . .	98	William Chatterton Dix (1837-).
At even, ere the sun was set . .	520	Henry Twells (1823-).
At the name of Jesus . . .	75	Caroline M. Noel (-).
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay . .	679	Dr. W. Bright (1824-).
Awake, and sing the song . .	78	William Hammond (1719-1783), Martin Madan (1726-1790), etc.
Awake, awake, O Zion . . .	584	Benj. Gough (1805-).
Awake, my soul, and with the sun .	668	Bp. Thomas Ken (1637-1711).
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays .	131	Samuel Medley (1738-1799).
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	396	Dr. Philip Doddridge (1702-1751).
Awake, our souls; away, our fears .	397	Dr. Isaac Watts (1674-1748).
Before Jehovah's awful throne .	532	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd. by* C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme	55	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Begone, unbelief	331	John Newton (1725-1807).
Behold! how glorious is yon sky .	436	*Tr.* New Congl. H. Bk. (1859).
Behold! the Eternal King and Priest	490	[Anon.]
Behold the glories of the Lamb .	81	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Behold! the Mountain of the Lord .	581	Michael Bruce (1746-1767).
Behold the throne of grace . .	562	John Newton (1725-1807).
Behold us, Lord, a little space .	556	John Ellerton (1826-).
Behold what wondrous grace . .	288	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Beneath the shadow of the cross .	302	Saml. Longfellow (1819-).
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea	8	Josiah Conder (1789-1855).
Beyond the glittering starry skies .	168	James Fanch (1704-1767), *altd.*
Birds have their quiet nest . .	287	John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-1875).
Blessèd city, heavenly Salem . .	607	Latin, 7th century, *tr.* J. M. Neale and others (1818-1866).
Blest are the pure in heart . .	319	John Keble (1792-1866) *and* William John Hall (*pub.* 1836).
Blest day of God, most calm, most bright	510	John Mason (-1694).
Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed .	493	Josiah Conder (1789-1855).
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	494	Bp. Reginald Heber (1783-1826).
Break, new-born Year, on glad eyes break	719	T. H. Gill (1819-).
Brief life is here our portion. *Part I.*	435	Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145), *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866).
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	100	Bp. Reg. Heber (1783-1826).
Brightly gleams our banner . .	746	Thomas James Potter (1827-1873) and Bp. William Walsham How (1823-).
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored	478	George Rawson (1807-).
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm	345	Dr. Hor. Bonar (1808-).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
Captain and Saviour of the host .	423	George Rawson (1807-).
Children of the Heavenly King .	444	John Cennick (1717-1755).
Christ for the world we sing ! . .	567	Samuel Wolcott (1813-1886).
Christ, from Whom all blessings flow	447	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Christ the Lord is risen again ! .	156	Michael Weisse (-1540), *tr.* Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878).
Christ the Lord is risen to-day .	151	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Christ to the young man said, "Yet one thing more"	459	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882).
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies .	674	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Christian ! dost thou see them .	395	Andrew of Crete (660-732), *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), *altd.*
"Christian ! seek not yet repose" .	394	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), *altd.*
Christian, work for Jesus . .	621	Mary Haslock (-).
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	88	John Byrom (1692-1763), *altd.*
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	369	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Come, Holy Ghost, and through each heart	209	Ambrose, *tr.* Edward Caswall (1814-1878).
Come, Holy Ghost, in love . .	213	Robert II. of France (972-1031), *paraph.* Dr. Ray Palmer (1808-).
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire	220	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	463	Latin, 9th century, *tr.* J. Cosin, *altd.*
Come, Holy Spirit, come . . .	218	J. Hart (1712-1768).
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove .	205	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove .	208	Simon Browne (1680-1732).
Come in, thou blessèd of the Lord .	453	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Come ! kingdom of our God . .	573	John Johns (1801-1854).
Come, labour on !	382	Jane Borthwick (1813-).
Come, let us anew	721	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	74	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Come, let us join our friends above .	501	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Come, let us to the Lord our God .	389	John Morrison (1749-1798).
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare .	559	J. Newton (1725-1807).
Come, O Creator Spirit blest ! . .	211	Latin, 9th century, *tr.* E. Caswall (1814-1878).
Come on, my partners in distress .	356	C. Wesley (1708-1788), *altd.*
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown .	374	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Come, Thou Almighty King . .	227	[Anon., *c.* 1758.]
Come, Thou fount of every blessing	417	Robt. Robinson (1735-1790), *altd.*
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus .	175	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Come Thou, O come . . .	214	Latin, 9th century, *tr.* Gerard Moultrie (1839-1885).
Come to our poor nature's night .	217	G. Rawson (1807-).
Come unto Me, ye weary . .	247	W. Chatterton Dix (1837-).
Come, we that love the Lord . .	360	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd.*
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	240	Joseph Hart (1712-1768).
Come, ye thankful people, come .	708	Dr. H. Alford (1810-1871).
Commit thou all thy griefs. *Part I.*	340	Paul Gerhardt (1606-1676), *tr.* John Wesley (1703-1791).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
Creator Spirit! by Whose aid . .	210	Latin, 9th century, *paraph.* John Dryden (1631-1700).
Crown Him with many crowns .	167	Matthew Bridges (1800-).
Day by day, and year by year . .	469	Henry Downton (1818-1885).
Day by day we magnify Thee . .	737	John Ellerton (1826-).
Days and moments quickly flying .	716	Edward Caswall (1814-1878).
Dear Lord and Father of mankind .	336	J. G. Whittier (1808-).
Dear Lord and Master mine . .	306	T. H. Gill (1819-).
Depth of mercy! can there be .	390	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord .	376	T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).
Drawn to the Cross which Thou hast blessed	268	Geneviève Irons (1855-).
Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord .	207	Dr. Thomas Haweis (1734-1820).
Ere I sleep, for every favour . .	699	John Cennick (1717-1755).
Eternal Father, strong to save . .	639	William Whiting (1825-1878), *altd.*
Eternal Father! who can tell . .	725	R. Dawson (1836-).
Eternal Light! eternal Light! . .	20	Dr. Thomas Binney (1798-1874).
Eternal Love, Whose law doth sway	594	E. S. A.
Eternal Shepherd, God most High .	454	Dr. Richard Frederick Littledale (1833-).
Every morning mercies new . .	672	Greville Phillimore (1821-1885), *altd.*
Except the Lord the temple build .	610	E. S. A.
Far above in highest heaven . .	759	W. H. Scott (-).
Far down the ages now . . .	439	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
Far off our brethren's voices . .	586	Samuel John Stone (1839-), *altd.*
Father, I know that all my life .	346	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-).
Father, in high heaven dwelling .	686	G. Rawson (1807-).
Father, lead me day by day . .	766	John Page Hopps (-).
Father, let me dedicate . . .	727	Laurence Tuttiett (1825-).
Father of boundless grace . .	583	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Father of heaven! Whose love profound	225	Edward Cooper (1770-1833).
Father of love and power . .	691	G. Rawson (1807-).
Father of mercies, bow Thine ear .	636	Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795).
Father, to Thy sinful child . .	300	J. Conder (1789-1885).
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	118	G. Thring (1823-).
Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God .	6	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
For ever here my rest shall be .	491	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
"For ever with the Lord" . .	426	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
For the beauty of the earth . .	27	Folliott Sandford Pierpoint (1835-), *altd.*
For thee, O dear, dear country . *Part II.*	435	Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145), *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), *altd.*
For Thy mercy and Thy grace .	718	Henry Downton (1818-1885).
Forth from the dark and stormy sky	498	Bp. Reg. Heber (1783-1826).
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go .	670	C. Wesley (1708-1788), *altd.*
Forward! be our watchword . .	404	Dr. H. Alford (1810-1871).
Friend after friend departs . .	422	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
From all that dwell below the skies	582	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
From Egypt lately come . . .	406	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855).
From Greenland's icy mountains .	570	Bp. Reg. Heber (1783-1826).
From the deeps of grief and fear .	259	Phineas Fletcher (1582-1650), *altd.*
From the eastern mountains . .	99	G. Thring (1823-).
Gentle, holy Jesus	747	Emma Whitfield (-).
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild . .	751	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Give me the faith which can remove	465	C. Wesley (1708-1788), *altd.*
Give me the wings of faith to rise .	504	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Give to our God immortal praise. .	14	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Give to the winds thy fears. *Part II.*	340	P. Gerhardt (1606-1676), *tr.* J. Wesley (1703-1791).
Glorious things of Thee are spoken .	441	J. Newton (1725-1807).
Glory be to Jesus	140	Italian (17th cent.), *tr.* E. Caswall (1814-1878).
Glory to God on high! . .	64	Jas. Allen (1734-1804).
Glory to Thee, my God, this night .	682	Bp. Ken (1637-1711).
Go, labour on; spend, and be spent	457	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
Go not far from me, O my strength .	353	Anna L. Waring (1820-).
Go to dark Gethsemane . . .	496	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Go, worship at Immanuel's feet .	65	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
God bless our native land! . .	653	William E. Hickson (-).
God bless our native land! . .	654	[Anon.]
God, Creator and Preserver . .	664	J. Ellerton (1826-).
God from on high hath heard! .	96	Charles Coffin (1676-1749), *tr.* James Russell Woodford (1820-1885).
God intrusts to all	769	James Edmeston (1791-1867).
God is gone up on high . . .	161	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
God is in His temple . . .	529	William Tidd Matson (1833-).
God is love: by Him upholden .	58	J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
God is love; His mercy brightens .	44	Sir John Bowring (1792-1872).
God is our refuge, tried and proved.	419	H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).
God, make my life a little light .	771	Matilda Beltram Edwards (-).
God moves in a mysterious way .	47	William Cowper (1731-1800).
God, my King, Thy might confessing!	23	Bp. Richard Mant (1776-1848).
God of mercy, God of grace . .	572	H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).
God of pity, God of grace . .	547	Eliza F. Morris (1821-).
God of that glorious gift of grace .	476	J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
God of the living, in Whose eyes .	425	J. Ellerton (1826-).
God save our gracious King . .	641	(?) Henry Carey (-1743).
God that madest earth and heaven .	685	Bp. Reg. Heber (1783-1826) and Arbp. R. Whately (1787-1863).
God the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest	659	Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-1872).
God the Father's only Son . .	193	Samuel John Stone (1839-).
God the Lord has heard our prayer .	648	Henry Herbert Wyatt (*pub.* 1859).
God the Lord is King—before Him .	13	G. Rawson (1807-).
God, Who hath made the daisies .	774	Edwin Paxton Hood (1820-1885).
Grace, 'tis a charming sound . .	60	Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me .	203	T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost . . .	216	Bp. Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885).
Grant us, O our Heavenly Father .	762	G. Thring (1823-).
Great God, and wilt Thou condescend	738	Ann Gilbert (1782-1866).
Great God, how infinite art Thou! .	19	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Great God of hosts, our ears have heard	647	Edward Osler (1798-1863).
Great God of wonders! all Thy ways	59	Dr. Samuel Davies (1724-1761).
Great God, we sing that mighty hand	724	Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).
Great God, what do I see and hear?	181	Bartholomew Ringwald (1530-1598) and Dr. William Bengo Collyer (1782-1854), *altd.*
Great King of nations, hear our prayer	661	John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862).
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah .	415	William Williams (1771), *tr.* Peter Williams (1717-1791).
Hail, holy day, most blest, most dear	159	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1872).
Hail! sacred day of earthly rest .	512	G. Thring (1823-).
Hail the day that sees Him rise .	160	C. Wesley (1708-1788), *altd.*
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus .	173	John Bakewell (1721-1819).
Hail to the Lord's anointed . .	94	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Hallelujah! song of gladness . .	449	Latin (13th cent.), *tr.* J. Chandler and others.
Happy the souls to Jesus joined .	503	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Hark, an awful voice is sounding .	92	Latin, *tr.* E. Caswall (1814-1878).
Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling	421	Dr. Frederick William Faber (1814-1863), *altd.*
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord . .	290	W. Cowper (1731-1800).
Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes	87	Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).
Hark! the herald angels sing . .	84	C. Wesley (1708-1788), *altd.*, J. Wesley (1703-1791).
Hark! the song of jubilee . .	580	J. Montgomery (1771-1856).
Hark the sound of holy voices .	506	Bp. C. Wordsworth (1807-1885).
Hark! the voice eternal . . .	79	John Julian (1839-).
Hark! the voice of love and mercy .	146	Jonathan Evans (1748-1809).
Harp, awake! tell out the story .	715	H. Downton (1818-1885).
He knelt, the Saviour knelt, and prayed	136	Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1794-1835).
He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower	335	Sarah F. Adams (1805-1848).
Head of the Church, our risen Lord	448	Josiah Conder, adapted from Gelasius (? *c.* 496).
Heal us, Immanuel! hear our prayer	119	W. Cowper (1731-1800).
Hear, gracious God! a sinner's cry .	254	S. Medley (1738-1799).
Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father	690	Harriet Parr (1828-), *altd.*
Hear us, Thou that broodedst . .	215	G. Thring (1823-).
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims	600	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Heavenly Father! to Whose eye .	416	J. Conder (1789-1855).
Help me, my God, to speak . .	249	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest	625	Abel Gerard Wilson Blunt (1827-).

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Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face	479	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
High in the heavens, Eternal God .	41	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Holy Father, cheer our way . .	703	R. H. Robinson (1842-).
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord . . .	221	Bp. C. Wordsworth (1807-1885), *altd.*
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord . . .	223	J. Montgomery (1771-1856).
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!	222	Bp. Reg. Heber (1783-1826).
Holy Lamb, who Thee receive .	311	J. Wesley (1708-1788).
Holy Spirit! Lord of light! . .	212	Robert II. of France (972-1031), *tr.* E. Caswall (1814-1878).
Holy Spirit, Truth Divine! . .	204	S. Longfellow (1819-).
Hope of those that have none other	638	Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-).
Hosanna to the living Lord . .	525	Bp. Reg. Heber (1783-1826).
How beauteous are their feet . .	590	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
How blessèd from the bonds of sin .	381	Carl Johann Philipp Spitta (1801-1859), *tr.* Jane Borthwick (1813-).
How bright these glorious spirits shine!	508	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd.* William Cameron (1751-1811).
How pleasant, how divinely fair .	527	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
How pleased and blest was I . .	536	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
How rich are Thy provisions, Lord!	497	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd.*
How sad our state by nature is! .	258	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
How shall I follow Him I serve? .	112	J. Conder (1789-1855).
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	187	J. Newton (1725-1807), *altd.*
How welcome was the call . .	596	H. W. Baker (1821-1877).
Hush! blessèd are the dead . .	604	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth (1825-).
I bring my sins to Thee . . .	277	F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	325	Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864).
I heard the voice of Jesus say . .	279	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
I lift my heart to Thee . . .	303	Charles Edward Mudie (1818-).
I love Thy kingdom, Lord . .	438	Dr. Timothy Dwight (1752-1817).
I love to think, though I am young .	752	Edwin Paxton Hood (1820-1885).
I need Thee every hour . . .	312	Annie S. Hawks (-).
I thank Thee, gracious God, for all *Part II.*	468	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
I thank Thee, Lord, for using me *Part I.*	468	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
I think, when I read that sweet story of old	745	Jemima Luke (1813-).
I will praise Thee every day . .	53	W. Cowper (1731-1800).
I worship Thee, sweet Will of God!	39	F. W. Faber (1814-1863).
I would commune with Thee, my God	372	George Burden Bubier (1823-1869).
I'll praise my Maker with my breath	12	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Immortal Love, for ever full. *Part I.*	191	J. G. Whittier (1808-).
In God's holy dwelling . . .	518	Thomas Alfred Stowell (1831-).
In our dear Lord's garden .	628	E. S. A.
In the cross of Christ I glory .	144	Sir John Bowring (1792-1872).
In the dark and cloudy day . .	329	G. Rawson (1807-).
In the field with their flocks abiding	741	Frederick William Farrar (-), *pub.* 1859.

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
In the hollow of Thy Hand . .	667	W. C. Dix (1837-).
In the hour of trial . . .	387	J. Montgomery (1771-1854), *altd.* Frances Annie Hutton (1841-).
In Thy name, O Lord, assembling .	548	T. Kelly (1769-1855).
Is earth too fair, is youth too bright	763	T. H. Gill (1819-).
It came upon the midnight clear .	93	Dr. Edmund Henry Sears (1810-1876).
It is a thing most wonderful . .	754	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
It is finished! Blessèd Jesus . .	150	Bp. William Dalrymple Maclagan (1826-).
It is the Lord Himself Who tends .	627	E. S. A.
I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!	283	[Anon.]
Jerusalem, my happy home . .	434	B., *c.* 1801.
Jerusalem on high	432	Samuel Crossman (1628-1683).
Jerusalem the golden *Part III.*	435	Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145), *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), *altd.*
Jesu, if still Thou art to-day . .	116	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Jesu, Lover of my soul . . .	275	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Jesu, meek and gentle . . .	190	George Rundle Prynne (1818-).
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all .	128	Henry Collins (*pub.* 1849).
Jesu, my strength, my hope . .	358	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Jesu! Thy boundless love to me .	123	P. Gerhardt (1606-1676), *tr.* J. Wesley (1703-1791), *altd.*
Jesu, we thus obey	480	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Jesus! and shall it ever be . .	388	Joseph Grigg (-1768), *altd.* Benjamin Francis (1734-1799).
Jesus, blessèd Saviour . . .	726	F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult . .	322	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-).
Jesus, cast a look on me . . .	316	John Berridge (1716-1793).
Jesus, gentlest Saviour . . .	760	Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).
Jesus, great Redeemer . . .	482	Ada Cross (*née* Cambridge), (1844-).
Jesus, I my cross have taken . .	328	H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).
Jesus is God! The solid earth .	65	Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).
Jesus is our Shepherd . . .	755	Hugh Stowell (1799-1865).
Jesus, King of glory . . .	617	W. H. Davison (1827-).
Jesus lives! no longer now . .	154	Christian Furchegott Gellert (1718-1769), *tr.* Frances Elizabeth Cox (*pub.* 1841).
Jesus! Lord, we kneel before Thee .	383	John James Cummins (-1867).
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee . .	446	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone .	405	J. Cenniek (1717-1755), *altd.*
Jesus, our best-belovèd Friend .	564	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun .	579	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd.*
Jesus, still lead on	410	Count Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf (1700-1760), *tr.* J. Borthwick (1813-).
Jesus, sun and shield art Thou .	197	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
Jesus, the children are calling . .	756	Annie Matheson (*pub.* 1880).
Jesus, the very thought of Thee . *Part I.*	126	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), *tr.* E. Caswall (1814-1878).

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Jesus, Thou everlasting King . .	68	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts .	485	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), *tr.* Dr. Ray Palmer (1808-).
Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes	578	William Hiley Bathurst (1796-1877).
Jesus, Thy sovereign grace we bless	450	W. H. Bathurst (1796-1877).
Jesus, to Thy table led . . .	488	R. H. Baynes (1834-).
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet .	611	W. Cowper (1731-1800).
Join all the glorious names . .	184	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Joy to the world! the Lord is come	90	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Just as I am—without one plea . .	265	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).
Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake	452	John Newton (1725-1807).
Lamb of God! Whose bleeding love	499	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace	229	Bernard Barton (1784-1849).
Lay the precious body . . .	599	J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	414	Card. J. H. Newman (1801-).
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us .	413	J. Edmeston (1791-1867).
Leader of faithful souls, and Guide .	412	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Let God arise, and let His foes .	166	*Tr.* New Congl. Hymn Bk. (1859), *altd.*
Let me be with Thee where Thou art	355	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), *altd.*
Let no tears to-day be shed . .	605	Paris Missal, 18th century, *tr.* Dr. R. F. Littledale (1833-).
Let us with a gladsome mind . .	9	John Milton (1608-1674), *altd.*
Lift thy song among the nations .	643	T. H. Gill (1819-).
Lift up to God the voice of praise .	40	Dr. Ralph Wardlaw (1779-1853).
Lift up your heads, rejoice . .	177	T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	97	G. Weissel (1590-1635), *tr.* Cath. Winkworth (1827-1878).
Light after darkness, gain after loss	427	F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart .	575	Sir Edwd. Denny (1796-).
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	192	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Light up this house with glory, Lord	613	Dr. John Harris (1802-1856).
Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky	153	Latin (6th cent.), *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), *altd.*
Lo! God is here! Let us adore .	539	Gerhard Tersteegen (1697-1769), *tr.* J. Wesley (1703-1791).
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	179	*Varn.* by M. Madan (1726-1790), from C. Wesley (1708-1788) and J. Cennick (1718-1755).
Lo! on the inglorious tree . .	141	Latin Hymn, *tr.* W. J. Blew (*pub.* 1852), *altd.*
Lo! the storms of life are breaking .	323	Dr. H. Alford (1810-1871).
Long as I live I'll bless Thy name .	7	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd.*
Long have I sat beneath the sound .	391	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Look from Thy sphere of endless day	587	William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878).
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	171	T. Kelly (1769-1855).
Looking upward every day . .	768	Mary Butler (-).
Lord! am I precious in Thy sight?	206	T. H. Gill (1819-).
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee .	110	J. H. Gurney (1802-1862).

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Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	554	John Fawcett (1739-1817).
Lord, give me light to do Thy work	466	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
Lord God, by Whom all change is wrought	15	T. H. Gill (1819-).
Lord God of morning and of night .	681	F. T. Palgrave (1824-).
Lord God, the Holy Ghost . .	219	J. Montgomery (1771-1854)
Lord God, we worship Thee . .	646	German, *tr.* C. Winkworth (1827-1878).
Lord, I have made Thy word my choice	233	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing .	228	Elizabeth Codner (*pub.* 1860), *altd.*
Lord, in the strength of grace . .	313	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day . .	252	Isaac Williams (1802-1865), *altd.*
Lord, it belongs not to my care .	339	Richard Baxter (1615-1691), *altd.*
Lord, I was blind : I could not see .	284	W. T. Matson (1833-).
Lord Jesu Christ, by Whom alone .	470	Thomas G. Crippen (-).
Lord Jesus, Shepherd of mankind .	757	George William Conder (1821-1874).
Lord, let me pray ; I know not how	563	G. Rawson (1807-).
Lord of all being, throned afar . .	5	O. Wendell Holmes (1809-).
Lord of mercy and of might . .	199	Bp. Reg. Heber (1783-1826).
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation	440	M. A. Von Löwenstein (1594-1648), *tr.* Philip Pusey (1799-1855).
Lord of power, Lord of might ! .	542	G. Thring (1823-).
Lord of the living harvest . .	456	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875), *altd.*
Lord of the Sabbath ! hear our vows	509	Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751), *altd.*
Lord of the worlds above . .	526	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	464	F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).
Lord, teach us how to pray aright .	557	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Lord, this day Thy children meet .	735	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place	45	T. H. Gill (1819-).
Lord, Thou in all things like wast made	104	Joseph Anstice (1808-1836).
Lord, Thy children guide and keep .	767	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
Lord, Thy word abideth . . .	235	H. W. Baker (1821-1877).
Lord, we come before Thee now .	566	W. Hammond (1719-1783), *altd.*
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	565	John Dacre Carlyle (1758-1804).
Lord, while for all mankind we pray	657	John Reynell Wreford (*pub.* 1837).
Love divine, all loves excelling .	122	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Love me, O Lord, forgivingly . .	255	T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).
Lowly and solemn be . . .	424	F. D. Hemans (1794-1835).
March on, march on, ye soldiers true	569	E. S. A.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	729	J. Newton (1725-1807).
Mighty God, while angels bless Thee	57	Robert Robinson (1735-1790), *altd*
Mighty One, before Whose face .	637	W. C. Bryant (1794-1879).
Millions within Thy courts have met	521	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Most ancient of all mysteries ! . .	224	Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).
Much in sorrow, oft in woe . .	400	Fragment by Harry Kirke White (1785-1806), completed by Fanny Sara Fuller-Maitland (1809-77).

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My blessed Saviour, is Thy love .	132	Dr. Joseph Stennett (1663-1713), *altd.*
My dear Redeemer and my Lord .	115	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
My faith looks up to Thee . .	271	Dr. Ray Palmer (1808-).
My Father, it is good for me . .	341	G. Rawson (1807-).
My God, and is Thy table spread .	481	Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751), *altd.*
My God, how endless is Thy love .	675	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
My God, how wonderful Thou art! .	18	Dr. F. W. Faber (1815-1863).
My God, I love Thee,—not because	291	Francis Xavier (1506-1552), *tr.* E. Caswall (1814-1878), *altd.*
My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made	42	A. A. Procter (1825-1864).
My God, my Father, blissful name .	289	Anne Steele (1716-1778).
My God, my Father, while I stray .	338	C. Elliott (1789-1871).
My God, my King	11	H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).
My God, my life, my love . . .	361	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
My God, the spring of all my joys .	365	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right	309	Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).
My heart is resting, O my God .	347	A. L. Waring (1820-).
My heart to Thee I give for aye .	294	Latin, 9th century, *tr.* Dr. R. F. Littledale (1833-).
My Lord, my Love, was crucified .	511	John Mason (-1694).
My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene .	261	Elizabeth Ayton Godwin (*pub.* 1865).
My Saviour, my Almighty Friend .	70	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
My Shepherd will supply my need .	35	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
My song is love unknown . .	120	S. Crossman (1624-1683).
My soul, awake	677	Jane E. Livock (1840-).
My soul, repeat His praise . .	54	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Nature with open volume stands .	147	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd.*
Nearer, my God, to Thee . .	320	Sarah Flower Adams (1805-1848).
Never further than Thy Cross . .	269	Elizabeth Charles (*pub.* 1858).
No Gospel like this feast . . .	489	Elizabeth Charles (*pub.* 1858).
No more, my God, I boast no more .	270	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
No sorrow, and no sighing . .	430	William Josiah Irons (1812-1883).
Not all the blood of beasts . .	143	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Not only for the goodly fruit-trees tall	626	E. S. A.
Not what these hands have done .	267	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
Now begin the heavenly theme .	130	John Langford (?) (*pub.* 1760; *died* 1790).
Now for a tune of lofty praise . .	157	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Now from the altar of my heart .	700	J. Mason (-1694).
Now I have found the ground wherein	286	Johann Andreas Rothe (1688-1758), *tr.* J. Wesley (1703-1791).
Now on land and sea descending .	702	S. Longfellow (1819-).
Now pray we for our country . .	652	Arthur Cleveland Coxe (1818-).
Now thank we all our God . .	34	M. Rinckard (1586-1649), *tr.* C. Winkworth (1827-1878).
Now the day is over . . .	689	Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-).
Now the labourer's task is o'er .	597	J. Ellerton (1826-).
Now to the Lord a noble song! .	82	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
O blessed life! the heart at rest .	342	W. Tidd Matson (1833-).

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O bread to pilgrims given . .	484	Thomas Aquinas (1224-1274), *tr.* Dr. Ray Palmer (1808-).
O Christ, our true and only Light .	188	Johann Heermann (1585-1647), *tr.* C. Winkworth (1827-1878).
O come, all ye faithful . . .	83	(?) Bonaventura (1221-1274), *tr.* F. Oakeley (1802-1880), *altd.*
O come and mourn with me awhile	142	Dr. F. W. Faber (1815-1863).
O come, O come, Emmanuel . .	176	Latin, 12th cent., *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), *altd.*
O Day of rest and gladness . .	515	Bp. C. Wordsworth (1803-1885).
O Father all-creating . . .	595	G. Thring (1823-).
O Father. ever glorious . . .	730	Bp. Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825-).
O Father, in Thy Father's heart .	471	E. S. A.
O for a closer walk with God . .	386	W. Cowper (1731-1800).
O for a heart to praise my God .	304	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
O for a thousand tongues to sing .	72	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
O give thanks to Him Who made .	28	J. Conder (1789-1855).
O God, my strength and fortitude .	43	T. Sternhold (-1549) and G. Rawson (1807-).
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand .	46	Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751) and John Logan (1748-1788).
O God, of good the unfathomed sea!	297	Johann Scheffler (1624-1677), *tr.* J. Wesley (1703-1791).
O God of Love, O King of Peace .	660	H. W. Baker (1821-1877).
O God of mercy, God of might .	487	J. Keble (1792-1866), *altd.*
O God of mercy, God of might .	630	G. Thring (1823-).
O God of Truth, Whose living Word	403	Thomas Hughes (*pub.* 1859).
O God, the Rock of Ages . .	717	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth (1825-).
O God! Thy children gathered here	461	S. Longfellow (1819-), *altd.*
O God, Who canst not change nor fail	678	Ambrose (340-397), *tr.* Card. J. H. Newman (1801-).
O God! Who didst Thy will unfold	234	J. Conder (1789-1855).
O God, Who holdest in Thy hand .	658	T. G. Crippen (-).
O God! Whose thoughts are brightest light	301	Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863), *altd.*
O grant us light, that we may know	411	L. Tuttiett (1825-).
O grave, thou hast the victory .	601	H. Venn Elliott's Selection (*pub.* 1835).
O happy band of pilgrims . .	407	Joseph of the Studium (9th cent.), *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866).
O happy day that fixed my choice .	363	Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).
O happy pair of Nazareth . .	749	B. Waugh (-).
O help us, Lord, each hour of need .	385	Dr. Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868).
O Holy Lord, content to fill . .	634	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen .	352	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).
O Jesu, Lord, most merciful . .	251	James Hamilton (1819-).
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace .	669	Ambrose (340-397), *tr.* John Chandler (1806-1876).
O Jesu, Thou art standing . .	242	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me .	308	Johann Caspar Lavater (1741-1801), *tr.* H. B. Smith (-).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
O Jesus, ever present . . .	189	L. Tuttiett (1825-).
O Jesus, I have promised . .	380	John Ernest Bode (1816-1874).
O Jesus, King most wonderful *Part II.*	126	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), *tr.* E. Caswall (1814-1878).
O King of kings, Thy blessing shed.	640	Cotterill's Selection (*pub.* 1819), *altd.*
O Lamb of God! that tak'st away .	350	Alessie Faussett (1841-).
O lift our spirits, Lord, to Thee! .	665	Gerald Massey (-).
O Light of life, O Saviour dear .	698	F. T. Palgrave (1824-).
O Lord and Master of us all! *Part II.*	191	J. G. Whittier (1808-).
O Lord, how happy should we be .	333	J. Anstice (1808-1836), *altd.*
O Lord, it is a blessed thing . .	558	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
O Lord, I would delight in Thee .	364	Dr. John Ryland (1753-1825).
O Lord of all, we bring to Thee our sacrifice of praise	619	E. S. A.
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	631	Bp. Chr. Wordsworth (1807-1884).
O Lord of hosts, Thou God of might	645	G. Moultrie (1839-1885).
O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills .	608	Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866).
O Lord of life and death, we come .	662	J. Ellerton (1826-).
O Lord of life, and love, and power	615	E. S. A.
O Lord of life, Thy quickening voice	680	Dr. George MacDonald (1824-).
O Lord, our God, arise . . .	576	Dr. R. Wardlaw (1779-1853).
O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great	52	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
O Lord, turn not Thy face away .	257	J. Marckant (*pub.* 1560), *altd.* Bp. R. Heber (1783-1826).
O Love divine and golden . .	593	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
O Love divine, how sweet Thou art!	121	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
O Love divine, that stooped to share	351	O. W. Holmes (1809-).
O Love of God! how strong and true	56	Dr. H. Bonar (1803-).
O Love, Who formedst me to wear	307	J. Scheffler (1624-1677), *tr.* C. Winkworth (1827-1878).
O Master, it is good to be . .	133	Dr. A. P. Stanley (1815-1881).
O Master, let me walk with Thee .	377	Washington Gladden (-).
O! mean may seem this house of clay	108	T. H. Gill (1819-).
O mystery of Love Divine . .	129	T. H. Gill (1819-).
O Paradise! O Paradise . . .	428	Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).
O quickly come, dread judge of all .	180	L. Tuttiett (1825-).
O Sacred Head! now wounded .	138	P. Gerhardt (1606-1676), *tr.* James Waddell Alexander (1804-1859), *altd.*
O sing to the Lord	650	Dr. R. F. Littledale (1833-).
O Spirit of the living God . .	571	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
O the delights, the heavenly joys .	172	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
O Thou from Whom all goodness flows	324	Dr. Thomas Haweis (1734-1820).
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend	194	C. Elliott (1789-1871).
O Thou through suffering perfect made	624	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
O Thou, to Whom in ancient time .	535	John Pierpont (1785-1866).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight	359	N. L. von Zinzendorf, *v.* 4 J. A. Freylinghausen, *tr.* J. Wesley.
O Thou Who camest from above .	295	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
O Thou, Whose own vast temple stands	614	W. C. Bryant (1794-1879).
O Throned, O Crowned with all renown	713	Abp. Edward White Benson (1829-) and B. H. Kennedy (1804-).
O timely happy, timely wise . .	673	J. Keble (1792-1866).
O where is He that trod the sea .	117	T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).
O who like Thee, so calm, so bright	106	Bp. A. C. Coxe (1818-).
O Word of God incarnate! . .	232	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
O worship the King . . .	1	Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838).
O worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness	549	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Of the Father, sole-begotten . .	85	Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348-*c.* 413), *tr.* J. M. Neale (1818-1866), *altd.*
Oh, it is hard to work for God .	378	Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).
Oh! let him whose sorrow . .	349	Heinrich Siegmund Oswald (1751-1834), *tr.* F. E. Cox (*pub.* 1841).
Oh! let us all be glad to-day . .	739	M. Luther (1483-1546), *tr.* J. Hunt.
Oh, show me not my Saviour dying	174	J. Conder (1789-1855), *altd.*
Oh the bitter shame and sorrow .	315	T. Monod (?), *tr.* P. Schaff.
Once in royal David's city . .	743	C. F. Alexander (1823-).
One Lord there is, all lords above .	185	William Brighty Rands (*pub.* 1882).
One sole baptismal sign . . .	442	George Robinson (*pub.* 1842).
One there is above all others . .	196	J. Newton (1725-1807).
On our way rejoicing . . .	552	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Onward, Christian soldiers . .	393	S. Baring-Gould (1834-).
Oppressed with sin and woe . .	260	Anne Brönte (1820-1849).
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	202	Harriet Auber (1773-1862).
Our day of praise is done . .	522	J. Ellerton (1826-).
Our God! our God! Thou shinest here	533	T. H. Gill (1819-).
Our God, our help in ages past .	38	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Our Lord is risen from the dead .	165	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Out of the deep I call . . .	264	H. W. Baker (1821-1877).
Out of the depths I cry to Thee .	263	M. Luther (1483-1546), *tr.* New Congl. Hymn Book (1859).
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?	285	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth (1825-).
Pleasant are Thy courts above .	524	H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high .	467	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow	733	Bp. T. Ken (1637-1711).
Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits	541	H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	10	H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).
Praise, O praise the Lord of harvest	710	J. Hamilton (1819-).
Praise the God of all creation! .	734	J. Conder (1789-1855).
Praise the Lord, His glories show .	538	H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him	4	(?) Bp. Mant (1776-1848), Foundling Coll. (*c.* 1801-1804).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
Praise to our God, Whose bounteous hand	642	J. Ellerton (1826-).
Praise to the Holiest in the height .	51	Card. J. H. Newman (1801-).
Praise ye the Lord, immortal choirs	24	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd.*
Praying by the river-side . .	473	T. L. Lynch (1818-1871).
Purer yet and purer . . .	317	J. W. von Goethe, *tr.* Anon.
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart .	354	J. Newton (1725-1807).
Reaper! behold the fields are white	460	G. Rawson (1807-).
Rejoice, believer, in the Lord . .	366	J. Newton (1725-1807).
Rejoice, the Lord is King . .	169	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Rejoice to-day with one accord .	649	H. W. Baker (1821-1877).
Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad .	186	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Return, O wanderer, return . .	246	Dr. W. B. Collyer (1782-1854).
Ride on! ride on in majesty . .	134	Dr. H. H. Milman (1791-1868), *altd.*
Rise, my soul, adore thy Maker! .	671	J. Cennick (1718-1755).
Rock of Ages, cleft for me . .	273	Augustus Montagu Toplady (1740-1778), *altd.*
Round the Lord in glory seated .	21	Bp. R. Mant (1776-1848).
Safely, safely, gathered in . .	606	H. O. Dobree (1831-).
Salvation! O the joyful sound! .	62	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise	550	J. Ellerton (1826-).
Saviour, Blessèd Saviour. . .	71	G. Thring (1823-).
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	697	J. Edmeston (1791-1867).
Saviour, sprinkle many nations .	568	Bp. A. C. Coxe (1818-).
Saviour! teach me, day by day .	765	Jane Elizabeth Leeson (*pub.* 1842).
Saviour, when in dust to Thee .	200	Sir R. Grant (1785-1838).
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand .	474	Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve	560	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Shepherd of tender youth . .	620	Clement of Alexandria (*c.* 160-*c.* 216), *tr.* Dr. Henry Martyn Dexter (1821-).
Shine, mighty God, on Britain shine	644	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Show pity, Lord	256	Dr. David Thomas (1813-).
Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive .	248	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd.*
Sinful, sighing to be blest . .	253	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Sing a hymn to Jesus . . .	73	E. P. Hood (1820-1885).
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	67	Latin (5th cent.), *tr.* J. Ellerton (1826-).
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn .	95	Bp. Chr. Wordsworth (1807-1885).
Sing the great Jehovah's praise .	530	George Sandys (1577-1643).
Sing to the Lord a joyful song .	48	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Sing to the Lord of harvest . .	709	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Sing we the song of those who stand	546	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Sleep thy last sleep	598	Edward Alfred Dayman (1807-).
Soldiers of Christ, arise! . . .	401	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Soldiers of the Cross, arise! . .	588	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
So let our lips and lives express .	318	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Sometimes a light surprises . .	362	W. Cowper (1731-1800).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
Songs of praise the angels sang .	545	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Son of God, to Thee I cry . .	198	Bp. R. Mant (1776-1848), *altd.*
Soon and for ever	603	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Soul, thy week of toil is ended .	704	G. Rawson (1807-).
Souls in heathen darkness lying .	589	C. F. Alexander (1823-).
Sow in the morn thy seed . .	462	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them!	591	T. Kelly (1769-1855).
Spirit of Christ! be earnest given .	635	J. Keble (1792-1866), *altd.*
Stand, soldier of the cross . .	477	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth (1825-).
Stand up and bless the Lord . .	543	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	398	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Stand up! stand up for Jesus .	402	George Duffield (1818-).
Standing at the portal . . .	720	F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).
Standing forth on life's rough way .	633	W. C. Bryant (1794-1879).
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay .	384	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary . . .	332	William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871).
Strong Son of God, immortal Love .	109	Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-).
Summer suns are glowing . .	707	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.	683	J. Keble (1792-1866).
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	540	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go .	553	Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	492	J. Allen (1734-1804) and W. W. Shirley (1725-1786).
Take my life, and let it be . .	310	F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).
Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal .	373	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way .	113	W. T. Matson (1833-).
The Church's one foundation . .	443	S. J. Stone (1839-).
The dawn of God's dear Sabbath .	514	Ada Cross (1844-), *altd.*
The day departs	701	Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen (1670-1739), *tr.* H. L. L.
The day is past and over. . . .	693	Anatolius (-458), *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866).
The day of Resurrection! . .	155	J. Damascenus (-760), *tr.* Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866).
The festal morn, O God, is come .	519	James Merrick (1720-1769), *altd.* T. Cotterill (1779-1823).
The glory of the spring how sweet!	705	T. H. Gill (1819-).
The God of Abraham praise *Part I.*	2	T. Olivers (1725-1799).
The God of Love my Shepherd is .	36	G. Rawson (1807-).
The God Who reigns on high . . *Part III.*	2	T. Olivers (1725-1799).
The golden gates lift up their heads	163	C. F. Alexander (1823-).
The goodly land I see . *Part II.*	2	T. Olivers (1725-1799).
The head that once was crowned with thorns	170	T. Kelly (1769-1855).
The King of Love my shepherd is .	37	H. W. Baker (1821-1877).
The Lord be with us as we bend .	551	J. Ellerton (1826-).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
The Lord is King, and weareth .	29	G. Wither (1588-1667).
The Lord is King; He wrought His will	30	J. Keble (1792-1866).
The Lord is King! lift up thy voice	50	J. Conder (1789-1855).
The Lord is rich and merciful . .	241	T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).
The Lord of glory is my light . .	528	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
The Lord our God is clothed with might	25	H. K. White (1785-1806).
The Lord will come, and not be slow	183	Cento from J. Milton (1608-1674) *altd.*
The mercies of my God and King .	33	H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).
The night is come: like to the day .	692	Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682).
The race that long in darkness pined	101	John Morrison (1749-1798).
The radiant morn hath passed away	688	G. Thring (1823-).
The roseate hues of early dawn .	357	C. F. Alexander (1823-).
The saints of God! their conflict past	505	Bp. W. D. Maclagan (1826-).
The shadows of the evening hours .	696	A. A. Procter (1825-1864).
The Son of God goes forth to war .	392	Bp. R. Heber (1783-1826).
The Spirit breathes upon the word.	231	W. Cowper (1731-1800).
The spring-tide hour	706	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
The sun is sinking fast	687	Latin, *tr.* E. Caswall (1814-1878).
The wintry time hath ended . .	651	Dr. R. F. Littledale (1833-).
The wise may bring their learning .	770	[Anon.]
The year is gone beyond recall .	728	Meaux Breviary, *tr.* F. Potts (1832-)
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	298	Johann Scheffler (1624-1677), *tr.* J. Wesley (1703-1791).
There came a little Child to earth .	742	Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott (*pub.* 1873).
There is a book, who runs may read	26	J. Keble (1792-1866).
There is a fountain filled with blood	272	W. Cowper (1731-1800).
There is a green hill far away . .	753	Cecil F. Alexander (1823-).
There is a land of pure delight .	433	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
There's a Friend for little children .	758	Albert Midlane (1825-).
There's not a grief, however light .	125	Jane Crewdson (1809-1863).
They come, God's messengers of love	420	Robert Campbell (1814-1868), *altd.*
Thine are all the gifts, O God! .	632	J. G. Whittier (1808-).
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old .	622	Dr. Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821-
This day at Thy creating word .	518	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
This is My body, which is given for you	483	Charles Laurence Ford (1830-).
This is the day of Light . . .	513	J. Ellerton (1826-).
This is the day the Lord hath made	517	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
This stone to Thee in faith we lay .	609	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee . . .	602	Bp. R. Heber (1783-1826).
Thou art, O God, the life and light .	32	Thomas Moore (1779-1852).
Thou art the Everlasting Word .	77	J. Conder (1789-1855).
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown . . .	86	E. E. S. Elliott (*pub.* 1873).
Thou hast gone up again . . .	164	Eliza Scudder (*pub.* 1880).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
Thou hast gone up on high! . .	162	Emma Toke (1812-1878).
Thou hidden Love of God, Whose height	293	Gerhard Tersteegen (1697-1769), *tr.* J. Wesley (1703-1791).
Thou hidden Source of calm repose	124	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Thou, Lord, art Love, and everywhere	327	J. D. Burns (1823-1864).
Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross" .	321	F. T. Palgrave (1824-).
Thou Son of God and Son of man .	107	Dr. J. Ryland (1753-1825).
Thou that sendest sun and rain .	663	G. Thring (1823-).
Thou to Whom the sick and dying .	623	G. Thring (1823-).
Thou wast, O God! and Thou wast blest	16	J. Mason (-1694).
Thou Who didst stoop below . .	114	Sarah Elizabeth Miles (1807-).
Thou Who hast known the care-worn breast	695	G. Rawson (1807-).
Thou, Whose almighty word . .	574	John Marriott (1780-1825).
Thou Who Thyself didst sanctify .	458	G. Rawson (1807-).
Though lowly here our lot may be .	379	William Gaskell (1805-1884).
Though Thou slay me, I will trust .	337	Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Thousands of thousands stand around	17	J. Mason (-1694).
Three in One, and One in Three .	226	Gilbert Rorison (1821-1869).
Throned upon the awful tree . .	145	J. Ellerton (1826-).
Through all the changing scenes of life	49	N. Tate (1652-1715) and N. Brady (1659-1726).
Through the day Thy love has spared us	694	T. Kelly (1769-1855).
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	409	Bernhardt Severin Ingemann (1782-1862), *tr.* S. B.-Gould (1834-), *altd.* by Compilers Hymns A. and M. (*pub.* 1875).
Throw away Thy rod . . .	326	G. Herbert (1593-1632).
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love .	61	C. Wesley (1708-1788).
Thy love for all Thy creatures .	676	G. Thring (1823-).
Thy way, not mine, O Lord . .	344	Dr. H. Bonar (1808-).
Thy Word is like a garden, Lord .	761	Edwin Hodder (*pub.* 1868).
"Till He come," O let the words .	495	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth (1825-).
Time is earnest, passing by . .	244	Sidney Dyer (1814-), *altd.*
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost .	732	N. Tate (1652-1715) and N. Brady (1659-1726).
To God the only wise . . .	418	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
To Him Who children blessed .	475	James Freeman Clarke (1810-).
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour! .	296	J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
To Thee, O God, we render thanks	230	G. Thring (1823-).
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise	712	W. Chatterton Dix (1837-).
To Thee, our God, we fly . .	656	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
To Thy temple I repair . . .	534	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
To-day, the Saviour calls . .	238	Samuel F. Smith (1808-) and Dr. T. Hastings (1784-1872).
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine . .	245	Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).

First Line.	No.	Author or Translator with date.
Wake, harp of Sion, wake again .	385	J. Edmeston (1791-1867).
Waken, Christian children . .	740	S. C. Hamerton (-).
Walking with Thee, my God . .	371	G. Rawson (1807-).
Walk in the light, so shalt thou know	370	B. Barton (1784-1849).
Was there ever kindest shepherd .	243	Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).
We are but little children weak .	772	C. F. Alexander (1823-).
We are only little workers . .	773	A. Marryat (-).
We bid thee welcome in the name .	455	J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God	348	[Anon.]
We come unto our fathers' God .	437	T. H. Gill (1819-).
We faintly hear, we dimly see *Part III.*	191	J. G. Whittier (1808-).
We give Thee but Thine own . .	629	Bp. W. W. How (1823-).
We plough the fields, and scatter .	711	Matthias Claudius (1740-1815), *tr.* Jane Montgomery Campbell (*pub.* 1861).
We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord	282	C. J. P. Spitta (1801-1859), *tr.* H. L. L.
We praise, we worship Thee, O God!	3	McAll's Coll. (1824).
We saw Thee not when Thou didst come	278	J. H. Gurney (1802-1862).
We sing His love Who once was slain	431	Rowland Hill (1744-1833).
We triumph in the glorious grace .	500	T. H. Gill (1819-).
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Weeping as they go their way .	149	William Stern Raymond (1832-1863), *altd.* G. Thring (1823-).
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say	152	Ven. Fortunatus (530-609), *tr.* J. Ellerton (1826-).
Welcome, sweet day of rest . .	516	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd.*
Welcome, welcome! sinner, hear .	237	J. Conder (1789-1855).
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When wounded sore the stricken soul	276	C. F Alexander (1823-).

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Whom should we love like Thee .	299	H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).
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With joy we meditate the grace .	103	Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), *altd.*
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